

AN EASTERN VOYAGE

A JOURNAL OF TRAVELS THROUGH
THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE
EAST AND SOUTH AND JAPAN



BY COUNT FRITZ VON HOCHBERG

2 vols



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2 vols

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To beloved Aunt Janet in deep-felt
gratitude and devotion. —

Hallau, Christmas 1890.

Fritz Lockberg.

AN EASTERN VOYAGE

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PAIL-GAM.

AN EASTERN VOYAGE

A JOURNAL OF THE TRAVELS OF
COUNT FRITZ HOCHBERG
THROUGH THE BRITISH EMPIRE
IN THE EAST AND JAPAN

VOLUME ONE



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BLACK & WHITE ILLUSTRATIONS

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AN EASTERN VOYAGE

I

THE VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA

October 8th, 1907.—I might just as well commence writing this journal to-day, although there's absolutely nothing to write yet. How can there be? The trips that are the most exciting, mostly begin in a humdrum, everyday way; so did this. An absolutely normal, respectable, good English train took me down through the pretty, highly respectable, typical English country. Esher interested me on account of Aunt Janet. How queer the world is! When I, lying in Mont Alto a doomed, dying man, read her girl-memoirs of her happy girl's life spent at Esher, I certainly did not think I was ever going to set my eyes on Esher. And yesterday I whirled past it, well in health, comfortably settled in my corner, going for that long trip. And such odd tricks does memory play, this the mere name of Esher, caught while the train scuttled along, recalled the sunny, large room at beloved Mont Alto, filled with lovely flowers, its enormous white azalea bushes, even the scent of the freesias, the room I have suffered so much in, yet where, after all, I have been so happy, where I read Aunt Janet's book; and looking out of the first-class

compartment window at the English landscape with its autumnal tints just beginning, and lovely blue distances, I could almost see the beautiful, spirited girl she must have been, taking those fences on the big hunter she describes.

Southampton, with its hurried travellers and many porters, put a real stop to these dreams, and the more than second-class hotel quite finished them. The night was very lively, because next door to me a Joe and a Charley lived, and they greeted a Harry with shouts and hallo's and "where-do-you-come-from-old-boy's" in the middle of the night, and went on till it was almost time to get up. Even though one did not want, one couldn't help hearing all the details of their lives and sports and little girls, etc., etc.—Charley was "going up North." I hope they'll have double doors to the bedrooms, North! It wouldn't quite do for lady lodgers to be next to him without. They might learn more about humanity than was welcome.

Why they have electric bells in that hotel I can't understand, because you might just as well have pressed on your sponge—nobody came. However, with patience and persistence, one managed to get what one wanted, and finally all my luggage (I refrain from saying how many pieces there were) was put on two cabs, and off we went to the *Bremen*.

My cabin, although ordered so long beforehand and pointed out to me as *extra schöne, grosse cabine*, is only moderate, and it is just as well my valet is not fat. We might get into trouble when I dress. . . .

I had already well settled down and inspected the *Bremen*, and was standing on the upper deck, when the

band began to play and the "special train" people from London poured out on to the pier, and began (exactly as in a pantomime) to parade past, and march on deck. I never saw a more unsmart, uninteresting lot. Prominent were children, perambulators, nuns, parrots in brass cages and priests. The procession seemed endless, the confusion tremendous, and I was glad I'd come on board earlier and had my deck chair and table well installed in a sheltered corner of the sunny side of the deck. A young invalid, a man on a stretcher, was brought on deck, who reminded me very much of my by-gone days of helplessness; only, to judge by his hands and mouth, he hadn't been ill yet very long. Also a little girl on a stretcher was borne on board, with her legs in iron machines. How strange all this is! Here are all these people from different countries, different classes of society, different creeds and beliefs, who otherwise would never meet, all huddled together in such a small space for six or seven weeks. . . .

They all finally settled down and the siren commenced to howl her hideous howl, and the pathetic and the comic good-byes began. I felt rather pathetic.—I leave so many beloved old friends and dear ones at home, and . . . does one ever know? God take care of them!—And yet I'm glad to leave, to forget, and to rest!—As the boat moved away, hundreds of handkerchiefs waved, and they looked like white gulls meekly fluttering in the grey, coldish October day.

I objected to sit next to the captain in the place of honour, of proper pomposity, pointed out to me as being laid for me, to be *in deutscher gesellschaft*; and, under the pretext of my deep mourning, I asked to be given a seat at one of the small tables near the door. So I sat

opposite an old American lady with white hair, and between a young Englishman and an invalid, half-crippled old German, whose fingers were quite deformed with gout, and who had to sit on an air-cushion. Not on account of his fingers, though! His wife, next to the old American lady, was quite young, and very plain, and very richly dressed. She had a ring on every finger of each hand, and awful filigree earrings with filigree tassels, and an enormous filigree brooch, and she gave herself tremendous "filigree" airs, spoke with a strong Berlin accent, and the awful harsh tone of voice peculiar to that awful place. "I will take *Kalbsrippchen mit sauren Gurken und Meerrettig sauce*," she haughtily told the steward, like a queen sentencing a person to death. Why are *Heil Dir im Siegerkranz* people as a rule so vulgar? I feel quite depressed by it. I'm sure I'm just as vulgar.

Yesterday it was bitterly cold and so rough almost everybody was ill. The ladies haven't recovered yet, but lie inert, pale corpses on deck even to-day, although the sun is shining. But there is still a fresh breeze and lots of white crests abreast. Now, why is the Bay of Biscay always rough? At least I'm told it is. It is the first time I have been through it, so I must believe what people tell me. At Genoa, we are going to take in more cargo, and the ship will be steadier then, they say; still for a boat of 10,000 tons she is uncommonly unsteady. It is an acrobatic accomplishment to dress.

October 9th.—She's 11,000 tons (the *Bremen*, I mean); the captain told me last night when I went and called on him. He has a most beautiful large cabin up on the top deck and is most amiable: told me it was much better

that I was stopping on the *Bremen* till Sydney and to go on from there to New Zealand. He can't praise the beauty of the blue hills near Sydney enough; says the scenery and colouring are marvellous, and makes my mouth water with the descriptions of flowers there. To-day it is as calm as a duck pond and heavenly warm, delicious summer, so that the fur coats were left off, and thin suits put on. Some people appeared in white ducks, but what people! My young English table neighbour seems very nice. So is the old Yankee lady, who appeared to-day with a friend, who had been ill all these days. They go to India and leave the boat at Colombo.

This morning we passed Cape St Vincent, so are well out of that beastly Bay of Biscay; are supposed to pass Gibraltar this evening. It's a pity; I should have loved to see it in daytime. I wanted to send a Marconi-wire, so went up on the upper deck to the office: but they don't know yet whether the English stations will take their wires. I find this awfully silly. They ought to have settled that before putting all the apparatus up.

We have lots of birds and strange-looking fish on the upper deck, a regular zoo, all for Australia: miserable-looking robins, bullfinches, and goldfinches, who certainly would prefer their lovely woods to this sea voyage.

October 10th. — Yesterday one of the second-class stewards fell down a companion and injured himself internally so much, we had to stop at Gibraltar to send him to the hospital there. They don't think he is going

to live. Strange to say, his wife fell downstairs in Germany just a week before he left, and is laid up in a hospital there. We arrived at Gibraltar just at 8 P.M. It looked lovely, with all its lights against the star-lit sky, an indigo black, imposing mass against the paler night sky. I couldn't look at the poor man being carried down on a stretcher into the launch, as they all did. Mr Healy, my young table neighbour, was greatly interested, as youth always is. "Do look here." "No," I said, "I won't! I know from experience what it means to be carried on a stretcher through a cruelly staring crowd." His face fell, and he stared at me as if he were seeing a ghost and sat down and looked at Gibraltar. After our doctor came back, we left.—The siren was howling, the band playing a waltz on the second-class deck, people parading up and down the deck chatting gaily, and in the midst of it all lay that poor human being suffering there, and perhaps struggling to death alone in a foreign hospital.—As we glided along, out of that harbour, Gib.'s hills set themselves out still more imposingly, defiantly black against the beautifully blue night sky, with its millions of twinkling stars, like a fairy tale fortress rising out of the inky sea. And one brilliant star fell just slowly enough for me to wish three times. I sat on deck till long after eleven, and my thoughts went from the dying man in hospital, years back, into other hospitals, and out into a sunny happy future again.—Yes! it is a beautiful world, and everything is going to come all right and the sun will shine warm and revive me. I went to bed very happy. Gib. taught me its lesson.—To-day it is warm, and heavenly, and as smooth as a lake, and the sea a lovely blue. Lots of porpoises are about.—Last night

at dinner they played *Carmen*. When the Toreador March came, the old American lady leant across the table to me and said, "Now just listen to that. It is my favourite part out of *Tannhäuser*. I think Wagner is just sweet."

October 13th.—Why should I describe Genoa—everybody knows it. We landed yesterday morning at 11 A.M. and went on shore. We, I say, because as Mr Healy didn't want to go on land "because he doesn't speak a word of Italian," and the two old ladies told him he ought to see it, and mustn't miss the beautiful sights, I felt pangs of conscience, and when he came after dinner on deck and sat down beside me (for he has put his deck chair next to mine, after most officially asking my permission, I expect on account of my being put down on the passenger list as "*Seine Hoheit*" (Serene Highness), please!), I told him I was going on shore, and spoke Italian, etc., etc., and so it was "we" that went on shore.

Why does one meet people? Is it only chance, or is there a deeper sense in it? It is very strange anyhow.—First we drove to some curiosity shops, but I never saw a greater lot of rubbish than they had, absolutely nothing one would have liked to have—or buy for anything. Mr H. was amusing. I think it was the first time he was in a curiosity shop in his life. From there we drove to the Campo Santo, where I hadn't been since I was twelve, and I hunted up some monuments that struck my young imagination then and compared them with my older art-standard. The grounds of the place looked lovely, with their dark cypress avenues standing out against the brilliant blue Italian sky, and the dark red and pale pink china

roses blazing a mass of colour in the sunshine against the clipped box-hedges and the lovely distant blue-grey hills, with their wind-beaten olives. All the charm of lovely Italy got hold of me again, and I longed for my terrace of Mont Alto. But only for a moment! Alas! Mont Alto, beloved Mont Alto would be nothing else to me but a second Campo Santo.

While we walked through the endless colonnades, lined by certainly well-meant, but mostly grotesque huge marble monuments, and walking, as it were, actually on graves, because the dead lie underneath the pavement too, we came to one flag-stone opened, and inside two masons working. They had simply just a board on the coffin that was in it, and on that worked for the next coffin to be put on top. One saw the coffin quite plainly. I must say I find this barbarous. Mr H. said (very sensibly, I admit), "The dead person doesn't feel it." No, of course he doesn't, but it is a horrid idea being packed like sardines, one on top of the other like that. There (I, of course, inquisitive as I am, asked the friendly Italian masons) lay the wife, and it is the husband who is going to be buried to-morrow.

The cabby drove us to an awful restaurant. I expect for Italy it was quite smart. Now that's a thing they don't know how to manage in this country.—Then we drove to the Annunziata Church, which is very fine, and even beautiful, but I half shocked Mr H., I think, by bowing three times in front of the high altar, and touching the ground with my forehead, because I had never been in this church before, and want my wish to be fulfilled. A girl *dans le confessional* shocked Mr H.'s fine English Protestantism still more, I'm glad to say. "Fancy having to do that!"

he said. All the time we drove through the streets he couldn't get over the mules and the teams of mules. The young sportsman was rising in him. Now no young German would ever notice that, I'm sure.

Beautiful, too, are, I must say, the pictures in the Pallavicini Gallery. The whole Palace is fine, the staircase very good indeed. What treasures there are in this country. A beautiful Van Dyck portrait of a boy in a white satin suit with a parrot, I thought a masterpiece. Later we drove round by the new *viale* along the sea, and back to the boat for dinner. How they have built in Genoa since I've been there, it is marvellous! It looks a very prosperous place indeed, and much different from what I remember about twenty-six years ago. How awful that sounds—twenty-six years. I can remember twenty-six years. More even, which is worse.

This morning I slept till 11 A.M. We had been told we should leave at 10 A.M., but when was Captain ever known to keep his word? So it was 2.15 P.M., if you please, when we finally started, having had to wait for an express train with more passengers. Well, it did come after all, and, by Jove! a more disreputable-looking lot of people, honestly, I've never seen. Where do they fish them from on these boats, I wonder? How they travel first class, I can't conceive. Oh! why are the aeroplanes not ready yet? I mean for private people—then . . .

October 16th.—I'm making paper boats for children on board. Honestly if any one had told me that six years ago I should have laughed in his very face. But then! The *culte* has changed me so and is changing me continually still, that I think I'll be almost human if this goes on.

We stopped two days at Naples, that is to say, we arrived there the 14th morning, on a sunny, warm, thoroughly Italian day, after a thunderstorm that lasted the whole night, and the sky had been ablaze with lightning. A tender packed full of people took us ashore, accompanied by the tinkling of mandolines and nasal and hoarse chants of *Addio bella Napoli*, and *Santa Lucia*. We are together again, Mr Healy and I. He apparently enjoyed Genoa so much that he offered to carry my camera and etc. for the whole day, if I would take him with me. "Take me as a sort of A.D.C.," he said. His childlike, unspoilt appreciation of things and natural enjoyment are really charming. His mother must be a dear to have brought him up so nicely. His face at the Neapolitan ragged crowd round us, offering us the possible and the impossible, was worth having taken him on shore to see. "What do they say?" he kept on asking. "Look here," I said, "if you keep asking me questions too, my head will go entirely; I know you too little to tell you what they are saying. Let's take this cab." "But the horse hasn't even got a bridle on." "Never mind," and with much cracking of whips we were jolted over the pavement. We drove first to the Santa Lucia Hotel, because the cab was, like all the cabs at the harbour, too wretched for words. At the hotel I had the wonderful luck to find my special cabby, Pasquale. He rushed forward, and in his delightful Southern naturalness, kissed my hand, pouring out a volume of greetings and words. Mr H. was dumbfounded. "I thought at least he was the hotel proprietor. Do you see a London cab-driver daring to do a thing like that?" "No," I said, "I don't, you're quite right, but remember Europe ends with the

Alps." So we changed into Pasquale's smart turn-out, with its clean cab, and heavily plated harness, ducal coronets all over, and after I had ordered dinner at the hotel, shot off for the Aquarium. The horse went like lightning, and you know how a good Neapolitan cabby can drive. The Aquarium is marvellously interesting; one never grows tired of it. I only became more determined than ever, after having seen all those sea monstrosities, never to bathe in the sea again. Fancy swimming happily in the sea and suddenly having a flapping, bat-like animal with a long tail between your legs, or one of those octopuses curling round your arm. It's like a nightmare! —From the Aquarium we drove to two curiosity shops, as it was too late to drive up to San Martino (it was three when we landed), then drove down to Gaggia and through one or two streets and ended in the Umberto Gallery, to walk from there back to the hotel to dine, and drive back to the harbour at eight, because the *Bremen* had been announced to leave at 10 P.M. On board we were told we should not leave till next morning at 10 A.M., and we had the pleasure of going through a coaling night—with almost half-closed port-holes. While I was shaving next morning, tap, tap, at my door, and on the "come in" my A.D.C. puts in his head. "Look here, they've just given out we're only to leave this afternoon at three. Couldn't we go and see 'that thing' you said yesterday was so fine?" "San Martino you mean. Yes, but I shan't be ready for an hour; the tender is sure to go, and you could join some of the passengers." I would have been delighted to hook him on to somebody else, I hate hurrying dressing. "Oh, no! I'd much rather wait for you." So I had to hurry! But it was such a glorious morning, and Vesuvius towering

out of a silver white haze, and the brilliant blue bay down below, and all the pink and orange, grey, green and white houses scattered about and together, everything was so beautiful that I was glad he had come and hurried me, although my valet, I'm sure, hadn't been glad during the dressing process. We found a decent cab and drove straight up to San Martino. The full charm of dirty, lively, lovely, gay, wicked, vibrating Naples got hold of me again. It is a fascinating, unique place. I see all its horrid dirt and filthy untidiness, but I see just as much all its marvellous beauty and loveliness. There is even an artistic charm about its dirt. I hope they're not going to tidy it all and make it clean and banal. It would lose all its charm. Those carts full of bright red and brilliant yellow *pepperoni*, the herds of goats and turkeys, everything is so full of local colour and uncommon charm; and so are the ragamuffins and the women in their loose white morning jackets and elaborately dressed and curled hair. Don't let's give a stiff starched colour to dear old Naples. She is so attractive in her rags and dirt.—It having pelted last night, the streets were bogs, and one crawled through them up the steep hills, and had all the more leisure to enjoy the sights. I'm sorry to say my A.D.C. hadn't got the same artistic enthusiasms I had. Much as everything interested him, he was horrified, and said it was quite the dirtiest, gipsiest place he'd ever seen. But then San Martino—that he admitted himself was worth all the dirt one had climbed through to get to it. It *is* a lovely place! What it must have been to have lived there, in those exquisitely decorated rooms, to have eaten in that beautifully ceiled refectory, to have walked in that cloister, to have prayed in that church, to have

looked at that view from those terraces, and then to be turned out of it by the Italian Government!—All the proportions are so fine in the place, and the decorations, though very rich perhaps, in such wonderfully good taste. They did know how to build and decorate in those days.—The view from the Belvedere again almost took my breath away. The haze had vanished, and Vesuvius, though a good deal less pointed than he used to be, rose from his pedestal of many-coloured towns, villages and houses, out of that lovely bay, on which the white sails of the fishing smacks looked like white gulls, into the pale blue, pure sky, in which some small white clouds were floating. And that roaring ocean of a town down at our feet, with its many cupolas and domes, steeples and roofs and gardens—and in the harbour the hundreds of ships and boats, and amongst them the two-funnelled *Bremen*, which is going to carry us for weeks to new countries and sights. It is a lovely, enchanting place.

Down in town again, we did some more shopping, bought a diablo game, and lunched badly in the Gallery Umberto. Then we drove back to the boat, which finally sailed at 3 P.M. The diablo was at once tried on the upper deck, and while we were struggling with it, the captain's cabin opened and a lovely red-haired girl stepped on the deck, spinning her diablo about like a top. We two stood there with open mouths, especially when she threw it up and caught it again, as if it were nothing. She did it so gracefully and prettily that I asked her if I might photograph her, and so one word followed another and we made friends. She showed us how to play: the A.D.C. learnt it wonderfully quickly; I'm clumsy at it I'm sorry to say. Other people came and joined, a third

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diabolo appeared, and we all got so excited about it we quite forgot tea. So the young girl's mother asked us to have tea with her, as they had the captain's cabins, and we willingly accepted. They are Mr and Mrs Mott, a famous American physician, and Miss Diabolo is their daughter. Such a pretty, nice girl ; what a pity she's only fourteen, she would make such a nice wife for the A.D.C. — To-day there is brilliant sun, but a hurricane blowing. I think the *Bremen* is a wretched boat.

October 19th.—A boat of misfortunes too. A lady fell down the stairs into the baggage-room and broke her hip, and a child has got concussion of the brain. There were sweepstakes every day, and Thursday night a ball. One saw some awful figures.

Last night we arrived at Port Said at 11 P.M., and over seventy passengers left for Cairo, and the boat is considerably emptied, which is a blessing. The whole night they coaled, so one had to keep ones port-holes shut ; the heat was monstrous. This morning at eight we entered the canal and are going through it still (4 P.M.). They are working on lots of places on the banks making the canal wider apparently, anyhow putting masonry work on the banks. Last night the boat was swarming with trades-people, and to the high delight of the two ladies of our table, I helped them to bargain for things for their East End people in London. The nice Scotch lady is highly amused because the Arabs call her Mrs Langtry. I'm called Mr Macpherson, why, Heaven knows!

October 22nd.—The heat is intense, and people sit and lie about like dead flies. A warm breeze is blowing.

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Most of the passengers try still to keep up a certain amount of respectability in dress. I'm afraid I don't. I've simply discarded jackets and appear on deck in linen trousers, a silk shirt and a belt, and although some looked shocked the day before yesterday, yesterday two followed my example, and to-day there are more. People are exactly like sheep.—Last night they had a concert, but I was told it wasn't a success, as nobody knew how to sing or play—and the heat in the saloon was awful, everybody tells me. Mr Healy, I'm glad to say, has given up Australia, and will go with me to New Zealand. I'm delighted.

October 23rd.—A glorious sunset last night.—Most men have adopted the off-jacket idea I shamelessly started. One understands now why human beings took to dressing, because forms appear, which remind one rather of Noah's Ark. Then of course the tailor has such a lot to do with it too—that's true—but most men look from behind like elephants. Have you ever seen an elephant from the side opposite his head?

To-night we're expected at Aden.

October 31st.—I've not written because there was really absolutely nothing to write about. The sea was like a mill-pond, the heat intense, almost suffocating, the boat dirty, the food awful, most of the passengers uninteresting and dull. We arrived at Aden I think at two at night (I slept) and left at five or six in the morning (I slept still). We had two dances and a fancy dress ball, which really were amusing, considering all had to be got up on board the boat. Some of the ladies were very well turned out

and looked very much to their advantage. What a little powdered hair and rouge and a *mouche* does ;—it is extraordinary. Among the men there was only one real costume, but another was clever as a get-up, having been made entirely out of napkins and napkin-rings, most effective ; less so the Mosaic bow legs and nose that carried it. Before the dance commenced they all marched round in twos in a procession, headed by the band, in order to be seen, and votes were given by the ladies for the best costumed man, and by the men for the best costumed lady. That same afternoon a steerage passenger had died leaving a child of six and his sister on board, his wife being in Australia. He died of blood-poisoning and was buried that same night. None of us knew, and I think it is brutal of the captain not having told us, and having that dance, and next day one on the second-class deck. Next day they say there were several sharks playing about the boat.—Then they had various games and sports going on on deck, billiards, cock-fighting, etc., etc.

Yesterday we landed at Colombo. It was 10 o'clock ; the heat intense. But I love the place, and it fascinated me afresh. I was quite sorry not to be able to stop there, instead of going on to Australia. What a mad idea to go to Australia ! I must have been mad. A country of kangaroos and such awful people as one has here on board the boat.—Colombo itself always charms me, but I don't know whether this time its greatest attraction lay in the sweet-water baths, of which I took as many as I possibly could cram into the day, or in the high airy rooms, or in the really good food one got in the hotel. Dear old G.O.H. ! How that nice time ten years ago all came back to me ! I had my rooms on the same floor. I

longed to go into my old rooms, and sit on the balcony once more and dream the dreams that, alas! never came true. Oh, the happy, happy time of youth, and how sad that so few young people fully realise the delight of being young. One always realises its full charm, delight and chances mostly when real youth is gone. But—who knows?—perhaps youth's greatest charm lies in not realising it. Anyhow, Colombo was enchanting again. After "tiffin" we drove in rikshahs down to Mr de Silva's, where I scratched again about in piles of stones. But I think the prices have gone up considerably. Then we trotted the rikshahs through the native part, which amused Mr Healy immensely, and as it began to rain we returned to the hotel. There Mrs Elliot and Miss Porter were waiting, and after the rain had stopped we took a carriage and drove out to Mount Lavinia, where we had tea. The drive out was very pretty, all the foliage of the daturas being a lovely fresh, yellowish green after the rainy season, and the crotons such brilliant colours. While the hibiscus bushes were covered with their marvellous red blossoms, and the different bungalows, temples and native dwellings and shops looked so picturesque under the marvellous cocoanut palms. Some of the palm-tree groves we drove through were quite magnificent; and everything looked so fresh and green. The delight of the three new travellers was quite worth having taken them out to see, apart from their charming company, and in spite of some drops of rain our little tea party was quite a success. What a lovely spot Mount Lavinia is, with its big rocks out in the splashing sea. The drive home was rather spoilt by heavy rain, so that we had to put the hood up, which made it rather stuffy and cramped, but the glimpses we got of the fireflies

glittering in the palm-groves and shrubs were delightful all the same.

We again dined together, and after dinner Mr H. went to a dance in the Galleface Hotel which the passengers that left our boat had arranged, and I went to write, and later found that one attraction more of Colombo was the real beds. I'm decidedly getting old, there's no way out of it, I begin to like my comforts.

The Indian valet made his appearance yesterday ; a Madras man, and a Catholic, Lazarus by name, a sulky-looking creature with a white pugaree. This morning at seven we were rowed to the boat, and it was already hot, and at eight we left, and are in for ten days of the boat without stopping! But what a pestilence the crows are in India. They are everywhere with their odious noise. I remember how I hated them, and I haven't got to love them. The whole boat was covered with them, and they made almost as much noise as the naked brown boys that swarmed the decks asking to dive for money.

November 11th.—Really nothing worth noting has happened till yesterday. The food was getting worse and worse every day, so that I got ill and had to ask for the doctor. The boat was getting dirtier, the sky and sea duller coloured every day. So one settled down to a quiet, uninteresting life, which had though, now and then, its glimpses of interest, as life always has, even on the *Bremen*. Will it ever, ever teach me its right lesson? I'm afraid the saying that a young donkey can only grow into an old donkey is right about me. However, there's hope left.

II

FREMANTLE

YESTERDAY morning (November 13th) we landed in Fremantle. The captain, seeing that we could not arrive before twelve, and knowing that the people don't work in that blessed island after twelve on Saturdays, slowed down to save coal, and so we only arrived on Sunday morning. I had bought two bottles of whisky for New Zealand, because there is an enormously high duty on spirits which makes drinks unnecessarily dear, and the servants had put them into my cabin, putting them on the floor. The sea was very rough that night, and I was suddenly awakened by a clinking noise, soon followed by a strong smell of whisky, and turning on the light found both bottles had fallen over and one had got smashed and the floor inundated with whisky. On account of the rough sea they had closed all the port-holes, so one had to sleep in that unpleasant smell with the carpet and floor soaked with whisky.

The last few days it has been so cold that everybody has put on winter clothes and coats again, and this after we had been hardly able to breathe for some days from heat. About the Line it had not actually been so hot, but the air was stifling, as if it lacked something. Some days before arriving, however, a strong wind got up, that

refreshed us more than most people liked, and made the wretched *Bremen* roll.

It was yesterday at ten we actually saw Australia for the first time, a low, sandy shore. At 10.30 A.M. we landed, after endless formalities and guarantees about poor harmless Lazarus, who had flourished out for the occasion (not for the fuss, but for the landing) in a cherry - coloured pugaree bordered with gold. They won't allow coloured people to land, and we had no end of trouble. I told them I thought their country was no country fit for civilised people to go to, if they interfered with people's servants. They did stare! And so, after I had made myself responsible for his return on board, they allowed me to take him on shore. And what a shore! Never, thank goodness, have my eyes seen such a desolate, untidy, miserable country. And mind, the sky was blue, and the sun shining. But is it blue sky? Is it sun shining? I don't think they have things like sun and sky in this blessed island, everything seems topsyturvy. Even the sky is a colourless blue, if you know what I mean. There is nothing to contrast with it, so even the sky looks colourless, although it's blue.

Fremantle, closed up in Sabbath virtuousness, can't be called attractive. One-storied, corrugated-iron shanties form its dismal streets, and you walk on asphalt pavement soft with heat. A fresh wind, that, to judge by the few bush-like trees one sees about, seems always to sweep over this dismal place, raises enormous dust-clouds. Everything is covered, smothered with dust, even the sulky-looking people, who stare at one in a bad-mannered, vulgar way. And what people! They remind one of the Czech miners of the lowest class, with insolent, dogged

daring, bad-tempered, sulky expressions, but half put on, I think, to hide the pathetic, yearning unhappiness in their faces, yearning for colour to rest their tired eyes on, green fields and vivid fresh foliage, and a cheery, happy country instead of this land of desolation. And so they stare defiantly at you. Sallow-complexioned people, men and women, with fallen-in cheeks, rough, common, unattractive, they have almost a Jewish formation of face and skull, with prominent eyes and animal-like jaws—Bush-people, I can't describe them otherwise.

Mrs S., the nice lady we met on board the boat, has introduced us to her husband, a barrister, who came to meet her, and seems just as nice as she is charming, and so we travel together to Perth. In the same compartment is a Major Davies who was out with the Jameson Raid in South Africa, a most amiable gentleman, and they all settle it between them that it would be best for us to put our names down at the Club in Perth, and before we know where we are, Healy and I find ourselves most amiably installed, servants and all, in the most delightful Weld Club. It is charming, and so well situated, overlooking its lovely flowered grounds, the cricket grounds and the river, which looks more like a lake than a river. In the gardens, carnations and lilies, marigolds, tobacco plants, geraniums and pelargoniums are in flower, and the loggias are garlanded by red and white passion flowers, bougainvillias, nasturtiums, and the big-blossomed white banksias. But although I write all this, it is not the luxuriant growth one would see in English or Italian gardens, or about Cairo; the flowers look as if they apologised for being here, and over everything sweeps that eternal howling wind.

Coming up by train one saw parts of the Bush. It is certainly the ugliest thing I've ever seen. The bush-like trees (I didn't see any big ones) are mostly the different varieties of eucalyptus and a sort of tamarisk and acacia. They're all squat, wind-swept, and torn, broken, distorted and untidy, wretched-looking, half-dry; their foliage and needles a duller colour than the Italian olives. They stand about in a dishevelled way, not in woods, but each tree more or less by itself, and everything growing out of yellow-whitish sand. A thin, grey-green undergrowth, already partly burned brown by the sun. There are no real roads, but untidy tracks across just everywhere, a world of wind and dust. I would call it Nature's riffraff, or Nature's dust-pit—as if everything worn-out, smashed, broken, used, torn, for which Nature had no more use, had been thrown here in a large dust-pit, had been emptied out here anyhow.

After an excellent lunch at the Club, served by smiling Chinamen, noiseless in their felt-bottomed slippers, where I disgraced myself positively by the quantity I ate, and finally cajoled a receipt out of them of the best scones I ever ate, Mr D. came with his carriage to fetch us and took us for a really pretty drive through the town which is not mostly pretty, for how can a town mainly built of corrugated iron be pretty? Then we went up into the park, which is a large part of the original Bush which the settlers had the common-sense not to touch. At the entrance, though, some of the ground has been cleared and an attempt at a European park made; there are even flower-beds, but I can't say that the trees look happy, and no wonder. I should call it a curse of Nature to be planted in this wind-swept island of desolation.—The drive through the

park or bush is interesting on account of the wild flowers there, although it is already apparently late in the season for them, and most of the undergrowth is burned into brownish-grey hay; still they give an idea that Nature at spring-time smiles in a way even on Australia. They are not over-brilliant in colour or size, yellows and creams prevailing, some pale blue ones between, and now and then a meek patch of pale mauve, but they are very quaint. I should say more quaint than pretty. Some very little creamy - yellowish poles of flowers, a sort of a wild mallow with many small flowers all along a stalk at least $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 metres high. The most extraordinary flower, and apparently quite the most typical for Australia and the Bush, is a sort of orchid, I'm told, called "kangaroo's paws." They grow in abundance on heavy thick stalks of about 1 yard high, and really look like an animal's paw made out of woolly plush. The fingers are dark scarlet near the brown stalk, and then each finger shades into a dark green, shading into a pale green end. Quaint but not pretty; they look like woollen things one buys at cheap bazaars.—The trees in this bush stand closer, but look just as grey, just as dissatisfied with each other, just as tattered, smashed, wind-torn, untidy and dishevelled as the ones I saw coming up. And not one sound in these woods; not even the call of a bird—nothing—desolate muteness.—At one corner of the drive we stopped and got out. We had been slowly going up hill all the time, and from this part of the park one was quite high above Perth and the river which is very wide here, being up to Perth a tidal river, and the effect of its shores was pretty, shaded out of the bluish water, both sides being a purplish brown, passing into a red brown, into a yellowish

white, as the sand grows drier, and Perth, enlivened by some red roofs in the grey-green of its gardens and surrounding Bush, made a very pretty and somewhat imposing effect, and if it had not been for the hellish wind continually blowing, one might have enjoyed this a little bit longer.

Afterwards we drove down through the same corrugated-iron roofed streets, with their pasty, sallow-complexioned, offensive, rude, sulky-looking people, dressed in their old fashions and countrified-looking Sunday fineries, and went to the river, where we took a little steam launch that does ferry-boat work on the very wide river, twice as wide, I should say, as the Thames at Westminster. On the other side we walked on a road made of oyster shells, which had partly been smashed into a white dust, and after ten minutes came to the Zoo. It is a pretty combination of animals and enormous flower-beds and herbaceous borders of ordinary, but abundantly flowering European flowers, making pretty effects, with the water tanks for different ducks, geese and swans arranged in a very artistic way, and charmingly planted with backgrounds of different bamboos and canes. I've forgotten how many varieties of kangaroos I saw, dozens I should say, one always uglier and bigger than the other, and hundreds of parrots, all varieties of cockatoos, orange, yellow, pink etc., etc., etc., all shrieking, "How are you, pretty Polly?" but by then the incessantly howling wind had made my head ache so badly that I only longed for home, and not to hear that wind. And so we took the ferry back, bade our really most amiable host good-bye, and arrived at the Club just in time to change. Alas! even in the rooms you heard that infernal wind howling

outside, and in the passages. What a loathsome country!

We had asked Mr and Mrs Stawell to tea, because in virtuous Australia on Sundays one is not allowed to dine, and couldn't even get dinner. So in spite of a racking head and dead tiredness, I had to go to the Palace Hotel, because ladies are not allowed into the Club. Mrs S.'s great amiability and some champagne soon picked me up, and in the dining-room one did not hear the wind—so this quaint meal went off all right, although I felt more stupid than ever. They'll get a nice idea of Germans, if they judge by me. Most people finished their cold dishes before us, and when we were still eating (7.30 P.M.) they were already wiping the floor up and piling the chairs on to the tables round us, so we retired to the drawing-room for coffee and a smoke, and at 10.30 parted. If they were all so done as I was, they will have enjoyed their beds. I slept like lead, but had a horrid dream that woke me up, and I felt very miserable.

Next Morning.—Packing up, writing of post-cards, scuttling down to the station, where we almost missed our train, as they celebrated the King's birthday on Monday, and marched in processions through the streets with bands and flags, and they would not let us cross that wretched procession. After much swearing, however, they did, and we just got off. At the next station we met the Stawells, and Mrs S. brought me some lovely red carnations. We were quite sad to see the last of her. And so we travelled in our train through the hideous, sandy, untidy, wind-swept, Bush country, with its ramshackle, corrugated-iron shanties and endless untidy wood-railings, down to Fremantle, to find ourselves once more in

the old *Bremen*. At twelve the band commenced to play, and, wind-swept, we steamed out of the ugly little harbour. —And so we spent three days more on board. But the food was very good, last night we even had strawberries —not that they were good. Strawberries in November! Excellent are the fruits of the passion flower, tasting exactly like very juicy pine-apples.

I don't know whether I said that between Colombo and Fremantle the chief excitement was a stoker having jumped overboard. As soon as he was in the water, however, his only wish was to be on the boat again, and he swam after her for twenty minutes till they stopped the ship, lowered a little boat and picked him up. To-morrow we land at Adelaide, but all the same I'm sorry to leave the *Bremen*, I've been very happy on her after all.

III

ADELAIDE

Sydney, November 17th.—We landed in Adelaide on November 14th. The *Bremen* stopped at about 11 A.M., and at twelve a steam-tender took us to the wooden pier. The *Bremen* had anchored about a mile off shore. At the pier one had to wait for the luggage-tender to come on account of the Customs, and as I wanted to go to the bank at Adelaide, and they shut at 3 P.M., and it takes almost an hour from Port Adelaide to Adelaide by train, we left the servants and tried to catch the next train, which, as it was, only left at twenty minutes to two. One had to walk down a long wooden pier, hurricane swept, it was no more a wind. Decidedly, Australia is the country of winds. So, fighting with our hats, and I with my silly eyeglass (but why am I such a fool as to wear this invention of the devil, if I might quietly and sensibly wear spectacles?), we first struggled along that wooden pier, and then were blown down a shadeless, dusty road. It was heavy—even sultry. The place—(well, there is hardly any) looks dust-pit-like—I can't say more—and so did the horribly ugly, flat, parched, brown country one drove through in a funny sort of a miniature train, more like a tramcar. On what their cattle live I can't under-

stand. In India it appeared to me they ate dust, soft, flowery dust, that puffed up in little dust-clouds under their nostrils. But here it's parched, grey-brown, hard soil, unless they live on stones, of which there are plenty. I can't say they look happy—nor well-fed.—Half-way between Port Adelaide and Adelaide one has to change on account of some Provincial frontier, for you must know that each province in this paradise of a country has a different gage, and no trains, therefore, can run through; so one bundles out. As we had no luggage with us, it didn't much matter; that trouble came later.

Adelaide is a wretched-looking, suburban sort of place; doesn't give one at all the impression of a town. More a townified village, but an untidy one. Well, like almost everything here it came out of the dust-pit, helter-skelter, so it can't help it. A ramshackle cab, with a one-eyed, grey-bearded driver with a scarlet red nose, a rum-looking old fellow, toddled us to the bank at a quarter to three, so I got my money all right, but it was quite 3.20 before we had done. They apparently weren't in a hurry. It is astonishing what an impression a blessed title makes in this defiantly, insolently socialistic, or, let us say, democratic-looking country. I had hardly pronounced my name, when *everybody* turned round and stared at me, as if I'd come from the moon, all the heads of the writing clerks came up from their bent positions to have a good stare. This really made me smile. Consequently, we arrived, or I arrived at the hotel at 3.30 P.M., positively ravenous with hunger, as I hadn't had anything since breakfast, to find Healy in a depressed mood at a table. "They haven't got any more hot lunch," he muttered. Of course, I thought he wanted to pull my leg, so when

a red-bearded man (who apparently pretended to be a waiter) occasionally came up, I asked him for some hot lunch in my politest English. "Lunch is over at two," he *snorted* back, "you'll have to be satisfied with cold meat ; on the whole, we don't like serving you." I grasped the situation at once. After Australia I'll be fit to travel in America. But, having been four months in Japan, where people even smile if you tell them they are d——d swindlers, I most amiably smiled back on the red-bearded snorter, and said I should be delighted to have some cold lunch, and would he *be so kind* as to bring me some toast. "No, toast I couldn't get." "Well, bread, then?" "Yes, bread, yes." "Very well, then, that will do." When he brought the stuff (cold ham and turkey, a very good one) he had locked himself up in the refrigerator, and had almost died (he told us), but it certainly had had a marvellous effect on him, very likely having been so near death he had repented of his snorting sins, at least he was all smiles : brought me ham and turkey *four times*, and actually said, "it was *delightful* to see somebody with so *heartly* an appetite" as mine (he didn't seem satisfied with H.'s), and ended with bringing me delicious cherries. Then, of course, I told him I'd never had a better lunch, and we parted bosom friends, he shaking hands with me, and "hope I'll soon meet you again." I hoped not. We went back to the station just in time to meet the servants with the luggage from Port Adelaide, where they had been detained by the Customs. At 4.5 P.M. they arrived, at 4.30 P.M. our train left for Melbourne, so I sent the poor starved things to the refreshment room, took the tickets, and commenced sorting my luggage. Porters don't exist, so one has to do for oneself. For

the heavy boxes, I coaxed some (I don't know, perhaps Australian noblemen—to me they looked like loafers) with smiles *à la Japan*, into giving a hand, and so we finally got off, luggage and servants and everything, after I had been told, though, "You shouldn't have come with so much luggage to Australia" (this from the loafers, who again refused a tip). But I've never seen anything like the primitiveness and untidiness, casualness of this luggage business. One searched amongst them like hens in a dung-heap—each person grabbing what he pretended to be his. The sleeping-cars are brand new and very comfortable, clean and well arranged; the train was choke-full. Soon after Adelaide we came through undulating, not to say hilly, country, thickly wooded, and this, I must say, is not void of charm and picturesqueness. The gum-trees here grow to a fair height, while the eucalyptus form a thick undergrowth, and the ground is even partly covered with bracken-like ferns. Some parts even remind one of the hills round Bologna, only, instead of pines and chestnuts, here are gum-trees and eucalyptus. Through some gullies one gets glimpses of the sea, so that for a short time it really is quite pretty, and one almost forgets one is in Australia. Only, alas! it changes quickly enough into the same monotonous, dried-up, brown, barren-looking tableland, with untidy barbed-wire fences, and half-dead, burned, broken eucalyptus-tree ruins scattered all over the place, and lots of big, brown-black stones between. Very rarely you come upon a little settlement with a corrugated-iron roof, some unhappy-looking cattle, and a few European-looking fields, weak attempts at some orchards and vineyards, a few small pools of water, and dried-up rivulets.

And then for miles and miles again that caked, hard, brown country, with the eucalyptus-tree skeletons stretching their grey - bleached arms into the colourless sky. Some sheep scattered about, and now and then the black and white plumage of a jackass, squatting on a dead branch, are all you see of life, and one is glad when it gets dark, and a merciful night spreads its veil over so much desolation and barren hideousness.

At 7 P.M. the train stopped for twenty-five minutes, and I hurried into the refreshment room, where long tables were laid out, and I sat down to have quite a good, but a hurried meal. The only disadvantage was that we sat so close to each other that one could hardly move, and then one isn't served a *table d'hôte* but has to choose the dishes, over which much time is lost, as the bewildered maids rush round, mostly bringing you what you haven't ordered. The Swiss system of a set ready meal is much better. As much as my time and my hunger allowed me, I looked round to observe the people. They were an extraordinary lot; mostly young men and very rough-looking, though with less of the dare-devil insolence about them there round that table, than as they stare at you in the streets. They were apparently not quite at ease at table, though they all travel first class and sleeping-car. Their clothes were more than rough, and without offence one would have called them at first sight an awful lot of awful ruffians, such as I've never seen even in small Italian country places. There was nothing of the gentlemanly ways about them that even an Italian ruffian still keeps in spite of his ruffianism. They reminded me, odd to say, more of the clumsiest German labouring class, without having their good-humouredness. I don't pretend to

judge them, by any means, I simply state the impression they made on my European eyes, untutored to Australia's charms and merits. At closer inspection (between a boiling hot potato and some tough beef) some of the heads seemed interesting enough and showed character, though there was not a single good-looking one among them.—Next to Healy sat a red-faced giant of about twenty, more than ill at ease at our presence, poor boy, with quite the blackest fists I've ever seen, barring a stoker. But then I've never dined with stokers yet. Still I'm sure he was a nice boy. And, after all, what right have we to come from Europe, clean shaved, with starched collars, and washed hands, polished boots and expensive clothes, to judge these hard-working people?

You get nothing to drink or eat in the train, so after this snap-shot meal the curtain is drawn, and there you are. Our guard, however, had sympathy for us and brought a bottle of whisky, kept in case somebody got a sunstroke or was suddenly ill, he tells us, and so with some distilled water out of the *wash-jug* we managed to get a drink and finally crawled into our very good bunks and so to sleep.

Next morning, I think at eight, there was some breakfast at a station in the same fashion as the dinner. I wasn't ready dressed, of course, and Mr Healy brought me the most delicious cherries I think I ever ate, excellent they were. But the country was just as hideous and desolate as ever, and the nearer you came to Melbourne, the untidier it got. Where on earth they get all the papers and tin boxes from to throw about all over the place, I don't know. The country is strewn with them near towns—the dust-pit! Then one drives through some

corrugated-roofed shanty settlements, and into villa-like, pretentious woodhouses, with little gardens, which are really pretty through the hedges of ivy-leafed geraniums, and past frightfully smelly skin-stores, and you land in Melbourne station.

IV

MELBOURNE AND SYDNEY

AT Melbourne there are no porters at all, but somehow it doesn't matter. Thinking, *après moi le déluge* and very hungry, I got into a cab and left the servants to get through the luggage scuttle themselves. Mansies Hotel is quite good.—After my breakfast, to save time, I went to have a shave. The valet had gone upstairs to unpack my dressing-bags, and the bewildered Indian stood between my pile of boxes and hold-alls, discussing with two reluctant-looking porters. "Surely you don't want all that luggage here?" one of them asked me. "You'd much better have left it at the station." "Now look here," I answered, "it strikes me in Australia you are always ready to give unasked advice, but never ready to give a hand." And that is quite true, because some onlookers in Adelaide instead of helping had told me I shouldn't travel in Australia with so much luggage. This time it had a grand effect; they put all my luggage into the lift at once, and up it all went. Afterwards we took a cab and drove round. Melbourne is a straight, broad-streeted, uninteresting, largish town, somewhat suburban-looking, with a vulgar-looking crowd of people, and overdressed, second-class-looking women. In vain I looked for one really good-looking face. We were driven down beside a river with well-kept banks, where they had

started a sort of park, and the walks are bordered by well-kept herbaceous borders, rockeries in full flower, which are very pretty. On one of the bridges there were rows of market barrels, some laden with boiled lobsters, some with pine-apples, some with cherries. Of course, one knows the place is new, but it looks so awfully uninterestingly new, nothing striking or typical. And the sallow complexions of the people and the sulky expressions . . . !

At three our train left for Sydney. I've never seen such a rush as for this train ; every seat was taken. Of course, there's only one train a day, so that accounts for it. The country is hideous, nothing but dead eucalyptus-trees and some sheep. It is the most monotonous, hideous, desolate country I've ever seen. Everybody in the train speaks of the drought, and how many sheep died, and about the rabbit plague, and how down and melancholy So-and-so is through it, and the losses, etc., etc. ; nothing but depression. No wonder ; this country is enough to make anybody depressed. At 7 P.M. the same hurried meal and at 10 P.M. we had to change baggage and all on account of the frontier gage. It rained, and no porters. It is an extraordinary country. The registered luggage, however, they shifted with railway people. I must say these accommodations are very primitive and bad.

This morning at nine we arrived at Sydney. The country was always the same—hideous. Sydney, though, makes, although it rained, a better impression when one gets near it than Melbourne. There are quite nice suburban villas, with well-kept, well-flowered little gardens, and everything looks tidier, more settled. The station is rather a fine building, the streets narrower than Melbourne ; of course, it all looks dull to-day being Sunday, and everything shut

up; besides, it rains. The hotel is good. After lunch, we went for a drive, in spite of the rain. It makes a funny impression this wide extending town, of almost all low houses. One hasn't the feeling of a capital. Perhaps tomorrow with all the shops open it will look less countrified.

November 18th.—I certainly don't want to hurt anybody's feelings, but I can't say that even to-day, though the sun tried to shine, and all the shops were opened, Sydney impressed me more favourably. It looks a suburb. Nobody would have the impression of a town; as for the unsmartness of the people, it beats anything I've seen. They all look like second-class commercial travellers. And they are a strikingly unpretty breed. I won't say they are an ugly nation, that would be saying too much, but look as much as you like, you won't meet a really pretty girl or woman in the streets or see a fine-looking man. And they don't seem well built. The women seem either fat or bony, no slim ones though, of a good height mostly, while the men strike me as small on the average. One couldn't name a pronounced type, —a nondescript sort of people, most extraordinarily unsettled-looking. One sees many Jewish faces, but Jewish or non-Jewish, men and women, they all have that sallow complexion and more or less that hunted expression. And no wonder! First that eternal wind, and then, wherever you are, you hear the same depressing talk in everybody's mouth, drought and dying sheep. If they have a drought their sheep die, and if their sheep die they have no way of making money, and so they've nothing to eat, I expect. So drought in the land, means drought in the purse, and in the stomach. It is quite

impressive how everybody talks about nothing else but that. Their brains seem filled with drought and dead sheep and rabbits. Yesterday the cabby driving us round must have thought us tame lunatics, I expect, because it rained and we went for a drive all the same. He shouted some explanations down his hole, and from these I gather he judged us to be idiots. For example: "This is the orphanage,—you know orphans? Them children that have neither fathers nor mothers," or "This is the training course for race-horses. I use often to drive gentry out here at three or four of a morning, in summer. That is to say, gentry that take a special interest in some special horses, etc., etc." Well, I thought, I'd be hanged if I would drive out in Sydney at 3 A.M. to the training grounds if I didn't take interest in a special horse. Of course I would stop in bed otherwise.

This morning I went to the shipping offices to book my cabins for New Zealand and back to Australia and on to Singapore. Wretched little steamers run all that way. Time seems to be no object in Australia, and so I had to go after lunch again to settle everything off. They keep one such a time everywhere. Then I again went shopping after having changed our cab, because, besides stammering, the driver was very stupid and always drove one to the wrong place. For instance, he pulled me up in front of a stately-looking house in an absolutely empty street, and as I was just walking up to one of the grumpy clerks in the ground floor office, Healy pulled my arm from behind (he had intended stopping in the cab) telling me I had been driven to the wrong place, but that before the stammerer had been able to shout out to me I should go next door, I had already gone into the wrong house.

There were eight to ten steps outside, so he was a pretty good stammerer.

Sydney seems nothing but offices and clerks, as Australia seems nothing but dead trees and sheep. Afterwards we drove shopping and I saw some remarkably fine black opals.

It really is not my fault if this diary is dull—come to Australia and judge for yourself.

Yesterday afternoon (November 21st) we went to the touching little Zoo. I thought a big town like Sydney would have a better one. Then we drove to see Mr Benson, for whom I had a letter. He is a big wool-merchant, German. He had arranged for me to see a thoroughbred stud farm and a sheep-station, but it was a three to four days' excursion, and my time being so short, I had, to my real regret, to give it up. I tried to do it by motor, but the motor man smiled and said, "One sees you are accustomed to European roads; we haven't any, you see—hardly a bush-track; it is an impossibility to go further than 40 to 50 miles out of any town." Of course the distances are enormous here, but all the same, this is absurd. If my chauffeur were here with my Benz car, I'd show those people what, and on what, a motor can go. By what I saw from the trains, one could motor anywhere. I've gone on worse roads than these. But of course, like so many people in Europe, Australians look on a motor as a sort of wonder, and a thing of luxury to be pampered and taken out on a fine afternoon for an hour's drive as a treat, on a good road. Why! I think they are delightful things, but I don't look upon motoring as "sport," but as an independent, convenient way of getting about without having to be pestered with other people.

I can't get my stupid Europeanised brains to find it natural that one revels at the end of November in strawberries, cherries (and such good ones), nectarines, peaches and asparagus. My brain is accustomed to Pfefferkuchen, apples and snow; not that I don't enjoy the delicious quantities of fruit. Don't I?—I can't explain it, what it is. I'm sure our brains get into a groove. Of course in Germany it's Pfefferkuchen and Pelzmützen time. So my Pfefferkuchen-grooved brain, although my palate enjoys the excellent cherries, and I walk about in summer suits, and do not personally find that so extraordinary, finds itself instinctively topsy-turvy. Now, for instance—don't laugh, or do if you like—seeing a man in a pale grey flannel suit and a mauve tie, and his lady in a leghorn hat with roses and white lilac on it, and a muslin frock, startles me. Morally I can't explain it. It is only because after all it is November 22nd, and we at home are accustomed to sit round fires. Of course, in India it doesn't strike one so much. First of all, the tropical vegetation makes one forget the time of the year, as do the native people, and then Europeans don't try to turn themselves out Ascot-like (very much an Australian Ascot, mind!) as they do here. Here everything is ugly but European, so it seems odd they should have cherries and lilac hats at the end of November. It's nothing but the mental groove I know. People here are frightfully noisy and common. They really are an awful lot. And such pretentious commonness! They think such a lot of themselves. I can't help saying this, I feel out of place, as if I was dining in the servant's hall, not even the housekeeper's room!

November 24th, Merton. Denman near Muswellbrook—Hunter's River.—Mr Benson, the wool merchant, to whom I had a letter from a Mr Rhodius I met on the *Bremen*, has, after all, arranged for us to see the stud farm which we feared we should not have time for. He lives at Hunter's Hill, that's one of the pretty suburbs of Sydney, situated on the very pretty harbour that, with its many bays and rocky slopes, brightened with hundreds of country houses and gardens, is really lovely. The Hunter River runs into the sea in this harbour, and it is really difficult to say where the harbour ends and the river begins, as up for many miles the broad river is tidal. Anyhow the Bay (as the harbour is called) is certainly splendid. Dinner was at 7 P.M., so we had to take the 6.15 ferry boat, very nice steam-launches that do the service every fifteen minutes to the different stations of the Bay. While we were waiting for our ferry to come to the pier, in steamed the old *Bremen*, all flags flying and the band playing. And our ferry just steamed alongside of her so close I could see my cabin window and recognise the deck steward, because everybody else was busy waving handkerchiefs on the other side to relations and friends on the pier. It was odd. Now what was that boat to me seven weeks ago? A stranger. Now, it has become a good friend, and a sad feeling crept over me as we steamed past her. The drive along the Bay, with its many small bays and greenish recesses, its nice-looking bungalow-cottage villas, surrounded by more or less large grounds, is very pretty, and was made still more so by a very beautiful sunset, and when we landed at Hunter's Hill (the fourth stopping-place) a young man met us who took us down to Mr B.'s house, about two minutes' walk.

Quite pretty and well-kept grounds were on both sides of the road, only in the rapidly falling dusk the locust, they call them here (I'm sure, though, they are *cigale*, because I'm told they are harmless and don't eat anything, which certainly can't be said of the real locusts), made a deafening noise, reminding me much of the hated din those beasts used to make in Florence at the end of June and commencement of July.

Mr B.'s house is a large pretty villa, standing high in fine large grounds that go down to the Bay. The house is very comfortable and furnished with much taste. Mrs B., a very pretty, smart young woman, is most amiable and natural, and he is very nice and pleasant. The dinner was excellent, and so the evening went off very well, and we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. After dinner, we sat on the verandah smoking, where it was delightfully cool; and the Bay, seen in full moon, over the tops of the trees, with the many houses lighted up on the other side, looked exquisite. It was a delightfully pleasant evening. Mr B. had arranged everything for us to go on Saturday to Denman to Mr White's stud farm, and as both he and his wife said I was right in saying the Blue Mountains would be disappointing and the stud farm much more interesting, I made up my mind that we should go there instead of the Blue Mountains, and Healy gave in. When I said I had booked my passage on to Singapore on the *G—*, an — Line boat, a storm of indignation rose from both Mr and the charming Mrs B. Impossible, I couldn't go that line; awful boats, especially the *G—*, no doctor on her, three people had died on her last trip, wretched accommodation, etc., etc., and finally Mr Thomas Grumpy (that is what I call Mr Healy, because he

believes nothing people tell him and grumbles at most things at the beginning, though he enjoys them afterwards thoroughly, nor only at the end but already in the middle) joined in the chorus and they all made me promise to change. So I went round to the offices next day and through the German Lloyd got my tickets transferred to the German Lloyd; and I now go *via* New Guinea to Hong-Kong and on from there to Singapore, from where it's only two days by boat to Java, while on the *G*—— I would have been twenty-three days. This gave me a week more for New Zealand, ten days more for Melbourne and Sydney, and left four days for Hong-Kong, which allows me to go to Kanton. It is lucky I can make up my mind easily and quickly! That day we lunched with Mr B. at the very nice German Club, where I met the German Consul, who is most amiable and is going to get me the passport for the Indian servant for New Zealand, and afterwards we drove to the big Cricket Match (England against Australia). It is a beautiful ground, and thousands of people were there, but not a smart soul; they are an unsmart lot. That night I had asked old Mr Brown to dine with us, because the poor old soul is all by himself and looks most miserable. He is very nice. So Saturday morning at 9 A.M. we started with our bags and a hold-all, the "you ought not to have taken so much luggage with you to Australia" of the Adelaide porter still ringing in my ears, and considering we took no servants with us, and I would have to carry my boxes myself, I did away with as much as I could, sticking, though, to the tea-basket. The country on that side of Sydney is very pretty, running up almost all the time alongside the Hunter River. It is mountainous and the vegetation much richer and more

variegated, although that altogether won't say much for Australia. But this side really is pretty. At Newcastle about 1 o'clock one stops twenty minutes for lunch again, and then the scenery changes very soon, and out of the rocky wooded ravines one gets into wide green pasture lands, bordered in the distance by bluish mountains, tidy and well-to-do-looking settlements and villages, nice vineyards, peach, apricot and orange groves, nice brooks, and in the enormous paddocks fine cattle and many horses, especially mares with foals. All the way up to Muswellbrook the country looks well cultivated and rich and it is very nice to drive through it. The heat is intense. We reach M—— at 4.30 P.M. and are met at the station by a jolly old man who tells us Mr White has telephoned to get a trap ready for us, but he thinks it is too late to drive out as it is quite 13 miles, and suggests our stopping at M—— the night and having an early start next day, 6 o'clock for instance. Imagine my horror! Thomas Grumpy is rather inclined to that, especially when he hears that we have to drive ourselves out, as a third person would make the "buggy" too heavy, and "you can't anyhow take all that luggage. By the way, I expect you know how to drive?" This from the jolly old man. I allow him to strike the teabasket, but stick to our bags and hold-all, and while he is putting the horses to the trap, we go and have some tea. The tea is smothered with grasshoppers, small ones and flying, and against the sun it seems as if there was a heavy snowfall, their wings looking almost white and glittering. Tom Grumpy is very grumpy during tea. "And if we miss the blessed road, and are stranded in the Bush? It will get dark soon: what are you going to do then?" Not even a whisky and soda cheers him up. But I have learnt

this in these seven weeks, that in big decisions I simply have to take the upper hand energetically, though smilingly, and reluctantly he gets on to the buggy. "You'll have to use the whip a lot," says the jolly old man; "Australian horses are accustomed to it, and these ain't fresh, they travelled a long way across country this morning. Keep alongside of the telegraph post till you get to *the* cottage (the only one we should come across, he'd told us) and you can't miss the road." And so we trot off in the snow-fall of flying grasshoppers.

The horses are tired or lazy, and the whip has not much effect. The country on both sides of the wide, red-brown road is all pasture land, fenced in with eucalyptus wood railings; there are enormous paddocks, thinly timbered now and then with eucalyptus trees; in the distance the undulating country is shut in by blue-hazy hills.—Along we jog. Tom Grumpy cheers up. I knew he would. After half an hour the scorching sun disappears behind big heavy whitish clouds, which gradually gather and become blacker and blacker; some lightning begins, some drops of rain fall. We are just in time to put on our coats when such torrents of water pour down on us, with a howling storm and thunder and lightning, that I can't see the horses' heads, and we have great difficulty in preventing the horses from turning round. Except in India I've never seen such a downpour, as if you poured it out of a bucket. We are soaked in a minute. I have to give the reins up to Tom Grumpy, because my glasses are smothered, and I must say he is more successful in making the horses go, because he uses the whip with more freedom, not to say severity. The rain after some time becomes less, though it goes on, but thunder and especially

lightning are terrible all round us. I'm so pleased for this poor droughty country ; and the lightning looks beautiful. It is getting very dark and it is almost entirely by the flashes of lightning we can see the road. We see two enormous vans evidently heavily laden with bags, and all covered over with waterproof cloth, the horses (eight or ten), unharnessed, grazing right and left of the road.

"I didn't know they had gipsies in this country," said Tom Grumpy. "I'm sorry now I didn't bring my revolver."

I can't help laughing, the idea is too absurd of wanting a revolver because one meets some gipsy carts. I would be obliged always to carry one at home in my peaceful woods, where I'm continually meeting gipsies. As we near his dreaded gipsy carts we see (much to his relief, I suppose) that they are vans laden with wool, and the drivers and their dogs have taken shelter under the carts, and so has the driver of a third cart standing some distance off in the middle of the road. I almost think that that will be the way we'll have to spend our night, as we seem to drive on for ever. Suddenly a big flash of lightning reveals a man on horseback waiting near a gate, and so we stop and shout, "Are you from Mr White's?" "Yes, sir," comes the welcome answer, and as he has opened the gate, we drive through to another flash of lightning. He trots in front of us, and his head outlined against the dark night skies shows us the way when the lightning, for short intervals, stops. And so we eventually pull up in front of a charming-looking bungalow villa, surrounded by a verandah. A tall young man comes out to greet us most amiably. It is Mr White, our host. We are shown into the house and get a drink, dripping wet as

we are, and then go and change, and an hour afterwards find ourselves most comfortably seated at a delightful meal in a pretty large dining-room, a meal we would call dinner, but which in Australia one calls tea. Mrs White is very nice and makes us a charming reception, and he is an uncommonly good-looking, tall, fair-haired man, with a charming, open expression. The governess, a very nice elderly lady, and a little girl of ten and two boys of eleven and twelve dine with us. They are all so nice that we feel at home at once, and when we go to bed we consider ourselves very lucky, and Thomas Grumpy is all smiles and amiability.

Next morning we breakfast at half-past nine. As I step out into the verandah, I'm really surprised at the lovely view. The house stands high, and the ground slopes gradually down into an enormous green plain, through which the Hunter River, bordered by willow-trees, eucalyptus and fir-trees, zigzags its winding, many-curved way, and on the other side of the plain lovely shaped mountains, blue in the hazy distance, form a pretty background. On the left hand of the grounds, surrounding the house, an enormous patch of aloes grows, sending up high candelabra of white flower-shoots into the pure blue sky. The sun is shining, and everything is refreshed by the rain, and quantities of birds are singing in all the neighbouring trees. Some make very queer, lovely sounds, like a flute. I'm told they are a sort of magpie. After breakfast we go and see the stallions, both thoroughbred and bred in England. "Flavus" is an uncommonly fine golden chestnut horse, 16.2 hands, a beautiful horse all over, and such a free mover. "Dalmenty," a black horse, is smaller, a very nice type of a horse too, with good bones and beautifully

proportioned, but looking more like an Arab, and I think it is unfair to him to be shown after "Flavus," who is so uncommonly fine. Then we drive down in an American buggy to the new stables Mr White has just finished after his own plan, to see very good yearlings, which have been taken in from the paddocks to get them a little bit in condition for the sale. It is a fine roomy, airy stable, with large loose-boxes on each side. They are all colts in this lot, and a very fine promising lot they are.

Later we drive down to the Hunter River, and see some of the irrigation works and the farming, and then to Mr W.'s new butter factory in Denman, which is the little town close by, and afterwards to a dairy-farm; then back for lunch.

Mr W.'s property is about 200,000 acres, so it takes some time to get at the different places. One paddock alone, where there are brood-mares or milking cows, is about 200 acres. . . .

After tea we went out riding at the back of the house, towards the hills where the paddocks with the brood-mares are. In one paddock were eighty mares, all with their young foals, the paddock so enormous, the mares consequently so spread, that at first I had the impression that there were but nine or ten in it. There were some very fine mares amongst them, beautiful quality and very promising-looking foals. The mares are left absolutely to themselves out here, to get their foals and everything, just as in nature. We cantered through several of these enormous paddocks, and I think I never sat on a nicer-moving, better-mannered horse, and so fast and such a free goer. But one only has to look at Mr White and how he sits and handles his horse to see what a marvellous horseman he is. It is quite a

treat to see him ride. The two boys ride with us, on two charming Arab-bred little ponies, that pick their feet over the stones and dead trees easily enough. There are several what they call out here "creags," I mean dried-up, very deep-cut water currents, with exceedingly steep stony banks, which run across the paddocks, and through which one has to scramble, and the cleverness with which the horses get through them is astounding. That is the only thing I don't understand in this country, which apparently suffers from droughts, that they haven't barred these creags all with high dams at the bottom, forming open reservoirs under the hills, like those large open Medici cisterns at Careggi, and after all like the barrage at Assouan in little. In that way they could keep much more water in the country.

Later on we rode up into the eucalyptus-timbered hills, hoping to see some kangaroos, but as the boys had with them besides their six greyhounds, a fox terrier and an Irish terrier, and the latter started hunting them, yapping terrier-fashion all over the place, we didn't see any. Anyhow, the ride was lovely, and the way the horses went over large slabs of stone, leapt over fallen trees or over rough, high bits of rocks, loose stones, all the time going up or down the steep hills, occasionally even cantering up or down steep and rock-strewn heights, where we in Europe would hardly venture on foot, and certainly never attempt to make a horse even walk, is astounding.

It was getting much cooler—during the day it had been extremely hot—and the view from the top of the hills was exquisitely lovely. Far under us lay Merton, and now one saw better how the Hunter River and the other river wound themselves between their wooded banks,

silvery ribbons across the wide green plain losing themselves in the lovely blue distant hazy hills. Gradually we climbed down again, after having had a look on the other side into thickly timbered gullies, towards still higher hills. We moved down into the glen, the dogs got a hare up, and we had a delightful canter and a kill. I've never ridden faster horses, nicer movers, or with such perfect manners. We came home when it was almost dark, just in time to change for tea.

Next morning the stallions were photographed, and then we drove in a charming American buggy, with a pair of very fast horses, to inspect some of the new dairy farms and cottages Mr White had lately put up. We passed the little town of Denman, with its very pretty church, and stopped to see a two-year-old colt of Mr W.'s that was at Denman for training; and a ripping good two-year-old he was, and sure to win his master good races. Then we crossed enormous stretches of land, enormous paddocks, forded the Hunter River, and reached the first of the dairy farms—charming cottages, built after Mr W.'s designs and plans. The people were happy and contented-looking, and no wonder!

Each of these farms, of which there are many—I only saw about twenty—milks about seventy to eighty cows a day. Of course we couldn't drive to all of them, because it would have been much too far, but from a height one could see the snug little settlements dotted about the lovely, undulating, hilly country. Lots of luzern Mr W. puts out in his fields, so that he may always be sure of some fodder. We stopped to watch some boys ploughing beautiful soil with two strong shire horses. One ploughed, the other walked behind and simply sowed straight away

into the fresh ploughed furrows. No manuring, nothing! Happy, fertile land. Mr W. told me they could dig and dig and dig, feet and feet deep, and always find that same splendid soil. The cattle were looking splendid. Along the river in the trees, hundreds of beautifully coloured parrots and parrakeets were flying about and squeaking, and we were shown three different sorts of magpies (quite different from the European one, though), one of which made that pretty fluting note. Then we drove over into Mr White's father's property, Martindale, where we were going to lunch. The heat by then was intense. We drove through a paddock (only 1,000 acres!) where were a hundred brood-mares with foals; all mares for breeding Indian remount horses, which is old Mr White's speciality—besides fat cattle. Two hundred miles up-country he had two more properties, where he breeds sheep. Martindale, the house, stands very prettily in a really lovely valley, on three sides surrounded by high wooded hills. The house itself is a very large fine building of beautiful white sandstone, surrounded by well-laid-out, park-like grounds, pretty gardens, a large orchard and a little lake, and gives you at once the impression of solid, well-established feudal wealth. The hall, staircase, and drawing-rooms are very large and high and delightfully cool, and from the solid yet tasteful way they are furnished, you see at once they belong to an earlier generation. Everything is more serious, not as bright and gay as at Merton, though very pretty and homely. It is a lovely house they have built themselves here. The large marble fire-places astonished me, but I was told that in winter one was very glad to have them. Mr White's father was a smaller man than his son—a quiet, gentle old gentleman,

with a kind, clever, well-cut face, and a long grey beard, he reminded me, more in his ways than otherwise, of my dear father.

The park round the house was swarming with singing birds and parrakeets, owing to Mrs W. having had some flat tins always filled with water, and it was delightful to hear them, and charming to see how tame they were. At 2.30 P.M. or 3 we started again and drove round another way; very pretty too, not crossing the hills as before, and so not allowing such a wide view, but running alongside the Hunter River, which was most interesting on account of the many different birds and water-fowl we saw. Just as Mr White was telling me about the animal called Platapus, how it looks, etc., etc. (I had only seen illustrations of it, of course), and that Government forbade them to be shot because they had become very scarce, he suddenly said, "Look there," and pointing with the whip, "By Jove!" said he, "there is one swimming in the Hunter." We were just in time to see him before he dived. That was an extraordinary piece of luck.

We then drove to Pickering, Mr Bell's place, Mr W.'s uncle. Mrs W. from Martindale is Mr Bell's sister. The house stands high, commanding a very fine view over the undulating country, across the plains to the hills. It is a very fine large sand-stone house too, but, as I think, cannot compare with Martindale, whose position is difficult to beat; and the house is finer too, though Pickering is a very fine building. All these houses are surrounded by verandahs.—The Bells seemed very nice, and after having had excellent tea there, and seen the finest bull I think I ever saw, we drove home to Merton.

My greediness makes me state again that amongst

other good things we got fresh green asparagus, which grows wild there at Merton. They do nothing with it, just cut it when it comes up. It's excellent. Now whether it really grows wild in Australia, or whether in olden days it was planted here by formêr settlers, nobody seemed to know. All they could tell me was that for twenty years since they had lived there, it had grown wild. Happy country! And as I am on greediness, let me say how excellent the New South Wales claret is, certainly better than the French. Really uncommonly delicious.

At Merton there are still two old buildings, which are of the earlier times, having been built by the convicts who were sent to the settlers as labourers; they make a wine-cellar and a store-house.

After tea we sat on the terrace in the cool summer night, and a little black water-wagtail sang in the grounds not unlike our nightingale.—How right these people were and how sensible to come and live in this beautiful, peaceful country, instead of a terrible, noisy town, and apparently in such a good peaceful free country! If I hadn't my beloved Halbau, I'd come and settle here like a shot. What an opportunity for a young man, what possibilities! Money is simply lying here ready to be picked up, if a young man has common-sense and is willing to rough it a bit at the beginning.

This morning a funny old tramp came to the house. He was at least sixty and had had cataract; he wore glasses. He carried, like all tramps here, his little cooking machine and his bedding and belongings in a large canvas sack, slung across the shoulders. He was accompanied by a black and tan, rough haired, very clever-looking dog about the size of a collie. "Mr John," he

introduced the dog to me: "the only friend I've got in the world." Then he told me how the dog had come every day down from camp and had sat the whole day in front of the hospital, while he was laid up for his operation. "The doctor and nurses told me so, sir," he added. "Yes, 'Mr John' is the only friend I have in this world." I cannot tell you how that story and that friendship went to my heart. Then he played us some tune on some bones he rattled in his fingers like castanets, while he whistled the accompaniment, and then played some tricks with a raw onion, while "Mr John" watched him all the time.—It appears there are hundreds of such tramps all over Australia, quite harmless people, though I'm sure none have got so nice a friend as "Mr John."

Then came our last day. When I opened the shutter doors of our bedroom and stepped out on to the terrace in my galabia at 5 A.M. the magpies were fluting in the trees their bell-like song and the dewy country stretched out before me, a misty-gauzed green, to the lovely blue distant hills. I hated the idea of leaving it. Yesterday morning at seven I had already sat for quite half an hour on the verandah, gazing at this peaceful, lovely landscape, so full of repose, and listening to the charming, though melancholy fluting sounds of the magpies. I'm afraid that if I had stopped a little bit longer I should never have returned to Europe. It was all so fresh, so natural, so sensibly simple and unaffected, so spacious and unprejudiced, so wide, and nobody to cramp you. One had the feeling that one could breathe freely there. Nobody dreamed of locking their houses! Decidedly, "Ev viva! New South Wales!" It did away with all the unpleasant impressions I had of Australia and its people.

At 6 A.M. we were in the saddle and, accompanied by Mr White, the two boys and six greyhounds, we started cantering towards the hills at the back of the house to try once more for kangaroos. We cantered up those steep ravines, and still steeper hills, between trees, over trees and large rock boulders, as if we were on a polo ground. Mr White led, and as he had told me to keep close to him, I did so. I've never had such riding, never seen horses go over such ground, and cantering, as if it were all level. It was a treat to ride them, and see them pick their way.

Arrived on the top of one of the hills, we trotted along a ridge and had really the luck to see two kangaroos (a grey female and a blackish male) sitting a few yards below us on the steep slope, grazing. The boys were sent down with their ponies and hounds to get them round, but they got up and away before they could get near them. Anyhow, we saw them. So we rode on, when all of a sudden a kangaroo-rat got up in front of us, and down hill, where we in Europe would never walk a horse, we rode "hell for leather," as hard as the horses could go. When the kangaroo-rat was killed, one saw she was quite as long as a full-grown hare and built exactly like a kangaroo, only fluffier in coat.

As time pressed we made our way home, and had still two delightful hare hunts, so that this last morning was more than enjoyable.

On the top of the hill, perched on a dead old tree, we saw and heard two delightful laughing jackasses, laughing away at each other as hard as they could, their funny, stumpy tails erect on high. Alas! too soon we had to dismount, hurry through our changing and packing, and then, after really heart-felt, honest thanks and good-

byes, we got into our buggy and unwillingly drove away from this charming place and its delightful people. Tom Grumpy drove, I held the sunshade, for this buggy had no hood and the sun by then (9.30 to 11 A.M.) was terribly hot and I'd been well warned against a sunstroke. So under a blazing sun, and hot gusts of air, as if one sat opposite a furnace, we drove along the same road we came by two days before under the lightning, noticing the water from our thunderstorm still standing in big pools in the lower plains (it came down 5 inches in two hours), and at 11.10 A.M. we landed again safely at Muswellbrook, in time to have a drink, to get a pair of kangaroo-dog-pups, which had been given me by Mr White's friend, whom he had telephoned to see us off, and to get into our train, where we had a good sleep so far as Newcastle. The road down from Newcastle to Sydney was really very pretty and picturesque, and the woods were livened up by the whitish flowering liguster bushes. But the whole way, for four hours, thunderstorms descended upon us right and left, even in the woods, and a pelting rain. I only hoped our friends at Merton had some more, for they wanted it.

Arrived at 6.30 P.M. at Sydney. After having bought cherries, and Tom Grumpy oysters, which they sell taken out of their shells in fresh salt water in bottles at the stations, we hurried to the hotel, bathed and changed, to dine with Mr Browne, and drive at eight to a boxing match.—I had never seen one.—Mr Browne asked to be allowed to accompany us, so we all got into a hansom and trotted off.—A very second-class theatre had been turned into an "Athletic Club" for that night, and it was crammed full with the roughest lot of scoundrel-looking people I

had ever seen. Most of them sat in shirt sleeves, and everybody seemed to smoke.—As the boxers didn't come on quickly enough, they shouted, whistled, yelled, stamped, and made an awful noise. Finally the favourite, a Sydney lad of about twenty-four years, appeared, cheered by the crowd; Joe Costa was his name. A not over-muscular, very badly built youngster, with awful almost knock-kneed legs, and high shoulders, but a not unpleasant-looking face. He wore a pair of dirty black bathing drawers, and white shoes. Then came in Tom Griffin; a tall, very well built New Zealand man, well proportioned all over, with wide shoulders and slim hips, a scull-like face, pale, with deep sunken eyes, short-cut hair, which gave him the expression of a convict. I expect that's what the gladiators used to look like, because there was an almost nervous, kind expression in that pale face. He was smartly turned out in very short black bathing drawers, on which a fern was embroidered in white, and a green silk bow on his left hip.—They put boxing gloves on, and the fight commenced.—Joe (as everybody shouted) was very quick, the New Zealander rather slow, but all the same Joe seemed to get, to my inexperienced eye, far the worst of it. After several rounds he bled from the nose and mouth, his left eye was blue and red, and nose and eye commenced to swell and made him look a pitiful yet half-comical sight. The whole of the public, though, was on his side, and cheered him up continually, I found it most unfair, because undoubtedly—even Mr Browne, who has seen many fights in England, said the same—Griffin was far the better fighter. He got no visible punishment at all. At the ninth round Joe was knocked down and fell like a bull, bleeding from nose and eye.

But the umpires counted so slowly that he had time to get slowly up just before the ten was shouted. I thought the house would have come down with applause. So they fought on and had their twenty rounds according to the programme, Joe disfigured into a bull-dog monstrosity by blow after blow, blood and swelling. According to me, the fight was most unfair as far as I could see, because they allowed Joe to hug his opponent after each blow and thus to steady himself, otherwise I'm sure he would have fallen over. Besides, they shortened the three minutes' fight, and whenever Joe seemed to be done the bell rang and the helpers rushed into the ring with water and towels. So I wasn't a bit astonished when finally, under a deafening noise, the umpire proclaimed that Joe had won, and with shrieks and yells he was carried off the platform by his rowdy companions.—I disliked the brutality of it all, yet I was awfully excited to see the end; but I could not help drawing a parallel between this special English way of national sport and the one an Asiatic race has, which most Europeans, and especially most Britishers, consider inferior; I mean the Japanese wrestling. I'm sure the Japanese wrestler doesn't come from a superior class of society to the English boxer. But that's just where the point lies. What a gentlemanly, fair fight and show of skill and ability his is compared to the disgusting, hideous, clumsy exhibition of raw brutality I saw at Sydney. I draw a line here at my thoughts and the deeper feelings and characteristics of two nations. The one is supposed by "white" superiors to want "European civilisation" and "ennobling Christianity," while the other—enough! I cannot understand how any Government can allow so brutalising an exhibition. It is worse than

the German students' duelling in its childish idiocy. But at least that is done privately before a few witnesses. In this "Athletic Club" I saw youths, boys, and even children of six to seven years. No wonder if they grow up into brutes who finally commit murder. And what's the use of boxing? It is a well-known fact that every skilled Japanese police-wrestler, trained in the art of "disjointing," gets the best of the most expert boxer before the boxer knows where he is.—And the hideous interacts compared to the Japanese wrestling: those perspiring, blood-covered creatures, gargling and spitting blood, fanned by ruffians in dirty trousers, with half-torn still dirtier Jaeger shirts and mended braces, with just as dirty towels. . . . No! no! it won't stand the comparison. The one is fair athletic sport, the other is beastly, disgusting brutality.

November 27th.—At 1 P.M. our boat, 3,000 tons, left. About the passengers I shall say enough if I say that with the exception of three they were all steerage passengers of the *Bremen*. They told me so themselves, most of them. But then we left New South Wales, where one finds Mr Whites and black opals, and we're returning to Australia, because I expect New Zealand, though I hear very pretty country, is peopled by Australians. New South Wales stands alone.

V

NEW ZEALAND

Auckland, December 2nd.—We landed at about 6 P.M. I never saw such disorder and such primitiveness in all my life. First of all they allowed every one on board, and as the boat was already small and cramped, the confusion was incredible, the push and struggle awful. The Custom House was simply a big barn, where all the luggage lay huddled about.—The hotel was quite good. In the morning we went into the town—if one can call it a town. It seemed to me to consist of one main street, is very hilly and really seemed uncommonly pretty.—We drove out into, I don't know if one can call it suburbs, or if it was supposed to be still Auckland. Anyhow, it looked like country lanes, where cottages and villas, dairies, breweries, factories and pasture land were all mixed together. The vegetation seemed lovely. The country was very hilly, and more European-looking than anything I had seen: lots of lovely fir-trees and different conifers, large shrubs of rhododendrons in flower, bay and laurel bushes, enormous bushes of fuchsia, hydrangea, lemon-verbena, camelia, geraniums, fences of ivy-leafed geraniums, roses growing everywhere and all over, herbaceous plants in the borders. The ditches all along the road were filled with arum lilies in full flower, and daturas flower everywhere, even a frail

orange one that has smaller flowers though. The nasturtiums are astonishing. Everything everywhere is covered with them, a perfect blaze of colour. They grow in every hedge, over every slope, in the paddocks, over quarries, even in the dust-pits. The country seems actually covered with them. It is perfectly lovely, and contrasts well with the luxurious green of the paddocks and fields, and the dark conifers.

One of the peculiarities of Auckland seemed to be the starched napkins. They were as stiff as the front of an evening shirt.—After lunch we drove and left cards on the German Consul. All the cottage-houses in lovely flowered gardens looked very pretty, but the roads were simply awful. I think they haven't even got a steam roller. And in spite of the luxuriant growth, everything looked frightfully untidy and unkempt: torn down fences, dead trees, badly clipped hedges. They certainly don't know how to make the best of their country. The same untidiness prevails as in Australia, everything looks unkempt. The vegetation is marvellous, the luxuriance and abundance, the growth stupendous, yet everything looks haphazard, and badly arranged, planted without system or love or any sense of Art. The country could be a regular paradise, because there is absolutely nothing that wouldn't grow there. Yet it looks lost and untidy, and hasn't got the lovely beauty the wild gardens in Italy or England would have. These people have absolutely no artistic sense, yet I expect it will come in time, in a few generations.

We drove out to the so-called One Tree Hill. The drive was lovely. The scenery very English (an untidy England, if that existed), through undulating rich pasture lands, past gardens ablaze with flowers, or pretty, park-like grounds



MILFORD SOUND



with lovely trees. They have quantities of oak trees everywhere, and they seem to do well. One passes large laundries all worked by Chinamen. Yesterday, six of them landed on our boat. Each has to deposit £100 when they get into the country, so one can just imagine what money they must make.—The cattle and horses literally wade here up to their middles in grass, and they as well as the sheep look splendid, fat and shiny, very different to their poor Australian drought-stricken cousins.—The drive took us into a sort of a public park, where the road was continually going uphill. It was very well engineered. The park was like everything in this country : it could be beautiful if it were better kept, dead trees cut down, and the fallen ones cleared away. As it was, it looked too untidy, though everything seems to grow there, from the cedar to the oak, larch and birch. It is an odd mixture, oaks and mimosas, birch-trees and bamboos and tree ferns growing next to each other. An olive grove was pointed out to us by the driver with special pride. The road then wound up round a bare grass hill, where thousands of sheep were grazing, and where the golf links are ; and all the way up one had a lovely view over the country and on to the harbour, with its many bays. The view from the top reminded one more of England than anything else ; it is very pretty, green country, spoilt by the hideous corrugated-iron houses and cottages, scattered untidily about. The wind up on the hill, where a solitary pine-tree stands, giving the hill its name of One Tree Hill, was very strong and almost cold, and all the drive home one was glad to have one's coat on.

December 3rd.—We left at 10 A.M. by train. A most

extraordinary little narrow gaged train, with funny seats like a tram-car, whose backs you can move so as to sit either forwards or backwards on the same seat. But it had a very well-served dining-car on it, where one could get an excellent lunch and very good afternoon tea.—The country was really lovely, a combination of—I should say—an Anglicised Lower Tyrol or Northern Italy. Everything was green and growing luxuriantly; there were marvellous pastures, full of magnificent fat cattle and horses. One passed villages surrounded by fir-trees, oaks, birches, and weeping willows, and some of the hills had been recently replanted, and very well they looked with their oaks, pines, Scotch firs and larches. One saw some beautiful timber. The whole country looked exactly like Europe in summer, except for the hideous Maori people (the aborigines of New Zealand), who were grotesque in their dirty European clothes. The women mostly wore vivid coloured blouses, reds and suchlike, and had panama hats or plumed sailor hats pinned on to their untidy jet black hair. The older women all had tattooed chins and upper lips, which gave them the hideous look of a moustache. They had prominent cheek-bones and wide-nostrilled flattish noses, ugly thick-lipped mouths, and they looked filthy and dissatisfied. One saw them at all the stations. The train went all the time uphill, and about 3 o'clock got out of the flatter pasture land into hilly, wooded, narrow gorges, which looked very pretty with their many tree ferns and high old lichen-covered trees. Shortly before arriving at Rotorua, our station, we passed some places where sulphuric white steam comes out of the ground.

At Rotorua Station, the large oak and larch plantations

quite give the impression of a German hillside station. The place itself would be quite pretty if it were not utterly spoilt by the hideous buildings. It is supposed to be a fashionable watering-place, well known for its hot sulphur springs, but they don't know in this country how to make the best of their really pretty country. The wooden houses and villas are hideous, square buildings, the most prosaic and unattractive I've ever seen.—The Grand Hotel, very ugly from outside, all wood, flat, corrugated iron roofed, was large and clean, and quite the nicest hotel I had been in since I came to Australia, with quite the best cooking too. Inside it reminded me more of the nice Japanese hotels.

December 4th.—It was a heavenly sunny morning. Yesterday, when we arrived, it rained. During the last part of the railway journey, about two hours, we stood on the platform of the railway compartment watching the jungle-like gullies through which the train hurried at a very good pace. It was almost like a motor-ride, because we had the compartment behind the engine, and standing there we could see everything.—The buildings, just ground floors for the most part, seemed perhaps still uglier in the bright morning sunshine than they were in the rainy evening. They are painted in atrocious colours, especially some ghastly blue-greens, that clash with all the greens in the vegetation round. At 10 A.M. we started in what they call here a coach—it is a sort of a covered brake with three horses abreast—and after picking up some other people at another hotel we drove through Rotorua to the lake. Rotorua is an ordinary watering-place, with all its shops and booths and colonnades very much like

one of the smaller second-class German watering-places. The lake seems large, and is surrounded by very low hills, mere mounds, which are all freshly planted with young fir-trees and larches, so that in a few years the landscape will be considerably prettier. As it is, I don't find it overwhelming.—A little steam-launch takes one very slowly across to a biggish island or mound in the middle of the lake, probably an old volcano, covered thickly with low shrubbery. We landed there for a few moments, and the warm, small spring was inspected that bubbles out quite close to the shore, where the Maori Princess (a Maori Hero) a hundred years ago is supposed to have warmed and revived her limbs, stiffened by a long swim across Lake Rotorua to meet her Maori Leander. They were, however, more lucky than their prototypes, for she warmed her stiffened limbs back to life again, and then, the Maori legend runs, "they were united and lived happy ever afterwards." It would take about half an hour for an average swimmer to swim across there!—From the other side of the island, the launch went on and landed us at the mouth of a small stream, that runs swiftly under a green curtain of weeping willows into the lake. We saw several flocks of wild duck and many birds (a sort of cormorant) crossing the lake. Just as we landed, an English lady walked into the water to join her husband fishing, who was already up to his waist in the lake. She strode along the shore, a very grotesque figure, in her tight fishing trouser boots, with a light-coloured blouse on top, and a wide-brimmed straw hat trimmed with shaded pink roses and with a green motor veil tied under her chin in an enormous bow: the top, a woman, the under part, half man, half seal. She was certainly not particular,

though young and pretty, otherwise she wouldn't show herself in that very comic, ungraceful-looking attire before a boat load full of men, for there were at least fifteen other male tourists on our launch, and it was just as well she did not hear the remarks that were passed on her appearance. —We walked for about five minutes under weeping willows, dropping their graceful pale-green fringes into the beautifully clear waters of the brook, on whose shallower places water-cress and a red copper-brown water-plant formed large, smooth patches, in delightful cool shadows doubly appreciated after the glare of the lake, up to a wider part of the river, where we all got into a large boat and were rowed for five minutes up-stream, under thickly overhanging shrubs, to where the stream bubbles up out of the ground. The water all along was as clear as crystal, and you could see all the stones at the bottom and the water-plants growing and beautiful big rainbow trout swimming about. Then we were rowed over the place where the crystal-clear water bubbled up from a tremendous deep rocky hole, into which we peeped down from the boat, half over it. The water came out with such strength that pennies thrown in floated about on it like dead leaves. The transparency of the cool water was marvellous.

After boarding the launch again (the fisherman in that half-hour had caught three trout, and the lady, up to the waist in the lake and looking like a modern mermaid, was just playing her first) we steamed again up the lake, but in another direction, and after half an hour got into what they call "the rapids."

Ohan River, a brook joining Rotorua Lake with Lake Rotoiti, is a very pretty brook zigzagging through weeping

willows and uncultivated land, where dirty-looking Maori wooden houses were scattered about. It was astonishing how that little, very shallow-built launch took the sharp angles and curves the river is gradually forming. Lake Rotoiti is lovely. The banks are high and wooded, and several very small islands, with some bush trees on them, make it look larger than it is, and indeed make a very pretty effect. This, we were told, was the best lake for fishing. The amount of trout in it was extraordinary. After half an hour we landed at a small wooden wharf and walked up to a tea-house, where we ate a very good lunch which we had brought in hampers from the hotel. Then we walked down to the Oker and Tuatea Falls, which are pretty in their way, the blue-greenish water foaming through a narrow, rocky gorge, overgrown by shrubs and tree ferns, where some big trout were swimming in the clear current. The Maoris have hewn steps out of the rock down to a large cave almost level with the water, where some of their warriors used to hide during their many fights and wars. A half-cast native girl, dressed in awful European clothes, with a panama hat pinned on to her black hair, acted as guide, and I couldn't help laughing at Healy making conventional conversation with her as if he were in a ball-room. Then we were shown where the water power is used for the dynamos supplying Rotorua with electric light. We then took the coach, a four-wheeled vehicle with two horses, where three people sit in front and three behind. Fortunately, they had reserved the front seats for us. The drive along the lake is very pretty, because the road runs rather high up on the bank, and allows lovely views over Lake Rotoiti, and its different islands. It is very

much like a Scotch loch.—After passing a wooden bridge over the Ohan River, under which we passed in the steam-launch this morning, we came into country that is not pretty, being Maori reserve; it is absolutely uncultivated and unwooded and thickly overgrown by that bush that looks like the high Italian white heather near Pisa, but is not a heather and has a small flower like a wild cherry. The rest of the drive was uninteresting, not to say decidedly ugly, and very hot and dusty.—After dinner we walked round to inspect the coaching company's large stable, where 150 horses are accommodated in large loose-boxes. The whole building is of wood, of course.

December 5th.—This morning we went for a long walk in the really lovely Sanatorium grounds. They are very well planted and kept, and look exactly like an English park and garden. After walking for almost two hours in the adjoining bush, where pretty walks have been cut out bordering the river, we returned to the grounds, because I had forgotten to see the blue bath. Last night we went and had an extra bath in the Sanatorium, because we were told they were so nice. They are frightfully smelly sulphur baths, but the water is wonderfully clear and very soft, and comes out naturally hot.—This blue bath was described as a large swimming bath with blue water, and I wanted at least to have a look at it. When I saw the enormous tank, only fenced round and open to the sky and sun, full of lovely, transparent, bluish, naturally warm water running through it constantly, I couldn't resist and had to undress and have a lovely twenty minutes' bath and swim. As it was

just twelve we had the whole big basin to ourselves.— All the workmen employed in the gardens are Maoris, ugly but very strongly-built men, some very tall.

At 2 P.M. we drove to Wakarewarewa, about two miles from Rotorua, to see the Geysers play. We were met by Maggie, the famous Maori guide. She is a fine-looking woman of about twenty-eight years. First we were taken to her whare (what we would call a hut or a house), where she showed us all her photos and books, a rug made out of Kivi-feathers, which the Maoris used to wear as their only garment besides the thick and long belt made out of coloured rushes, and we had to write our names in her book. Her whare was very neat and clean, with a brass bedstead, and swell pillows with flounces; she even had a piano. But then she was a very superior person. It was a pity there were such a lot of other tourists, about fifteen in all, with whom we had to go, for Maggie's talk was very amusing (she speaks and writes English fluently, of course), and I should have enjoyed it much more if all those other people had not been there.

I'm not going to give an elaborate description of all the Geysers we were shown. They are too well known. Uncanny-looking things, spouting some about 30 to 40 feet out of their craters, steam with crystal-clear water, which looks in the sun like ever so many diamonds thrown up. The water comes up with a vicious, half-roaring, half-thundering sound, and long before it bubbles up you hear it hissing and grumbling and grunting. Steam, of course, always comes out. At one place, on the banks of a cold water river, and in fact where the cold water is shallow, we were told to scratch a little bit of the sand

away in the cold water, and we had not to scratch long before the sand got so hot one could not go on. Then at other places quite close to the cold river, up bubbled boiling hot water in small springs by themselves.—One lovely big pool (a large hole in the rock), where the water was crystal clear and the rocky borders of it looked a sapphire and aquamarine blue in the depth, was continually boiling up, and the outflow over some flat, sloping ground formed a smallish pool, in which the Maoris bathe, as in the few seconds that the water runs thinly over the rocks, it gets cool enough to form a lovely warm bath. Maggie told us the Maoris used to cook their food in this big hot-water tank, but now it is “tappu,” sacred, as Maggie’s uncle fell in about six years ago, and was immediately boiled to death. “He is still in,” she added, smiling, “heart and body and all.”—Near by in the smaller holes she uncovered some rough linen cover, and there in that hole stands a kettle with water, and a pot with vegetables. That’s the way they cook. The steam was so hot, that I, with gloves on, could hardly put the cloth over it again. All the ground we walked on sounded quite hollow, and at almost every corner steam came out depositing sulphur. Of course, the smell is very unpleasant.

Then we were shown what they call the brain pot, a small, round, pot-like formation of lava, standing about one foot over the ground, half filled with hot sand. In that they used to cook the brains of the defeated leaders, and eat them in order to get their knowledge, and one poor leader especially, who had hidden for two years in a cave from his pursuers, after they had found him out by secretly tracking his devoted slave-woman, who came

at night to bring him food, was killed there, and his brains cooked in the pot and eaten.

Later, we had tea in a very nice European tea-house, and I asked Maggie and her pretty little step-sister to have tea with us, which they appreciated very much. The rest of the party seemed somewhat shocked when we four settled down at a small table by ourselves.—After the others had driven back to Rotorua, we went into the dancing-house, where Maggie had arranged a hakka dance for us. Eleven girls danced it barefooted. They put over their white skirts long-tasselled belts of coloured reeds, which with each movement make a clashing, rattling noise. Most of the girls have the underlip and chin tattooed, which is very ugly, and the two short plaits of their jet-black hair hanging down both sides of their faces over their ears, doesn't make their somewhat mulattoish-looking faces any prettier. One played the concertina, and Maggie sang, in a charming contralto voice, some melodious war chants in the pretty-sounding Maori language, to which the girls, all standing in a row, danced, moving their arms and hips, a sort of *dance du ventre*, but graceful. They then took into their hands two little balls of reeds, hanging on a short string from a short handle called "poe," and while they danced a measured step, greatly moving their hips, they twisted and swung these "poes" round with much grace, making a very pretty effect. At the war dances some of the girls made monstrous grimaces, putting out their tongues, and twisting their bodies in grotesque, uncanny contortions, which really looks awfully funny. The dances were all much alike, and I think they go on for an hour with short intervals; not to hurt their feelings I pretended

amusement, but. . . . All of a sudden, Maggie, who seemed to rule the whole of Wakarewarewa village supreme, waved them aside, took me by the hand, swung me into the centre of the hall, saying, "A quadrille, Count," and before I knew where I was I found myself going through a lancers with these barefooted damsels, and some stray Maori men in shirt sleeves, who had scrambled in through the open windows. Afterwards she made some children dance and sing, and finally our trap came.

After dinner a "very large hakka" was announced in the hotel, so when the 'bus came round, of course everybody went. We drove about half an hour to where our boat left yesterday, and were bundled out before a very fine and elaborately-carved and painted Maori meeting-house, where, inside, a little stage with hideous decorations was set up, and we were herded on benches, after having bought some tickets. The whole thing had been arranged by the Maori parson, a half-cast, very clever-looking young man, who spoke well, and, with a good deal of humour, explained the different items. They were more or less the same dances and games we had seen in the afternoon, only always three to four girls, and no moving hips, etc., etc. As Mr Parson explained to us, "some hakkas were danced with the intention of exciting the blood-thirsty and *other evil passions* of the warriors in olden times," these, of course, he would not show, etc., etc. All the same, the whole thing is cleverly arranged, and what the girls' dances lack in originality and wildness, the young men's different games and sports make up for. If they only wouldn't wear knicker-bockers, Norfolk jackets, stiff collars, and sailor hats! I certainly

don't want to see them all naked, but in an original native costume, not in these horrid European clothes, fitting their broad-shouldered, apparently muscular, strong-built bodies badly, and making their otherwise quite interesting, strong, energetic faces look ridiculous and ugly.

December 6th.—The coach left at 8 A.M.; my special at 8.14 A.M. At half-past seven they began to pester my valet and me about the luggage. Of course, although I had taken what I considered "very little" to New Zealand, well remembering the "you shouldn't travel with so much luggage in Australia," the manager, when he saw it yesterday, said that it was impossible to take it all, so I cut it down to two bags and one hold-all. Tom Grumpy put his head into the room, too, saying, "You must hurry, they are waiting," but he got such a shower of names thrown at his head that he quickly beat a retreat. Finally, at eight, luggage and servants started. They were the only passengers in the coach, so I really don't see why they hurried me so.—We left later in a nice little buggy, with a jovial driver. Passing Wakarewarewa, we saw all the Geysers playing very well; the hotel porter had told us already that he had heard by telephone they were very lively that morning. It was sunny and fine, and I regretted afterwards we did not make the little detour, and have a second look at the Geysers.

The drive going uphill through uncultivated, unwooded country was uncommonly ugly, uninteresting, monotonous, and it soon got very hot and dusty. After having reached a half-buried village, covered at the last big eruption twenty years ago by ashes, where we stopped and were taken round by a guide, the country got prettier. In

this buried so-called village were only Maori wood and rush whares, and some of them were not even half-buried; a luxuriant vegetation had sprung up, and poplars, weeping willows, and acacias in full bloom, and big elder bushes formed a pretty wood in the valley. The blue lake, before one got to the village, was very lovely. The water was a real turquoise blue, in some parts darker, but the colour clashed with the surrounding green hills, which spoilt the effect. Altogether, it is a pity all these hills are bare of any trees, and only covered by this heather-like shrub or bush.

Lower than the blue lake lies the green lake, which has the green colour of all hill lakes. The blue lake lies 90 feet higher than the green lake, and is supposed to have no outflow, which in this country of extraordinary cavities in extraordinary places seems to me questionable. After the so-called buried village, we drove about three-quarters of an hour downhill, and were deposited on the shores of Lake Tarawera, a lake 6 miles in circumference, surrounded by hills, overgrown with low bush. At the end of the lake (one crosses it in a steam-launch) we climbed for a mile on the barren ashes of Mount Tarawera till we reached the Lake Rotomahana, which is a funny, milky, greenish-blue colour. There was hardly any vegetation round, no trees at all. Mount Tarawera is an extinct crater of uninteresting form. It was this crater that twenty years ago destroyed the pink and white terraces on Lake Rotomahana.

We crossed the lake in another steam-launch. The boatman has tamed two wild ducks so well that they follow the launch flying, and come and settle on the stern to be fed.—Of the pink terraces nothing is left but some

foaming sulphur holes, where boiling water bubbles up. The heat was intense, and the whole sloppy grounds shook and gave out a hollow sound when one walked on it. Then we drove along the shore through boiling hot water bubbling up all round the boat and puffing out, roaring and smoking from the embankment. At the other end we were bundled out and handed over to another guide, who took us a dreary walk of 6 miles alongside a little brook in a deep sandy gully, zigzagging away till we reached the spot where the famous Waimanga Geyser used to play. There were similar evil-smelling sulphur holes, and hot springs and bubbling pools, called champagne pools, and mustard pot and porridge pot, etc., etc., and you are told details of how, and why they play, till your head swims. All I know is that they are all very much alike, and all very uncanny and smelly. The Government rest-house is very nice and well managed, and after lunch we drove on to Wai-o-Tapu, where we stopped the night in a good but funny little wooden hotel. All the buildings are of wood in this country on account of earthquakes.

December 7th.—It rained to-day, but between two showers we managed to see the sights of Wai-o-Tapu, guided by a nice-looking and sweet-mannered Maori girl of about sixteen, in a torn European mackintosh, and a purple motor veil, which was tied over her black plaits of hair. We saw several porridge pots (mud pots), a champagne pool, devil's frying-pan, sulphur deposits, sulphur holes, etc., etc. But the landscape is ugly. If there were woods and trees about one would be content. As it is, the country lacks background. Nevertheless, here some terraces are forming, on a small scale, it is true,

and of a greyish colour, but giving an idea of what the pink and white ones must have been.

After lunch we drove on to Wairakei, and almost the whole distance of 30 miles through hideously monotonous, undulating country, without a single tree. It pelted in torrents, which, however, was better than the awful dust we swallowed yesterday. At Wairakei there is one most delightful thing. Quite close to the hotel, in the grounds, is a lovely warm swimming tank, very large and of natural formation, surrounded by weeping willows and shrubs and honeysuckle in full bloom, growing up between the trees. It is a most picturesque spot, with the weeping willows hanging down into the slightly steaming bluish water. As we had just had tea after arriving, we could not bathe (5 o'clock), and dinner was at 6, so we had to wait till two hours after dinner, and at 9 P.M. marched down in our dressing-gowns and slippers, armed with lanterns and towels, and had a delightful swim. The water comes from one of the Geysers.

December 8th.—The first thing in the morning I went down to the lovely, blue, hot swimming bath. It was a heavenly sunny morning, and the sun was shining through the willows into the blue-green water in which the reflections of the trees made lovely effects; swimming there one looked like a silvery fish. The water was deliciously soft, and about 100 degrees temperature—heavenly!

At 9 A.M. we started on foot with a guide who has been a soldier (through the Omdurman war) and who is most talkative. Round the hotel they have planted some trees, fir-trees, that grow splendidly, and are an improvement to the place. All the hills, indeed, round Rotorua and round

Wai-o-Tapu have been planted by Government with larches and pines, and beautifully planted too. The work is done by convicts. Government intends re-foresting all the hills by and by; and eventually, with the wonderful growth here in this splendid volcanic soil, where rain is so abundant, this country will be lovely and will grow splendid timber. Its treelessness at present is depressing. The sights here, all in a long creek, overgrown with that eternal white-flowering, grey-green shrub, are almost all the same; more or less big Geysers, that is to say, rocky holes in the ground where steam comes out and now and then some boiling hot water with much smoke shot up, not at the most to a fountain height. One, however, The Prince of Wales's Feathers, makes a fair display, and looks pretty, all the big clear drops glittering like diamonds in the sun above the white smoke. One small Geyser really looks like what it is called, The Dragon's Mouth; I mean the opening of it, like a mouth of an enormous alligator, and after it has made its hot water bubble and has sunk down again into some roaring distances, the guide takes us through the mouth. It takes about half a minute, and is as hot inside as a turkish bath. The Champagne Pool is really the best that I've seen, though it is only a very enlarged boiling tea-kettle, as far as the water effect goes.

After lunch we drove 3 miles to the Aratiatia Rapids, where the river shoots in a blue, white, foamy turmoil for a considerable distance through a narrow, rocky gorge, which, unfortunately, is treeless too. The Waikato River drops here 210 feet in the short distance of half a mile, and rushes madly at this point through a narrow channel of about 50 feet in width. It is a very pretty sight. In

the side pool, where the water is continually moving round, some planks of a Maori canoe are whirled and whirled round, and the *guide tells us* they have been there for *eight years*! The strong current, furiously rushing past, will not let them out of this sheltered pool. We went for a walk after tea, and at dinner met the Taupo parson, who bicycled over here to hold service, but finding nobody to preach to, had to return without having had his talk. At 9 P.M., dressing-gowned, lantern in hand, I wandered down again to the delightful bath.

December 9th. — The morning bath at 7 A.M. is heavenly, the water being a little bit less hot, which makes it very pleasant. I really think this bathing-pool, with its fringe of weeping willows and splendid *pinus insignis* round it, is one of the most ideal things I've ever seen. In the shower bath (which is the outflow of the basin) I slipped and fell down, and the strong rush of water from behind washed my spectacles off my ears and down into the gully. I really thought we would never find them again, but as I had asked St Antonio of Padua to find me what I had lost, on my valet going into the gully afterwards undressed, he found them fumbling with his feet in the soft mud, and at present they are well on my nose again.

At nine we started in a buggy, and after driving for half an hour we walked through another valley, over-grown by tea-bushes (that heathery stuff), and were shown more hot pools and green pools and sulphur pools and mud Geysers, etc., etc., much less interesting than yesterday. One, however, had an extraordinary reddish colour, and was called the Claret Pool. I expect claret mixed with

milk, if anybody should ever try the mixture, would look like that.

We returned home at 11 A.M. and played several games of croquet on a very nice, shaded ground. It was very warm.—What asses people were to tell us we would find it cold here and should take thickish clothes.

Wairakei, the place itself, is surrounded by pine-trees, which make it very pretty, and I have come to the conclusion that our European vegetation *à la longue* is far the prettiest, because these trees are European trees, and not Australian. Were this country timbered, it would be very fine.

At 2 P.M. we started again, and drove first to the Karapiti blow hole, where hot steam is ejected in a vast volume, with a roaring noise. It drives its steam forward with a force of 180 lbs. to the square inch from a hole of about 12 inches in diameter; a petroleum metal tin thrown into it is blown up like a feather.—From there we went on to the Hukka Falls. They are formed by the Waikato River, the outflow of Lake Taupo, the same river that forms the Aratiatia Rapids, and are similar to these, though perhaps finer. The effect of bluish water mixed with its white foam rushing through that narrow rock gorge and falling 79 feet deep into a whirling-pool, from where it flows in a bottle-green, transparent, beautiful river, is fine. Five miles further drive up this river, which would be lovely were the hills timbered, takes one down to Lake Taupo, and where the Waikato emerges from the lake a wooden suspension bridge spans the river. We drove across it to the Spa Hotel, which lies in a hollow surrounded by fine pine-trees. Some flowery rhododendrons, roses and honeysuckle make a pretty effect after the

endless grey tea-bushes covering all this undulating, hilly country. In the distance over the lake we saw Mount Ruapehu and the Ngauruhoe. The one is covered with snow very low down still, while the other, still smoking, has snow in patches on it. People have said Ruapehu looks like Fuji. I'm too Japanese to allow this insult to the unique, incomparable, white-topped, beloved Saint in lovely Japan.

After having had tea we went to see the sights, which lie all along the river shore. The river, a beautiful transparent blue-green, is fine enough, if it weren't for its absolutely bare banks, bare of trees, that is, for tea-bushes and ferns, of course, are there, but they form a sort of nondescript, dull-coloured vegetation, just as if there was nothing there. The sights are, of course, the same, only fewer—mud pools, and boiling water, boiling out of holes in the earth, sulphur pools, very small all of them. Only one Geyser, called the Crow's Nest, is really fine, and plays a spray of water of about 80 feet high.

The dining-house at Spa Hotel is built exactly in the way of a Maori meeting-house, with grotesque but original wood-carvings all round, representing human figures, carved and painted. But the food is Maori style too, I suppose to be in keeping with the grotesque carvings; I need not say that it is awful. For drinks one only gets water or tea.—But there is a good-sized warm natural swimming bath, though not as pretty as the Wairakei one. Just as I went to the bath some people came in from fishing (9.30 P.M.), and one of them is Reggy Hoare. It is a very strange meeting after seven years. Last time in lovely Furstenstein, and now here in this outlandish spot, in this last place of all places of creation.

December 10th.—We started early and walked ahead of the luggage, as the buggy was rather full, about a mile to the landing-place, where the steamer leaves at 9.30 A.M. It was a heavenly sunny morning and the blue lake looked pretty enough with the hills surrounding it, bluish in the distance, and at the end the smoking volcano and the snow-covered mountain beside it. But don't allow your imagination to paint too glorious or grand a picture. You would be terribly disappointed. Nature here (as far as I've seen it) is not grand.

The lake is 25 miles by 16, and covers an area of 241 square miles, but just about the middle it curves round horse-shoe form. You can only see half of it. And the hills round it slope so gradually down to its banks that they don't give half the effect of the height they really are.—It takes one three hours on a slow-going steam-launch to get across, and once landed at a wooden pier, we had to walk through swamps on a sun-beaten road till we came to Tokaanu, a wretched-looking Maori settlement, with an English-kept hotel, what one calls a hotel here. We had to stop the whole afternoon and night here, as the coach owner, quite the rudest, most ill-tempered, vulgar, independent old devil of a Colonial I ever saw, refused to give us a special, and we had to go by the coach in the morning, which was a great nuisance. After tea we went to inspect the sights, consisting of some boiling mud pools and some hot springs and dirty Maoris. The baths, a hot pool with some rocky edgings, looked so uncanny that we refrained from trying them.—After dinner we strolled down through the untidy, God-forsaken settlement, and looking over a fence at the schoolmaster's garden, after having inspected a flax mill, where they make ropes, the

schoolmaster came out, and asked us to have a look at his school. It is a nice wooden building, and some of the copy-books are nicely written. He was English, and told us he had over forty Maori children in the school. He thinks them clever and quick in picking up. A part of the grounds was laid out for the school children as gardens, where they are trained in gardening and planting. But I'm afraid all these efforts of the Government will never really alter the lazy, dirty Maoris into an industrious, clean people. You see men and women, speaking perfect English (so they've surely gone through a school), squatting down in the dust, having a pig cuddled against them. They seem to make quite pets of the beasts, which shows to what a degree they have learned cleanliness. They are to me quite the dirtiest lot of people I ever came across, and hideously ugly too.

December 11th.—We started at 10 A.M., after our landlord, a nice, sociable Scotchman, had shown us a magnificent rainbow trout (18 lbs.) he had caught that morning in the lake. A beauty! We had a real job to start, as the near side leader (three abreast) reared on the top of the middle leader, and the near side wheeler threw herself down twice. However, with some persuasion, we finally started, and off. We had the box-seats, and I sat beside the rude driver with his mangled hand (half of his fingers were chopped off in a chaff machine five years ago), but this morning his devilish, red-nosed face was all smiles and grinning wrinkles. He drove well.—The dusty country was monotonous and hideous. We drove *44 miles* over undulating, hilly country, and never a tree. The road was bad, and the

only thing to look at was that barely smoking crater and the snow-covered hill, which the New Zealanders dare to compare to the beautiful, snow-capped, majestic Japanese Saint. There is nothing grand about these hills, which are lacking in form. If it were not for the snow on them, one wouldn't even take notice of them, so insignificant are they.—One passes some little fords, and the dusty road winds up and down sandy, bare creeks. But not *one tree*. Yet the country has nothing of the expanse, the wild formation, or wonderful colourings of the desert.

We changed teams twice, and at 7 P.M. arrived at Waiouru, where the worst shed I've ever been in pompously calls itself an hotel. Cabin-like, small, low rooms with—one could hardly call them beds—and such thin partitions that you partake of the most *private* conversations of your next door neighbours, who in our case happened to be two women, who must have been totally unaware of the thinness of the partitions, or perhaps sounds are magnified by this New Zealand wood! At 4 A.M. we had to get up and walk to the station (ten minutes off), where we had to haul our luggage in ourselves, and finally were bundled all of us into one compartment. A Maori woman especially attracted my attention. She had done so already on the day before when the coach started. On her creepy, crawly, indescribably dirty, black tussled head, she had pinned an enormous Leghorn hat, draped with bright geranium-red tulle. Her whole figure was covered with a brilliant green and cornflower-blue checked shawl, out of the top of which, behind her Leghorn hat, an infant peeped in a monkeyish way. As this shawl kept the infant tied to her body, it is easy to imagine what an indescribably grotesque figure she cut.

The fringe of the shawl just touched the ground. The waddling, ungraceful walk, the vulgar movements, everything shows what an ugly race they are. One thinks of those graceful black forms one sees stepping along with the dignity of a queen in glorious Egypt, trailing their long black or brown draperies in the dust, like a court-train, while one hand upholds the large water-jug on the proudly-carried head, or balances a naked baby on the undulating hip, every movement graceful, dignified, harmonious, artistic! This Maori damsel had long ear-rings of green stone, and a long thin black ribbon was passed through the hole of the ear from where they dangled down. Her husband, who was with her, was dressed in newish European clothes, and carried a large portmanteau; a girl of seven years or so was dressed in a dirty (of course) *white silk-plush overcoat* and an enormous white satin sunbonnet, which made her hideous, flat-nosed face appear almost ape-like. They had a pug dog with them, which is the nicest of the party. Walking to the station I saw the Leghorned lady pick up the torn black stuff remains of an old umbrella lying alongside the road, examine it, and stuff it under her shawl to the baby. On this occasion I saw too that she had a dirty black long skirt underneath, and a flounced pink blouse. Then she tightened herself up again in her Scotch plaid in indescribable grotesqueness.

After two hours of shaky train on hard benches, we were bundled out at a place which is freshly built or pioneered (I think one calls it) in the bush. Here there were trees, and really very fine ones, all intermingled with ferns and creepers, jungle-like.—It was very interesting to see how such pioneering is done. The whole place looked

upside down. Huge felled trees, stumps of chopped-up giants stuck out of the ground, mounds of earth, stones, water-pools, small tents, wooden houses, wooden sheds, sheds made of earth and covered with patched rags, rough-looking, unshaved men in torn garments and broad-brimmed hats pulled over sun-burnt faces, carts with good, strong shire horses, were all huddled together in that solitary cleared place, in the middle of the high bush. One shed was painted "Billiard Room"; another "Boarding House." I expect in twenty years there will be a flourishing town here, with restaurants and electricity.

A short drive on a packed coach took us through very fine bush, which, alas! was going to be cut down, to a biggish wood and corrugated-iron settlement, which is about ten years old, and with its shops and bars and boarding-houses and side streets, looked almost like a miniature wooden town. Here we had a sort of second breakfast, in a wooden shanty, on wooden benches, on wooden tables, with all the wood-cutters. Next to me sat (collarless and with very black hands) the shanty-hotel's odd-man, and at the next table our driver, unshaven and in shirt sleeves. The tea, eggs and butter were good. —I must say all the people behaved very nicely and quietly. I expect most of these pioneers are from "the old country," and therefore have manners, simple labourers as they are.

At 10 A.M. we started. As a gentleman who came yesterday with us (he is English and a Jew, I'm sure) had taken the other box-seat, and it was so cold that I had to put on my fur coat, I sat with the servants and some other passengers inside. Inside means under the top held up by four iron bars, but unless you button the oil-cloth

curtains down, it is quite open. Thank God nobody had this infernal idea, although it rained. There was just room for six *thin* people inside—The bush was pretty through which we drove—magnificent trees, covered with moss parasite ferns and creepers, and beautiful tree ferns in abundance. The road was good, which was lucky, considering the stone-hardness of the seats. The utter non-existence of any flowered bush or tree or plant was a pity, and the trees and shrubs were all small-leaved, so that one missed the beautiful effects of a tropical bush, but it was lovely all the same, and delicious to see real trees and green again. One heard many birds piping, whistling and singing in a very pretty way.—At 11 A.M. we rattled over a road, where enormous pebbles out of the river had been laid loose on the road, into a wretched-looking village, where, to our dismay, we had to stop till 1 P.M. The mounds (one really could not call them hills) round about had been cleared of their trees, which gave the place, with its hideous buildings and its broad, cobble-thrown, straight road in the middle, an indescribably melancholy, desolate look under the low-hanging, grey clouds. Wandering along this cobble street, I was astonished to see what they have in these shanty shops of the bush. Panama hats, pine-apples, Singer sewing-machines, cottage pianos, mackintoshes, even plated and silver spoons and toast racks.

After a good lunch in quite a decent hotel, at a long table with several clerks and commercial travellers and cattle buyers, the coach pulled up in front. The inside this time was occupied by the servants and myself and three absolutely drunken young bush-cutters, one on my bench, two (the worst) on the opposite bench, squeezed

in beside Lazarus, who faced me, his idiotic Indian face contorted with disgust, like an affected woman ready to faint. They were a rough lot, I admit, and yelled and sang, laughed and spat and shouted, and were altogether not exactly pleasant mannered. But as there was no special to be had, we had to put up with it. The road was abominable; the bush we drove through, and some very steep, hilly country, with deep, narrow ravines and gullies, were very fine. I was cold and I was very glad to have my fur coat on. It was lucky we were so packed, it steadied us. The bumping, too, had the good effect of sobering the three bush-cutters by and by, and it was quite interesting to see how they came back to sobriety, and how with it the expression of their faces changed. Finally, after two hours, they were sobered enough to be ashamed of themselves, and the poor young devils commenced to show me the different sorts of trees, and which sorts were valuable, and to take the greatest trouble in initiating me in the way of cutting bush, etc., etc., and so a conversation started and I learnt a lot of things about the work and ways of how a bush-cutter lives. Sober, they were neither stupid nor uneducated, and the red-haired youngster, called by the others Paddy, was even very witty and amusing. He was Irish. At four we arrived at Piperiki, where a large hotel is well situated on one side of a valley at the bottom of which the Wanganui River runs. I was astonished to find how this valley reminded me of dear Furstenstein. It might have been the very place, only the river is a little broader. After dinner the English Jew (he was an elderly man) joined us (unasked), and expressed his astonishment at my not being furious at having had to drive with what

he termed "drunken ruffians." He never offered me his box-seat though, so where else should I have gone? "Oh no," said Healy, almost pointedly, "he even says he enjoyed it." "It's awful and disgusting," said the Jew, "to see young men make such beasts of themselves as these drunken devils." I really could not help pointing out to him that it was all very fine for him, a rich Londoner, to look down upon these poor devils in contempt. When one thinks that the only possible lark and amusement these poor young creatures have is in going for three to four days every six months into a cobble-beaten, desolate village to—well, to get too much to drink; because certainly most of them don't go in there to *get drunk*, one understands. They work hard the whole year round in that God-forsaken wild place, away for months from any human being, except what they call their mate (it appears they cut in twos), live in a small tent, and sometimes are so stiff from the cold they can hardly get warm. I'm sure they would enjoy and prefer travelling comfortably first class, dining in smart restaurants and going to a play afterwards. After all, Paddy was only nineteen years old. Once sober, they were really very gentle-mannered, and apologetically nice too. Paddy pushed his friend in the ribs when the latter had spat on my coat by mistake, and the poor devil got red in the face with confusion, and rubbed it off with his poor sleeve at least for ten minutes. I really couldn't be angry. No, as I told the Jew, who thought himself so superior with his well-stocked purse, I didn't mind *their* company, *they* were, as I told him, naturally rough and vulgar without *any false pretences* and airs. I minded *pretending*, so-called educated people *much* more!

At Piperiki we met the nice young man we'd seen at Wairakei. His name was Mr Corry, son of a large cargo shipper.

December 13th.—I certainly came to New Zealand for my sins. Again I had to get up at 4 A.M. because the steamer down the river started so early. It was a very small, flat-built boat. The greatest part of the passengers were Maoris, and I've never been together with fatter, uglier, dirtier, untidier people in all my life. If by chance they don't die out they will become a perfect nuisance in this country, however the Government pampers and protects them. Again, look at a clean Arab. I'm the last to object to coloured people. But these Maoris are horribly dirty, and so ugly! Almost all the seats were taken by them; rolled and huddled in all sorts of shawls and vivid-coloured blankets, they squatted and lay about everywhere, smoking and spitting, and their hideous brats throwing bits of half-chewed biscuits all over the deck. Some women had wreaths of weeping willows round their heads, which made them look indescribably ridiculous, for they have their hair cut short, hardly reaching the shoulders. Their upper lips and chins were tattooed, and they were fat and oldish, smoked short pipes, were wrapped in a scarlet red or blue and yellow plaid; it is impossible to exaggerate the grotesqueness of this human form, squatting on a bench, the legs pulled up on to the seat. But apart from the dirty Maoris the country really was very pretty, and reminded me very much of the Furstenstein valleys, or the country round Perth. The steep hills were thickly timbered, and a lot of trees and ferns (which, of course, don't grow in Furstenstein)

grow everywhere abundantly.—We stopped at different places to take new passengers in or let some land, all Maoris. At the approach to one place where a Union Jack was flying half-mast, they fired off a gun, and a lot of Maoris rushed to the landing-place wailing, all the women wearing wreaths of weeping willows round their heads, the Maori way of mourning, as well as the short-cut hair. Our weeping, be-willowed monsters started a horrible wailing too ; it sounded like hounds in a kennel, or jackals. I was told a chief's funeral would take place at this village, and these were relatives. As soon as they were landed they greeted each other by rubbing their noses together, and no doubt this way of greeting during generations is the reason why they are so hideously flat-nosed.

At the next station a Maori girl came on the boat carefully carrying a sack and leading a black sow by the hind leg. Sow, girl and bag all got on the boat, and cuddled up to each other. Once they were well settled I saw she had five little sucking pigs in the bag, scarcely eight days old. At another station we took in an enormous amount of wool bales, and at other places they had a stick put up at the embankment, to which a handkerchief was tied as a flag, and some letters wrapped up in some newspaper tied to the stick with some string. At each place we stopped, being a mail-boat, and the letters were detached and put in the mail-bag. Of course, by the continual stopping considerable time was lost, especially when we had to take in wool, and as the captain had to catch the train at Wanganui, he presently refused to stop further on for more letters ; even passengers (Maoris) standing, luggage, children and all, on one of the landing-stages, waving furiously arms and handkerchiefs,

were passed by, and he only called out to them, "Later! After the train." I asked if he would return for them after we had landed, and he candidly answered, "She goes *up* river again only to-morrow (Saturday) and goes *back down* river Monday. No! they must wait. *We* don't mind." That's the way locomotion is done in New Zealand.—We landed at 1 A.M., just in time to catch a train at Wanganui, where a luncheon car was very welcome, and we arrived at seven at Wellington. The country soon after Wanganui got bare and ugly again, similar to that round Melbourne, burned-down eucalyptuses and so on, and the Wellington harbour and town, under a cold evening sky, looked an uninviting, dismal place. And the wind! Hurricanes were blowing through all the streets, and at the first turning my hat was blown away down the street, but luckily got recaptured. I had already said good-bye to it for ever. Decidedly I came to this island for my sins.

December 14th.—All New Zealand hotels have a speciality of their own. Auckland has stiff-starched napkins like the front of an evening shirt. Wellington, well named in the guide-book as "Windy Wellington," prides itself apparently in having bath towels in the hotel which fairly take the skin off a European traveller's face. Even at special request no others were to be had.—The Royal Oak Hotel is otherwise quite good, and it was very nice to feel oneself in an *approach* to civilisation again. I do not mind camping out in the Arabian desert for weeks with Arabs, but this European, rough, rude, uncivilised, pretentious and uncomfortable sort of existence I could not like. Give me either civilisation and comfort,

or nature and simplicity and harmless roughness, but not an uncomfortable go-between, giving itself airs. That is why I didn't mind Paddy & Co.; they gave themselves as they were, without pretensions to good manners, so one was not shocked by bad ones, for the simple reason that there were no manners at all, only nature.

We took a cab and drove through Wellington. The fact that the sun shone and tried its best to make this God-forsaken place look cheerful was, unfortunately, utterly handicapped by blasts of wind blowing through all the streets, hurling up clouds of dust. To be named Governor of New Zealand, and to have to reside in Wellington, would be, to my mind, equal to criminal exile to the lead-mines of Siberia.—The hills round this dismal harbour are not very high, but very steep; treeless, of course, as we were in the North Island, where it is typical that they call a mount, as in Auckland, "One Tree Hill." A tree is a landmark here. The space between the hills and the harbour is very narrow. So all the wooden shanty buildings, cottages, and some hideously pretentious new stone or brick buildings which might have been built in Berlin—they are in such bad taste—are all huddled into this narrow space, but some more wooden villas and cottages have pluckily crept up the hill, for want of space. No one in New Zealand seems to have any sense of beauty or for gardens. The gardens are bare of trees, and the few flower-beds smothered with dust. I expect with all the wind it is really very difficult to keep any gardens. One low pine avenue exists in Wellington, but the greater part of the trees are dead. Yet, to believe some Wellingtonians, Paris is an ugly, badly kept, hideous village, compared to this unique Metropolis. Wellington

has 47,000 inhabitants. I ought not to grumble, though, because in one of the dusty suburb gardens I saw two meagre shoots of that tall pink flower that took my fancy so in the public gardens of Auckland, where nobody could tell me the name. I stopped the carriage, and to poor Healy's *horror*, got out, rang the bell, and asked the kind old lady the name. She couldn't tell me either, but allowed me to pick some flowers, which in this New Zealand Siberia seemed to me as generous as in Europe it would be to give away the whole contents of two green-houses, and with this I drove to a florist's shop. Here they couldn't tell me either, but they had another lovely pink flower, and they directed me to a seed shop, where there "was a man who was so clever that he knew all the names of flowers." I added the florist's pink flower and drove to the seed shop. Healy by then had deserted me as a hopeless case, and walked home. Well, at the seed shop I got both the botanical names, which I carefully sent home to my gardener. They are bulbs, must be treated like gladioli, and are called *Sparaxis pulcherrima* and *Walsonie rosea*.

In the afternoon we drove to the wharf to call on Mr Corry (the young man who bathed with us at Wairakei), and to inspect his father's boat, the *Star of Japan*, a 10,000-ton cargo boat, exporting frozen meat and wool from here. Unfortunately, he was out, but one of the officers took us round and showed us all over the boat. She was a beautiful boat, had four passenger cabins, nice large ones on the upper deck, bathroom, etc., etc. It must be delightful to travel on her, and not to be bothered with all those awful other tourists one meets on the large steamers, who are quite welcome to find me just

as odious as I find them as a rule. For any one who wants to make a sea-voyage for his health, this would be ideal.—After dinner Mr Corry came to the hotel, and accompanied us to our wretchedly dirty 2,000-ton boat, the *Rotomahana*, a contrast in every way to the beautifully clean, tidy, spacious *Star of Japan*. We started at eleven, and steamed next morning at ten into the well-sheltered harbour of Lyttleton, the middle island, as the New Zealanders call this part. Before we had landed and were in our train, which stood on the wharf, it was 12 o'clock. The heat was intense, the crowd enormous, the compartments terribly small and dirty, and hardly any, or rather no accommodation for bags. New Zealand certainly is the worst country for travelling. Porters, of course, don't exist. Alongside the wharf lay the *Inwood*, or whatever that boat is called, in which Lieutenant Shackleton intends going to the South Pole on January 1st.¹ She is a small, one-funnelled boat.

Immediately after the train had started, we ran through a tunnel of, I think, two miles length, which the New Zealanders think a marvel and unique, and actually ask one, in a really childish presumptuousness, if one has ever been through so long a tunnel before! At the other side the line runs through very pretty country, exactly like England. Green fields and timber, all the fields fenced in with hedges, brooks with willows, tree-planted grounds round the settlements, nice, tidy-looking houses and cottages, well-flowered gardens. It looked like another world, and was quite a relief to behold. At 1 P.M. we arrived at Christchurch, which made, with its broad, straight streets, stone buildings and fine sandstone-built

¹ 1908.

Cathedral, an absolutely civilised impression. Being Sunday, of course, all the shops were closed. At Warner's excellent hotel, Mr Rhodius greeted us, much to our delight and surprise, and we had a good lunch in quite a swell large dining-room, so that we almost forgot we were in New Zealand, it all looked so human. After lunch Rhodius took us for a walk along the little River Avon, which runs through uncommonly pretty, well-planted, park-like land. The river is mostly bordered by magnificent weeping willows and groups of Lombard poplars, while the park is well shaded with cedars and other fine fir-tree specimens, enormous Wellingtonias, fine oaks, maples, birches, plane and lime-trees, the latter in full bloom. On the other bank the lovely botanical garden, timbered with very fine specimen trees and huge rhododendron bushes, makes a pretty effect. Lots of people were punting on the clear little river, couples sat or lay on the banks on the grass, and in the shade of the trees, and one could really think oneself in England.—We walked as far as the Volunteers' camp, where a band was playing, and all the belles of Christchurch, got up in their best muslins and flounces, had come out for a little flirtation and courting with their young men, and as the crowd was getting almost too dense, we walked back to the hotel. The people here struck me as very nice-looking and nicely-mannered. They were small on an average, but had healthy, good complexions, nice, kind, open faces, and made the impression of a happy-humoured English country crowd.—It was very hot, so after some refreshment at the hotel we took a motor and drove out to New Brighton, a seaside place with a magnificent shore, where several people were bathing.—The drive, first along the

willow-shaded Avon, then through pretty suburbs, the houses standing in lovely flowered, well-kept gardens and shady grounds, with all the European trees, then through beautiful pasture country, with hedges and fine big trees, was really uncommonly lovely. One thought oneself in England. After dinner we strolled round the square, and listened to the ridiculous preachings of different parties, Salvation Army included.

December 16th.—The hotel is, I think, the best I've been in in the Colonies, bar Sydney. Besides, it has no speciality in the way of rough towels or starched napkins. It's very good. At twelve we drove out to a race-meeting, and, through a Mr Pyne, to whom Rhodius has introduced us, were taken into the Club enclosure, where one can see very well from a nice comfortable little stand. An old gentleman told me, "I hear you've bought Ilene." I'm sorry I have to disillusion him, thinking it's a horse. It turns out to be a very fine property of 5,000 acres, "the finest in New Zealand," I'm told. A Portuguese Contessa had really bought it, but Rhodius told me at dinner the whole town spoke of nothing else but that that tall young German Count who walked so straight yesterday through the streets had bought Ilene. That accounted, I expect, for all the people taking such an interest in me, almost more than in the races. If I had walked about stripped naked they couldn't have looked at me more. Every one was very kind, explaining everything to us, and we were asked to a very good lunch and to see to-morrow some stud farms, etc., etc. The horses struck me as being small and thin-boned, there was not the quality about them that I saw in

Mr White's horses. There were two trotting races in between. The little race-course, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, is well situated, surrounded by trees and the hills in the distance, and the drive out, about 5 miles, takes one through prettily planted and cultivated country, where in parks and in gardens with richly flowered beds, nice cottages and houses lie. None of these houses has the hideous forms of those on the Northern Island; people here seem to have much more taste. It is an uncommonly pretty drive, quite like Europe. Broad straight roads are laid out everywhere, and electric trams run almost in all directions. The races themselves are not worth much.

December 17th.—Mr Stead, one of the principal breeders and race-horse owners, had sent me his motor car at 2 P.M., and so Rhodius and Healy and I set forth in a torrid heat. Yesterday it was very pleasant and cool.—We were first driven to the big race-course, which is very well laid out, and planted round with trees, and a lovely avenue of fir-trees and flowering shrubs leads up to the really very good large stands. There is a nice tea kiosk, well situated on a little island formed by a running creek, and surrounded by pretty flower-beds. I was astonished at so small a place having such a large and smart race-course.—The sun was scorching, so when the friendly chauffeur offered to take me *a walk* and show me some of the *jumps*, I flatly refused, and then he offered to show me the special place where the Governor sat on the stand, but that did not interest me either, so I asked him to drive us on to Mr Stead's stud farm. It was nicely situated amongst some Lombard poplars and willows, but was not much to look at. He had two stallions,

bays, one an old horse, bred here, with some good points about him, a strong-boned horse, the other a young bay, overgrown, with a bad shoulder, bred in England, and imported three months ago. I didn't care for him. Then we were taken to a paddock (the size of the English paddocks) where were seven brood-mares with foals, and a very good lot they seemed. The finest mare, undoubtedly though, was a mare bred in England. Then we were shown five nice yearling fillies, and that was all.—I admit that I was disappointed, but didn't show it. Altogether, I think Mr Stead only had twenty brood-mares, but the others were in some paddocks further off, and they were decidedly not inclined to show them, so I expect these were his pick. From there we drove to Sir ——'s trainer, where in the most dilapidated, narrow, low, suffocatingly hot loose-boxes (wooden sheds) some very poor two- and three-year-olds were shown to us which were in training there. I should say there were twelve, and, bar one, a very fine, big, dark brown mare, I wouldn't have said thank you for one of them. The whole drive in the pretty country would have been very much more enjoyable if it had not been so scorchingly hot. We dined with Mr Pyne in the Christchurch Club.

Christchurch, December 18th.—Last night's dinner was very pleasant and good. The Club is a spacious, pretty building, standing in fine grounds and very well managed. Almost all the racing people were there. Nobody was in evening dress.—After dinner an extraordinary old man walked in. He had very dirty, dusty boots, and wore a very much shrunken pair of trousers, no waistcoat or jacket, and over his shirt nothing but a long raw silk dust-

coat, open and floating about him, and a sailor hat ; he was smoking a pipe. He grumbled and mumbled things in his grey moustache overhanging his beard, but I did not understand a single word. All the rest of the party seemed to, however, so it was all right.

This morning we left Christchurch at eight by train. Thank goodness it was cool, because yesterday it was almost suffocatingly hot. It turned out that the tunnel between Lyttelton and Christchurch was only $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long.

I don't think I noted it down in the description of the fight at Sydney, that old Mr Browne said all of a sudden, "By Jove! it is raining." "Oh no," I answered; "besides, the place is covered in." "Yes," he said, "I see that, but I got several drops on my head and hand, and there again one!" "I did too," I replied, "but that's perspiration from the gallery people," and so it was!

But to return to pleasanter things, this whole day's journey has taken us through uncommonly pretty country. Beautiful, undulating pasture land, all the paddocks fenced in with hedges, and marvellous cattle and sheep scattered about them up to their stomachs in grass and flowers. We saw well-planted woods of oaks, larches, pines and ash-trees, very fine fields of turnips, potatoes, rye or oats, and as a background a lovely range of snow-topped mountains. We passed several very wide rivers where the water, milky-green from the glaciers, ran through parts of the beds, and then we came again through wide tracks of marshy flat land. All the settlements looked prosperous, and had pretty flowered gardens round them, and a lot of trees planted in picturesque groups and large bushes of elder in flower. In many of the fields they were hay-

making. This lovely landscape was only spoilt again by the hideously ugly buildings, otherwise it would have been almost the prettiest I ever passed through. It was a strange mixture of England, Japan and the Austrian Tyrol, prosperous and tidy and well kept. Then again we ran by the sea for a long time, and then across more meadows and fields, till finally we climbed high above the sea, coasting and running round deep bays surrounded by green and timbered hills, so that some of these bays looked like huge lakes. At 5 P.M. we arrived at Dunedin, an uninteresting, provincial-looking place. It rained. After dinner Mr Rhodius's young man came and told me he had arranged for me to see a large sheep-station to-morrow, where they were shearing: they are going to fetch me in their motor.

December 19th.—The motor came this morning, but it rained, and so there was no chance of seeing any sheep-shearing. All the same Mr Graichen (Rhodius's young man) took us for a drive. The country round Dunedin is very hilly and well cultivated, and reminds one rather of parts of Scotland. The hedges were quite pink with briar blossoms. We had lunch in a little village, where a nice bright fire was very welcome, for it was bitterly cold, and I was more than glad to have my fur coat on. This, I think, is a great drawback in New Zealand, the sudden and continuous changes in the temperature.—It really never quite cleared up that day, but went on raining off and on, and the grey sky was hanging low over the hills, giving everything an autumnal look, and I longed to be back in Halbau. No! decidedly, I don't like New Zealand.—That evening after dinner, while I was waiting, the lovely

woman I had noticed in the dining-room played the piano, and somehow or other a conversation sprang up between her husband and myself, and eventually she joined in. She was still prettier seen close. Everything was pretty about her, her skin, her fine hair, so well arranged and waved, her hands, her figure and her lovely eyes. At least I've seen one really good-looking woman in New Zealand. Indeed I thought by her looks and ways she was English; to tell the truth, I didn't think New Zealand could produce such a refined, beautiful thing. Afterwards a man walked into the drawing-room in his mackintosh, asking for Count Hochberg. He had heard, he told me, that I had wanted details about the Milford Sound trip, and he had come to give them to me. I thought all the time he was the Government man Mr Graichen had told me he had sent for. However, it soon came out that he was Cook's Agent, and I froze to a glacier at once of course. He told me I would do best to come round to his office there and then and he would provide me with all the tickets. I told him I shouldn't dream of doing such a thing. I never *wanted* to have anything to do with Cook, and I am quite capable of looking after myself. But although I hadn't sent for him, once he was here, I asked him and he told me how much luggage one could take to Milford Sound, whether there were carriers, and so on. "Luggage?" he answered. "What do you want luggage for?" "Well," I said, "for five days one wants changes of linen anyhow, doesn't one?" "Oh no," he smilingly and even patronisingly retorted. "You will want nothing. Men only take a *soft shirt, that lasts for five days*. There's nobody there to dress for." After I had got rid of him and he had left the drawing-room, everybody in it (the

pretty woman and her husband, and a couple we had met at Wairakei) shrieked with laughter, and I think "men take a flannel shirt that lasts for five days" is going to make the round of New Zealand.

December 20th.—We left Dunedin in the morning by train. A fine sunny, lovely morning, and the train scuttled along through the pretty, yet somewhat melancholy country. No! I don't like New Zealand.—We passed a large lake, whose water was so yellow from yesterday's heavy rain it looked like a vast stretch of sand, and if the wind had not made some ripples and waves on its pea-soup waters, one would have taken it for a small desert. Soon the country became hideous and barren. Bare hills appeared where yellowish grass waved under the constant wind, like a sea. At Lumsden, a dismal-looking hamlet, we changed, and went on through, if it were possible, still uglier country, where not even grass grew on the hills, till we were bundled out at Kingston, which consisted of the railway station and only two houses. Here we took a little steamer and steamed four hours across Lake Wakatipu. It is a long but not wide lake, surrounded by high, absolutely bare hills. It was very cold. We landed in Queenstown (the other end of the lake) at about 6 P.M. in a howling cold storm. Queenstown seemed quite a nice little town.—The hotel proprietor, a German, was absolutely drunk (at first I thought he was dotty), and insisted upon addressing me as "Doctor" ("my dear Doctor"), perhaps because I wore spectacles. Anyhow, he stuck to this title. I found out from his wife that no boat left for Paradise (one arm of this infernal, windy, barren lake) till Monday, which gave me no opportunity and no time to see Milford Sound,

and I decided to leave next morning, as the steamer to Kingston returned then. The steamers go to Paradise twice a week only. The drunken proprietor was very sorry for "the Doctor" missing Paradise, "because, my dear Doctor," he said, "there's vegetation, grand vegetation. You shouldn't miss it, Doctor. I'll make you most comfortable here for these three days, Doctor." He even followed me quite a long way into the street, expostulating "dear Doctor" all the time, as I went for a walk before tea. Anyhow, the Queenstown people learned that I was a doctor.—It was cold and windy, and a ragged, dark, cloudy evening, as we walked along the narrow path beside the lake. It felt like winter at home, and we had to walk fast to get warm.

December 21st.—With bright sunshine in the morning the scenery looked almost more barren, and the proprietor was just as drunk although we left at 7 A.M., if still or already, I didn't trouble to find out. At 12 P.M. we were at Kingston and took the train for Lumsden, to which place I had wired for a special. We arrived there at two, had a hurried lunch, packed "the flannel shirt that does for five days," left the servants there, and drove on in our special with a smart pair of chestnut cobs. The country is indescribably barren and ugly. Nothing but wind-waving, yellow tussock grass over all those mounds and hills as far as the eye can reach, livened up now and then on the little river banks by big bunches of what they call here flax, a broad-leafed, high plant (leaves like a long, broad-pointed sword, and some reddish blossoms on a very high, dark brown stem). It looks like a sort of long-leafed yucca. We changed horses twice, that made three pairs

of horses with the chestnut cobs ; the first stage, 12 miles, the second 22, the last 19, and arrived at Te Anau at 10 P.M., just when the moon was rising. As we had had supper at the last place where the horses were changed, we went straight to bed.

December 22nd.—We left at 7 A.M. in radiant sunshine on a steamer with a largish party. A conversation sprang up with my deck neighbours, and it came out that the lady, a pretty, slim, fair-haired young woman, had been in Germany for a year with her relations at their country place, Hermsdorf, near Görlitz, a place I continually pass through in the motor. At the beginning Lake Te Anau is not overwhelmingly pretty, but the more the steamer advances the prettier it gets. The hills both sides are thickly wooded, and the trees reach down, with their green branches, into the lovely green lake's waters, the foliage hanging partly over steep, wild cliffs and precipices. The undergrowth is one mass of loveliest ferns and thick mosses in every imaginable tint and colour, from silvery grey to bright greens, from yellow to reddish browns. On some of the trees a mistletoe grows, covered with bright red blossoms, like the flowers of the red bouvardia. The effect is really fine.—The hills rose steeper and steeper, and enormously high, snow-capped, pointed peaks stood out of the thick green woods, reflecting themselves in the beautiful lake.—From all sides silver-white cascades fell over rocks and mossy slopes noisily into the lake, sending a shower of white spray glistening in the sun.

We had a very good cold lunch on board, and after steaming along in this exquisitely lovely and grandiose scenery, we landed at 3 P.M. on the other side of the lake,

and walked through a fairy wood for a mile to Glade House, a large Government rest-house.

Lake Te Anau covers some miles, and has many long arms, and at some places is so narrow one thinks the steamer can hardly get through, and the trees almost meet. Then one comes out into some picturesque bay or arm, surrounded by magnificent snow-tipped mountains, and everywhere luxurious vegetation and magnificent woods. Some of the hills are 6,000 feet high. To describe the woods we walked through seems to me almost impossible. They are too marvellously beautiful, almost unnaturally beautiful, so that one thinks oneself in an exaggerated stage scene, that some wildly fantastic artist has created and painted. The trees (unknown to me) are enormously high and thick, with brilliant green small foliage, looking like beech-trees in the early spring. A thick undergrowth is formed of all sorts of younger trees and shrubs and enormous tree ferns, and the ground is covered thick with velvety mosses of every form, variety, and colour, between which, out of which, on which every possible small fern grows in luxuriant masses and exquisite forms. Creepers with foliage like the banksia twist themselves from tree to tree, from branch to branch, and all this is thickly covered over with emerald green, silver-grey, golden - yellow, and reddish mosses, like magnificent velvets, and from the thinner branches, long, hairy, grey-green mosses and lichens hang in thick fringes everywhere. The effects of the sun and the light falling through this mossy, ferny thickness are exquisitely beautiful, and I've never, not even in Japan, of which it somehow reminds me, seen its equal. Everywhere the red-flowering mistletoe puts in its brilliant red note, everywhere cascades and brooks of

water, clear as fluid crystal, murmur or ripple, and these glorious green high domes echo with the melodious calls and songs and whistles of birds. Alas! this unparalleled place has one awful drawback, making sketching an impossibility: the sand-flies! They are small, black, harmless-looking things, as small as a gnat, but as soon as you stop walking or sit down they are all over you, and their bites are a thousand times worse than mosquitoes. Of course I had gloves and a veil, but I was cruelly bitten all the same, for they crawled up my sleeves and into my collar and everywhere.

At Glade House we had tea. Our guide put "the soft shirt" in the big bag he carries on his back, what we call a "Rucksack," and at about 4 o'clock we started. The road led through those glorious woods, alongside a broad, clear, aquamarine-blue stream, rushing towards the lake, in which were trout of a size and quantity such as I've never seen. Continually I heard the sweet fluting note of the bell or poe bird, very much like the Australian magpie that enchanted me with its lovely, sweet, flute-like calls at Merton in the early morning. I had taken the lead, and before I realised it, had left my party far behind, and was all by myself.—Coming out of the woods into an open valley, towards big snow-peaked giants, I saw a magnificent avalanche come thundering down one of them, like a huge waterfall, and the evening star just appeared over the hills in the pale blue sky, where some thin rosy clouds were floating.

At 9 P.M. I reached Pompolona Huts, the first rest-house, where we were to stop the night, 12 miles from Glade House, and enjoyed my supper very much, beside a roaring wood fire. Healy and the guide arrived at 10 P.M. Healy complained about his feet.

—The rest-house was crammed full, and we had to sleep ten men (and they really have only a flannel shirt that does for the five days) in the men's hut—a large room, where the bunks are all round the walls like berths in cabins, one on top of the other. There was *one washing-stand, one basin!* Challys, the hut manager, smiled when I told him to shake me when waking me up in time, because I slept so soundly and wanted to start early, and at 4 A.M. I understood his smile, for I was wide awake fighting with the infernal sand-flies. So I got up, and, thanks to the sand-flies, could use the basin first. "I thought you wouldn't want any special calling," said Challys, when he saw me, fully dressed, step into the dining hut to have my breakfast.—The Challys are both English, he and she, and uncommonly nice, civil people, and Government can indeed be congratulated on having got these charming people for their rest-house.—These huts are only built of wood, with a corrugated-iron roof, and have only the most absolutely necessary in the way of furniture, but everything is scrupulously clean, the beds good, barring the sand-flies.—The ladies' hut (containing ten bunks) is attached to the dining hut, on which other side are a room for the caretakers and a kitchen. Then there is a hut divided in two by itself, having ten bunks each, one for men, one for the guides.

We started punctually at 7 A.M., and the road commenced to go uphill almost at once, and was very rough. We were supposed to lunch at Beach Huts, and walk on to Milford Sound (22 miles). After half an hour's walk Healy shouted to me, very angrily (he was seedy that morning, and already weary, I think), "Are you going to run all the time like that? Because if so, I shall turn

round. My feet ache most awfully." I explained to him I only wanted to cross the pass (4 miles' steep climbing) before the sun got too hot, and suggested to him to take it slowly, and not turn round, as it appeared a pity to me. But he retorted gloomily that he would get lost when he was alone, and that he did not care to cross the pass by himself. So I proposed to him to keep the guide, and let me walk on, to which he agreed.—I soon left them far behind, and was again absolutely by myself in this exquisitely beautiful scenery. I'm sorry to say that I enjoyed it thoroughly, and only regretted Healy was so off colour.—The woods were just as fine as yesterday, only, of course, with the morning lights and the dew glistening everywhere they looked totally different, though just as fascinatingly beautiful, and perhaps one heard even more birds. The narrow path soon rose in very steep zigzags up the hill, after crossing the rushing aquamarine stream by a narrow wooden bridge. The woods there came to an end, and up and up one climbed into the open, where the enormous snow fields, glaciers, and pointed snow-covered tops of these magnificent hills towered into the pure blue sky. The vegetation was lovely still.—Among thick mosses and many ferns, exquisitely beautiful, tall, white ranunculuses grew in enormous clusters on high stalks. In some parts the hillside was almost white with them. They call them here "mountain lilies," but they are undoubtedly a sort of ranunculus, by foliage and growth. The pure white flowers, with brilliant yellow many-petalled centres, grow in large clusters, and remind one very much of the anemone japonica, only they are fuller. Besides these there were an abundance of a pure white flower looking like primula japonica, and higher up quantities

of large white star-like mountain asters, on longish hairy stalks.—The view up to the snow-covered mountains round one, and into the still shadowy wooded valleys, through which the green rivers rushed away into further bluish hazy valleys, was magnificent, and the cool wind from the glaciers most refreshing, the clear water delicious and icy cold. I had my little goblet with me and enjoyed many a good, clear, cool drink.

At 9 A.M. I reached the top of the pass, where snow still lay and from where I had a magnificent view down both sides, into many valleys and over many snow-peaked mountains. At first I thought of waiting there for H. and guide, but having got hot with the climb and the wind being icy cold, I thought it wiser to walk on, and so I commenced slowly to descend on the other side. After passing, hopping from rock to rock, several rushing little streams, where avalanches had broken away the bridges, leaving heaps of snow and broken wood, I came into wooded country again, and soon found myself in the green fairy cathedral.—No! Words can't describe these beauties. In some places the water trickled over the rocks and the mosses had formed regular brilliant green cascades through which thousands of diamonds of water-drops dript down all the soft, long, green, velvety slope, to gather underneath in a pure, clear, rocky basin, while on the sides of these moss cascades, slender, fine ferns and white flowers formed a thick yet dainty fringe, and all the glorious trees, the tree ferns, the moss-covered rocks, the moss-covered dead trees lying across the pass from rock to rock, formed a velvet-green arch, under which you walked, the wild river roaring over and between enormous boulders and rocks, whirling in transparent blue-green pools, and the

small, white-sprayed cascades fell over the precipices, and there, above all, towering out of this magnificent green entanglement of mosses, ferns and huge trees, the snow-topped hills rose 7,000 to 8,000 feet high.

After an hour and a half of slow descent, for, despite the sand-flies, I had to stop continually and admire, everything seemed so full of the joy of life, I reached a place where a board pointed out to me "The Falls Hut," but having been told that we should lunch at Beach Huts, I walked on to where another board points to Milford Sound. But no Beach Huts came. About twelve I met a roadman (the only human creature I had seen since the morning), and he told me Beach Huts had been re-named lately "Falls Hut," on account of the Sutherland Falls near by, and that I was 5 miles away from them by now. So I thought I would just walk on, and so I did, through equally beautiful scenery.—Then the track (for the whole road was only a narrow bridle track) took me to a wide and wildly-rushing river, at least 30 to 40 metres across, if not more, but no bridge. There were two huge posts to which ten steps of a high wooden ladder took me up to a narrow wooden platform, and on the opposite bank I discovered a similar arrangement, and a heavy wire rope from one bank to the other and two thinner wires running over an iron wheel. I commenced to turn the wheel to see what happened, when from the thick branches overhanging the opposite bank's platform, a small brown box slid towards me, looking the size of a cigar-box. So I wheeled on. The thing came sliding towards me high in the air, dangling on the wire rope, at least 20 to 30 metres over the rushing river, and when I had got it close to me I saw it was a longish wooden box (I can't describe it otherwise),

with a low wooden border round three sides of about 15 centimetres high, hanging from two iron girdles on that wire rope. The most primitive sort of an arrangement I had ever seen, just large enough to hold a slim man in a crouching, sitting position. As I saw there was no other way of getting across, and that the thing, though small, looked solid enough, I trusted myself in it, holding the one wire firm till I was well and safely seated in this swinging thing. I then let go the wire, and whiz! down and along I shot right enough till half across the roaring river. I could see I was at least 20 metres above the river, but now the trouble began, for I had to pull myself up by the one wire to the opposite platform, and as easy as it had been to shoot down the one side, just as hard was it to pull myself up the other by the thin wire in that crouching position. My arms ached, but I held hard to the wire, for I knew well that if I had let go I should have whizzed back with enormous velocity to the middle of the river till—well, who knows when?—my party came up two to three hours later. So putting all my strength together I steadily pulled and pulled, and finally reached the opposite platform.

If the former walk were lovely, it was really nothing compared to the supernatural ideal beauty of the other side. The woods seemed still higher, still more majestic, the varieties of ferns still greater, the river wider and wilder, the scenery grander still and more fantastic. One waterfall especially (it is called the "Giant's Gate," I call it the "Fairy Fall") will always remain unforgettable in my memory. Out of the dense, thick, green, moss-covered wood, climbing over the hill, a white waterfall thundering over a deep cavern in the rock, which was shaded from blue-black into a coppery brown, fell down not so

very deep into a largish basin of absolutely sapphire blue, shading off into emerald green, and at the farthest borders into pure aquamarine blue, to run out of the pool a crystal, transparent, aquamarine river, between enormous rock boulders. The banks of the pool were shaded with magnificent giants of trees with moss-covered stems, and the silvery spray settling on millions of slender, graceful ferns and moss cushions shone and glittered in the sunshine, falling in through the opening above the pool, like thousands of diamonds. It would be impossible for a pen to describe so much beauty, such exquisite colouring, such harmony, scenery, poetry. The cleverest brush of an artist alone could render it, and then most likely people wouldn't believe it, but would say it was a fantastic, idealised landscape. And the delicious solitude of it all! There was nothing but the cool sound of that white spray falling down into the whirling sapphire pool, yet broken sometimes by the sweet fluting notes of the bell bird. I could not tear myself away for half an hour. I have never seen anything so exquisitely lovely and purely beautiful. It was worth all the seven weeks' sea-journey.

Shortly afterwards the track rose again, and finally bordered Lake Ada high above it, cut out of the rock like a narrow passage, so that you have rock underneath you, beside you, and above you like a ceiling on one side, and on the other side a deep precipice into the lovely blue-green lake, on which black swans and paradise ducks were swimming. The opposite bank of the lake was formed by steep, thickly-wooded hills ending in snow-tipped summits. I wandered along all by myself. I saw some interesting birds. Very funny was the Maori hen, like an enormous snipe, more funny than pretty. They were,

like all birds here, preserved and not a bit afraid; they let me come up quite close to them. There were two lovely big wood pigeons with pure white breasts and crests, bluish backs and almost purplish necks, and dear little tailless greenish tomtits, most curious little people, in their curiosity almost flying in my face.

At 3 P.M. I arrived at Sand-fly Hut, from where one had to go by launch to Milford Sound. So I had done my 22 miles. I had had nothing but water (excellent water, I admit) since 6.30 A.M. Inspecting the hut I saw a telephone, and rang them up and asked them to fetch me across to Milford, and about 4.30 P.M. the launch came and took me across the Sound to the hotel. It was a primitive hotel, but a good, clean one. The hills round the Sound are 7,000 to 8,000 feet high, and fall almost perpendicular into the dark-blue water, a most imposing sight. —At the hotel I was rung up from Beach Huts, that is, they asked if a gentleman with spectacles had arrived, his companion was afraid he was lost. The companion couldn't go on, and was returning to-morrow to Pampolona, but the guide was on the way. He arrived at ten, said he'd never heard of anybody walking it in one tour except the guides, it was quite a record, etc., etc. And so having come again into possession of my night-shirt, I went to bed after a delicious warm bath.

December 24th.—As Mr Sutherland, the hotel proprietor, had gone up the hills to shoot some wild bull for Christmas, and I couldn't go on the Sound to see the reflection, I started for the Bowen Falls, which one sees shooting down from an enormous height into the Sound. A little board indicated the direction to take, but I soon



SUTHERLAND HOUSE, MILFORD SOUND



lost the track, if track one can call it at all, for such arrangements are still very much in their infant state. Yesterday the track marked out by milestones and telephone wires mostly took me over rough, loose stones and along cobble-strewn, dry river-beds.—But it was the right track. So on hands and knees I worked my way up an almost perpendicular steep hill, from tree trunk to tree stump, from rock boulder to tree root. After the stiffest ascent I ever remember (at one part there was a wire rope to help one scramble across some bare rock) I rested at the top, where my young guide appeared, who, having heard I had started on my own hook, had followed me, and so we went on together to the Falls. The upper Fall is very pretty; of course from below one can't see it. It is much shorter than the enormously high lower one, but it is pretty to see how it falls to the rocky basin, out of which it shoots again upward to form the real Falls one sees from down below. The power of this waterfall must be enormous.—The view over the Sound is fine.

After lunch, Orchington (my guide) and I started for a valley close by, from where one is supposed to have a fine view of some snow-topped hill with an unpronounceable name. Old Sutherland had told us to follow the cattle track along the river, but we found the wild cattle had made tracks all over the place, so we scrambled along anyhow through the glorious woods, keeping well to the river. It was very rough, but very pretty and amusing, and the scenery was beautiful. All sorts of wild ducks were on the river. At one place we saw a herd of fifteen wild cattle on the other side of the river.—After a good hour and a half's walk we came to a place where the river widened out considerably, and as about that time of the

year it was only half full, we were able to get in the middle of it, on a large sand-bank, and have a lovely view of the snow mountains, towering high over the magnificent woods, and down the valley, where the river ran through thick woods. As there was a light breeze, the sand-flies did not torment us, so, after a nice rest, we struggled back across the jungle-like wood.—At six old Sutherland took me in the launch for a drive on the Sound. It was an imposing sight to see those mountains falling almost perpendicular, 6,000 to 7,000 feet high, into that dark-blue water. The setting sun kissed the snow-tops a pale pink, and a string of ten black swans travelled high in the air towards the sea.—At 8 P.M. we went home. Some of the other tourists I started with had arrived, and all the six young men that were going on this expedition to find the new track to Lake Wakatipu. They carried their tents and provisions on their backs, expecting to camp out five to six weeks. They, too, made an awful fuss about my “record walk.” I really can’t understand these people: I could have easily gone twice the distance.

December 25th.—I started at 8 A.M., and all the people were on the verandah to wish me a happy Christmas and see me off. So, after Sutherland had seen us off to Sand-fly Huts, we started on our way back, Orchington and I. At the Fairy Falls I again made a long halt, and was pleased that young O. admired it so much too. It would have been awful to have had somebody sneer at it; or pass trivial remarks. Everything looked different in the morning light, but only differently beautiful. Near another fall O. showed me the Bell Rock, which, of course, I hadn’t noticed. You crawl on hands and knees under

an enormous rock boulder, and right underneath it you can stand up, as it were *in* it, and when O. lighted a match I saw that even with an outstretched arm I couldn't reach the top. It is evidently one of those rocks washed out by a glacier stone, and during an eruption thrown out and tilted over. Very reluctantly I left all this loveliness, the enchanted Fairy Fall, the Fairy woods and glorious rivers to cross in the cigar-box attached to the wire rope. Shall I ever see it again? I would willingly have spent a month there.

At 12 we were at Beach Huts, where after a wash we lunched and then went on to the Sutherland Falls. They are almost 2,000 feet high, very wonderful, but haven't got the setting and the glorious, exquisite colours of the Fairy Fall. That will remain unparalleled, I expect. —After passing the hut again we ascended to the pass. It was very windy and cold, and on the pass the wind was icy and cutting, so that we hurried downhill. But I couldn't resist picking a large bunch of the lovely white ranunculuses and ferns and mountain asters for Mrs Challys' Christmas dinner-table, and, with my arm full of that lovely burden, I arrived at the hut at 7 P.M.—It was bitterly cold, and the lovely wood fire very welcome and nice. Mrs Challys baked fresh scones for me, and we had quite a Christmas supper and enjoyed it thoroughly. —I was the only visitor, and so, after tea, we sat round the blazing fire, and passed our Christmas in that way.

December 26th. — We started at 7.30 A.M., and were at 10 A.M. at Glade House, where my friend Healy was playing diabolo on the lawn in front of the house. — I hurried to have a change and shave and bath,

and while we were having lunch, forty tourists arrived, just landed by the steamer bound for Milford Sound. Christmas tourists, and what people! Lord! all one-shirt people. With them even the Fairy Fall would have lost much of its charm. So we took the little steamer again and steamed back to Te Anau, where we arrived at 6 P.M.—This trip was quite the prettiest I've ever done, and quite the finest scenery I've ever seen. And I shall always think with delight of the lovely views and the exquisite scenery.

December 27th.—We started at 12 A.M. per coach and drove across ugly, barren country to Lake Manapouri, where we arrived at about 3 o'clock. The hotel (primitive) lay on the banks of the very pretty lake in quite pretty woods. But, of course, after the out-of-the-way beautiful scenery of the last few days, these woods looked rather poor, although in their way they are pretty enough. There was nothing else to do, and so we walked slowly along the river coming out of Lake Manapouri, and finally sat on its shore watching the trout rise, the wild duck feed and the sun setting, and a lovely peaceful evening it was.

December 28th.—Mrs Fraser, the nice manageress of Government Rest-house at Te Anau, had lent me an old muslin curtain which I had carefully pinned over my bed, as Manapouri is well known for its mosquitoes, and so I slept well.—The lake, with its bays and thirty-seven wooded islands surrounded by wooded hills, is very pretty, but it ought to be seen before Te Anau and Milford Sound. The hills are lower, and of not a very pretty form,

and the vegetation is less luxurious. But it was stunningly hot, and I expect I was a little tired from my long tour, and then from 9 A.M. till 5 P.M. on the same lake crawling along on a slow steam launch seems very long. So I was exceedingly glad when I was sitting in my special and was trotting back through the cool evening towards Te Anau, where the distant snow-topped mountains and ranges of Milford Sound on the far horizon with the light still on them, though we were almost in deep dusk, which mercifully covered the ugliness of the country with its illusioning veil, made a lovely effect. The Manapouri hotel people were quite the grumpiest, most independent people I ever saw.

December 29th.—I slept ignominiously long, and after an excellent lunch at Mrs Fraser's, we started at two, and after changing horses twice arrived at Lumsden at 9 P.M.

December 30th.—At 7.10 A.M. our train started, and, after waiting at Invercargill two hours, we went on and arrived at the Bluff at 1 P.M. While I sat on a bench at Invercargill station (it is quite a large place), I had ample time to watch the many travellers coming and going, getting in and out of various trains, and I must say that I was again greatly struck by the really uncommon ugliness, vulgarity, ungracefulness and unsmartness of these New Zealanders. At the Bluff we went straight to the boat, the *Minerva*, 5,000 tons, quite a nice-looking boat, where the Company had reserved me a very good cabin. It was very cold, and the sea so rough that the waves came over the deck.

VI

TASMANIA

January 3rd.—It was so bitterly cold that one could only sit wrapped up in fur coats on deck, and very rough it was, too. Yesterday at 3 A.M. we landed at Hobart, Tasmania, after having seen the pretty wooded shore for several hours. There it was quite warm again. These eternal contrasts are awful, and this, I think, is a great drawback to the New Zealand climate.—We took a cab and drove to Tree Fern Hill. It was a beautiful drive, all the time uphill. The country reminds one very much of Southern Italy, and one might think oneself driving out to Camaldoli near Naples. The different views on the bay, too, remind one very much of Naples. We met cart after cart bearing large barrels, which were open on the top, exactly like those the grapes are gathered in in Italy, and when I asked the driver, he told me they were returning from town whither they had taken raspberries for the jam factories. That would go on for several weeks, then the currants would commence. Of course Tasmania is a well-known country for fruit.—At the tea-house at Fern Tree Hill we had delicious strawberries and raspberries with cream, and then drove back, having all the time the bay and pretty clean little Hobart under us. Hobart is the only town I've seen in the Colonies with pretty

buildings: all of massive stone, of very attractive, simple architecture, surrounded by lovely flowered gardens. The whole town made a clean, tidy, respectable impression, a thing one is not accustomed to there. On the lamp-posts were little notices forbidding people to spit on the pavement or to throw fruit skins about. And it was striking how clean and nice and tidy the streets looked. We had a really very good dinner in an hotel, quite the best dinner I had eaten since I left Europe, and then we walked back to the boat. She left at 9 P.M.—that is, she was to have left at 9, but took so much cargo in she did not leave till 11 P.M. We even had two race-horses and an enormous motor-car with us. And people! *Sainte Marie!* Where do these boats fish their passengers from? —*À propos* of fishing: at the Bluff they had just caught a shark that morning, 12 feet long. Healy went to see it.

VII

AUSTRALIA AGAIN

Melbourne, January 5th.—We landed yesterday at twelve, having had to stop and wait outside the harbour on account of dense white fog for two hours. It was piping hot. All the horses were wearing hats, and people were dying of sunstroke like flies. Healy went in the afternoon to the England-Australia cricket match; I stopped indoors and wrote. After dinner, walking out of the dining-room, who should come up to me but Jim Osborne. I can't say how delighted I was to see his clever, dear face again. It was eight years since we had met. Such good luck finding him here. His wife was there too, but stopping with some friends doing a rest cure, and so he was not certain whether I should see her.

January 6th.—It is a torrid heat, simply piping. I can't remember ever having felt the like. I crawled through those wide, glaring streets to the Bank, then very energetically took a cab and drove to the Botanical Gardens. They are lovely, and I've rarely seen such a blaze of colour. They have enormous beds of cannas, and I have never seen such rich colour effects. I hardly saw a leaf. Then immense borders of summer flowers, and large beds of each variety of plants, so that all the

abundantly flowering species are a real sight. The other groups are very artistically mixed and arranged. Some of the eucalyptus trees were covered with brilliantly-red pompon blossoms, looking lovely. The whole grounds were very well watered and all the lawns beautifully green and fresh, in spite of the really terrific heat, and consequently everything looked prosperous, and wherever you looked it was a perfect blaze of colour, quite dazzling. I was very glad I had come, in spite of the scorching sun. Half melted I returned to the hotel.—Osborne lunched with me, and drove me afterwards to see his wife. She was really charming. It was a very artistic house she was stopping in, and a lovely, richly-flowered garden surrounded it. Of course there where they've got water, everything grows. O. brought me back to the station. It was quite sad parting from him. Healy had spent his whole day at the cricket ground. The heat was simply indescribable. We got seats in the Observation Car, but the country was so ugly and uninteresting, one wanted to observe nothing. There was literally not one blade of grass. It was terrible. I was really sorry for them. One gasped in the heat, and only to look at the quivering heated air, over the country, made one feel hot. When the sun set it went down in a fiery-pinky haze, till it was almost on the horizon. Then all the fiery pinkiness which promised to glow out into a blaze of fire, suddenly ended in a very pale, opalescent, radiated sky, like a pale counter-glow in Egypt, and into that soft, almost pale, faded opal, the sun sank slowly, a huge brilliantly, absolutely scarlet-red, globe. I've never seen it so red and so enormous. As soon as it ducked, everything was gone. For one or two minutes there was still the low opalescent effect, getting a deeper

purple, that was all. Then it was night. None of those glorious Turner-like afterglows you get in beloved Egypt. The night got cool and pleasant, and I sat till quite late watching the new moon from the Observation Car's platform, sink down and turn from a pale silvery thin disc to a red-golden one, when she got low down through the heated atmosphere on the horizon.

Sydney, January 7th. — We arrived to-day at 11.50 A.M. It was much cooler—and I was so pleased to be once more back in Sydney. It's such a nice town. But Australia is not the country to travel in. They have the oddest notions of travelling comforts and requirements, and their arrangements for changing from one train into another are very uncomfortable. Oh! the good bath at the Australian hotel, and the good lunch! The excellent lobster and—the peaches! I ate at least ten. I never ate such good fruit as in Sydney, in all my life. It was quite worth while coming to Australia for. After lunch we drove to the North German Lloyd's Office, and then to Mr Mark's, who had cut some most marvellous black opals for the London Exhibition. They were really quite the finest and most beautiful gems I've ever seen. They are unique, and in the whole of Australia there is really only one very small mine where they are found. After that we drove to the Botanical Garden. As far as the grounds go it is finer than the Melbourne one, and beautifully situated round a large bay of the harbour, and the trees and shrubs are finer and fuller and bigger, but the grass was quite burned, and the flower-beds looked parched and didn't make any effect, on account of lack of blossoms and consequently of colour. The Garden is rather a very fine

park, while at Melbourne the Garden is in truth an enormous flower garden. But Sydney is ever so much nicer than Melbourne, and the air there, straight from the sea, is delicious. Healy went to see another boxing match—*Buon divertimento!*

January 8th.—I will not say how long I slept. I will only say that I ate peaches last night till I went to bed, and had some for breakfast. Then I went shopping; that is to say, I walked to Mark's of course, and to the Lloyd Office, and ended in my special fruit shop. It was kept by Italians, and they were awfully nice. I liked Sydney immensely on my second visit. How things can change! I felt quite at home there, and commenced to be quite popular. In the comfortable hotel everybody seemed beaming and delighted to have me back. The shops and cabbies knew me, and bowed smilingly to me; even the newspaper boys didn't pass any more rude remarks about my turned-up trousers or tallness, or my eyeglass, but greeted me quite cheerfully. So I felt quite at home. As for the fruit shop:—*Ecco il Signor Conte!* so of course I loved them, and the fruit! Cherries were almost over, but the peaches and nectarines, the pears, apricots and the exquisite grapes and the delicious plums were not. In all my life, even in Italy, I have never eaten such excellent fruits, and there were such quantities of them. This alone was worth the trip to Australia.—At lunch I saw the Piperiki Jew established at our table beside Healy, that is to say sitting at the table talking to H., but my manners were so freezing that he got up at once and took his leave.—Have you read that charming book,

"The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight"? I felt exactly like her sometimes—snubbing unwelcome intruders without really meaning it, or beaming benevolence and graciousness on others without wanting to either. In Europe one doesn't meet this sort of people as one does in Australia, people who—well, because you happen to live in the same hotel—take it as a sufficient reason to talk to you and sit down by you, when you neither want them nor expect it. They are very often people (mostly, I think) rolling in money, but they look exactly like German butchers and cattle merchants, with the exception of Mr Fiebig, my swell Halbau butcher, who looks a butcher-duke compared to these Colonials. Their faces, when, without meaning to be rude in the least, I graciously *congédié* them, were sometimes too funny, and it was generally too late when I have waked up to the fact that they were Australian magnates and not German cattle dealers or such like. It is astonishing how these, I expect, very bad manners are bred into one, and yet with the common people I got on splendidly. Not that the others seemed offended; as I say, they were just startled, and undoubtedly it all goes down on the account of "beastly German, damned foreigner"—or so forth. The cabbies, housemaids, waiters, railway people, porters, shop people, all got on splendidly with me. I was a social success in that class apparently. "And to think that you, a Count, who surely don't speak to every Tom, Dick and Harry, in your country, are so nice and kind to us, and them rich merchant people don't think us worth taking any notice of." How odd the world is, and how easily people are made happy! But I sometimes felt exactly like Priscilla (without the five-pound

notes), and I couldn't help laughing.—I caught myself one day, for instance, nodding graciously-smiling thanks to a cart driver, who pulled his cart up to let me pass. Well! I'm sure the man thought me mad. Yet it came without my realising it till after I'd done it. We live at home, in such a—I don't know what—pampered, spoiled way.—*Basta!*—After lunch we drove to the German Consul, who really was very nice, and insisted upon us dining with him on Monday. After dinner we went to Mr Mark's closed shop, because he wanted to show me the whole collection of his black opals he has for the London Exhibition this year, by electric-light: I've really never, never in gems, seen their like. They were the finest, quaintest, most artistic and most beautiful stones I've ever seen, and will undoubtedly create a sensation amongst jewellers and the public. We spent two hours there. It rained this afternoon very heavily, to the delight of everybody.

January 9th.—At 9 A.M. the fruiterer brought me a large box of marvellous grapes, peaches and plums to take with me, and at 10 A.M. we started in the motor for Medlow Bath. It was very hot, but, thanks to yesterday's rain, quite dustless. Going in a motor is the only way to see how enormous Sydney really is. It seems endless. One comes through very pretty quarters and lovely suburbs. I take back everything I have said against Sydney. I think it's a charming town. Healy, who rather sneered at it, said it was only on account of the black opals and the fruit. I don't deny they had a lot to do with it. The heat was almost stunning, but the drive through different bush—which in spite of black

opals and fruit I found just as hideously ugly as at the commencement — and some well-cultivated land, and prosperous village-towns, up and down hill were full of variety and really very interesting. The driver (a lad of twenty) was remarkably clever, and at a long hill, when the petrol was commencing to get scarce and through the steep climb didn't come up any more into the machine so that the beastly thing stopped, he turned the motor round downhill, and the petrol consequently therefore ran into the machine, and he went up the hill backwards, and we reached our 2,000 feet height all right that way. At Springwood, a nice, flourishing village, we lunched 48 miles from Sydney, and went on another 30 miles through eucalyptus bush to Medlow, where we arrived at 5 p.m., and then went for quite a pretty walk, for, as it begun to get dusk, the haze thoughtfully covered the surrounding hills and we didn't see that their vegetation was only shabby, eucalyptus bush (which generally means half-dead trees), and they looked blue and very pretty with some reddish-yellow steep rock-cliffs, and one quite understood the name of Blue Mountains. The hotel was very large, very comfortable, and very good.

January 10th.—In the morning, with a glaring sun shining straight down on them, all traces of blue had gone out of those mountains, as well as every atom of prettiness.—It is not true that the sun embellishes everything. It wants lovely or beautiful country to be able to stand sunshine: ugly country is better seen in the dusk, when a sort of kind gauze is drawn over its realities, lending it an artistic mystery.—The hotel, too, was not

as desirable as it appeared at first sight. The rooms are very nice and clean and comfortably furnished, the beds excellent, but the baths haven't got enough hot water and are miles away. As for other—alas! indispensable—necessities of human life, they are so far away that if ever you reach them you have quite forgotten what you started for. So I was quite pleased to find myself once more in my motor, and off we whizzed to the Genolan Caves. Half-way we burst a tyre, and when the nice young chauffeur wanted to get the jack out to lift the car, he found out that he had lost it, or left it behind. He was in an awful fix, and his bright young face was a comical study of utter despair. I saw some big stones which he helped me to carry, saying quite desperately, "I don't see the use of them"; and then I carried a young cut or broken-down eucalyptus tree too, and having pushed it over the stones underneath the car "hele, hele, helia," we lifted up the car with the help of tree and stones, and a tramp who had joined our party piled some more stones under the axle till the burst wheel was off the ground. "Upon my word, you are!" said the young driver, beaming wild admiration on me. I really don't think I "was" so very much, I simply wanted to get a new tyre put on. We couldn't sit there in desperation, expecting the cloudless, blazing sky to drop a jack down. So I gave a hand, and we soon had put the new tyre on. Healy was allowed to pump in air. —It was 44 miles from Medlow to the Genolan Caves, and more or less pretty country. But has anybody ever seen a eucalyptus forest without dead trees? I haven't—and all the dead bark and broken branches?—The country was exceedingly hilly and very steep, but the road was

marvellously engineered, and it curved and twisted round and up all the hills and gorges in a surprising way. Through the ragged wood we saw the road for miles in front and behind us, winding up and twisting round the opposite hills. The heat was extraordinary. You saw the air *quivering* over the road in front of you.—At 2 P.M. we arrived at the caves, and before driving up to the hotel, passed through a huge, high, cliffy cave, like an enormous porch. It is exactly like some stage scenery out of the Rheingold, unnaturally beautiful, and gigantic, like an enormous rock cathedral.—At the hotel we had a hurried, horrid lunch, and started at once with a guide for the caves. As the motor driver had never seen them, we took him with us, to his extreme delight. One had to carry candles, although they were lit by electricity. Truly they were lit up very badly.—The caves were of wonderful stalactite formation, mostly pure white and glittering like hoar-frost or freshly-fallen snow in the sunshine. One goes down steps and steps and iron ladders, winds about in narrow passages and crosses little rivers of transparent waters, and everywhere are those extraordinary formations, the sides of the passages, arcades and caves are covered with them. At some places they hang down several metres long from the high ceilings, one beside the other; at other places they have reached the bottom, and form enormous white glittering columns. Some are like corals, others like flowers. At 5 P.M. only we came out, and took a very pretty walk across one ridge and through a one-sided open cave to the hotel, noticing any amount of Wallabees (a small kangaroo). They are preserved here, and let you come up quite close to them. It is astounding how cleverly they hop up these

steep hills, and what long jumps they take from one boulder to the other without ever using their fore-legs. After dinner at 8 P.M. we inspected another cave, the so-called skeleton cave, because in one part of it is a fossilized man's skeleton, quite preserved. And as high over the place where he lies other formations have been formed, he must surely have fallen in before they existed, which is to say a thousand years ago. The formations are varied, but more or less the same. It was 11 P.M. before we got back to the hotel.

January 11th.—At 10 A.M. a third (the biggest) cave was inspected, and although, of course, the sights and formations resemble each other very much, this one was undoubtedly the finest, and the stalactites were wonderful. Some of the chambers are enormously high. At some places the formations take the form of solid waterfalls, and with all their glitterings are really lovely beyond words. We only got back in time for lunch. It is five minutes' walk to the cave, and I enjoyed this cave better than any other.

At 2 P.M. we started with the motor, and after a very good run at 5 P.M. we got back to Medlow, and as the sun was setting, the dusk commenced to work its kind charm over the hills, and turned them again into opalescent blue mountains. Some were positively cobalt blue in parts.

January 12th.—We started at 10.30 A.M. It was already chokingly hot, but the drive was varied and not uninteresting, with really pretty parts and lovely vistas into the plain and down into many valleys. But as the

sun was shining brightly the blue charm was gone and the hills were ugly.—After lunching at a little inn on the road at 1 P.M. we arrived at Sydney at five.—Dinner we had with Jim Osborne and pretty Mrs M'Evoy.

January 13th.—I went to the North German Lloyd Office in the morning and did some shopping, and at 1 P.M. lunched with Count Deÿm from our Consulate at the Café de Paris. Then he drove me out to his pretty little house, lying on some rocks in one of the bays of the harbour. One passed many lovely gardens and pretty houses. The view from Deÿm's balconied house was exquisite, overlooking several of those lovely little bays that form the Sydney harbour.

January 14th.—At 10 A.M. Mrs M'Evoy and I drove to Mrs Morton's lovely house, where we had breakfast, and I lunched with Jim Osborne, who afterwards took me to the boat. She was very small, only 3,000 tons, but clean, and my cabin was much larger than on the *Bremen*. There were only about twenty first-class passengers on her altogether; several of them were on the *Bremen*. I was really very sorry to leave Sydney and Australia. There are very few places where I've settled down so much as in Sydney and New South Wales. I felt quite at home, and when the *Sigismund* goes out of the harbour I shall bow to Australia and say *Au revoir*, and I really mean it. The day after to-morrow we shall be at Brisbane, and then go on to New Guinea and the Philippines.

VIII

NEW GUINEA AND THE PHILIPPINES

Brisbane, January 16th.—We landed at 1 P.M. and took the next train, which brought us shortly after 2 P.M. to the town. The vegetation is quite tropical and very fine. The town, through which we drove in a cab, is uninteresting and banal. Miss Elliott and Miss Christal, whom we knew from the *Bremen*, came with us. After having been religiously driven round the so-called sights of Brisbane, we ended at the Botanical Garden. It is not very large, but very pretty, and reminds one in its rich tropical vegetation somehow of the Gardens of Paradinya in Kandy. Under a large shady banyan tree we had tea. I think that is a very sensible institution in the Colonies, that you can get tea in the Botanical Garden. Afterwards we inspected the gardens, as it was now much cooler. They are really very pretty and full of beautiful palms, thick bamboo groves and many flowering beds, making a lovely show. The rest of the afternoon was somehow got through, and after dining at 7 P.M. in quite a good little hotel, we returned at 9.20 P.M. by train to the harbour. The boat left at 3 A.M. when I was sound asleep.

January 22nd.—After a perfectly smooth and good, though very hot journey, we landed at Herberts Höhe, or

rather anchored at Herberts Höhe, to-day at 11 A.M., after seeing land since 8 A.M. The last part of the coast was lovely, rich tropical vegetation, with magnificent cocoa-nut palm-groves and quantities of bananas. At Herberts Höhe the sea is so shallow and dangerous with coral reefs that one can only anchor a good distance off it, and only at one place. The green hills rise about one, and one sees the Government House, the Catholic Mission with its church, and lots of bungalows dotted about in the thick palm-groves.—As soon as we anchored, a little steam launch with German sailors, and three or four rowing boats pulled up alongside of us. The sailors in their smart white suits and with their fair-moustached, white faces, looked astonishingly “washed-out,” compared to the natives who rowed the other boats — black - brown, muscular, slim people, with scarlet-red towels round their hips, their upper body naked and bronzy, and a khaki - coloured Prussian military cap on their black frizzy hair, bordered with red. Their faces were decidedly ugly, very ugly even, but they didn't look unkind or unintelligent. They had faces full of character with very prominent noses, not unlike some of the old Egyptian statues—narrow faces, after the pictures of the old Mexican Aztecs. I am told that all these finely physiqued men come from the Marshall Islands, and are called Bukka boys, and are very intelligent. As soon as the post-bags were handed over, however, we left again, and going for another hour along the green, thickly-wooded coast, finally anchored in a beautiful large bay surrounded by high green hills, alongside a big wooden pier. The country is really very pretty. Before getting into this bay we passed two small, high, rocky islands called the Beehives. They came out of the seas six years

ago at the last big earthquake. So I'm told. The pier was swarming with hideous, flat-nosed, broad-cheeked, black-brown fellows, almost all draped with that red towel round their hips. Though strong and muscular, they are badly built, often knock-kneed, and mostly bad, slouching movers. They have good-natured but animal-like expressions. Some of them have their hair, which is woolly and cut short, discoloured by lime, which, when fresh, makes it quite white, when done a couple of days ago it makes it look a very ugly tan colour. The non-commissioned officers and policemen are Bukka boys, and really make a wonderful contrast to the rest. They have the scarlet-red towel, held by a black leather belt with a large brass buckle in the middle, and on their head the stiff khaki cap with the bright red border. But the attractive part is their ears, either painted entirely scarlet-red, harmonising with two small scarlet, brilliant red, round spots on both sides of their eyes, or pure white, corresponding with two white spots. It is astonishing what a smart, interesting effect and impression that gives to their long-nosed, narrow, dark faces. It may sound odd, but it is very artistic and becoming.

Unloading began at once. First all the live sheep and the many oxen we had were landed, and then all the many other goods and stores, and finally coal—it seemed endless. I had a card or letter for a Mr Thiel, a rich planter here, from Count Deým; and having telephoned out to him, he told me he was going to send a carriage to fetch me, which would be at the pier in an hour's time. So we strolled slowly through the small settlement. I can't say it was an attractive place, though the surroundings are pretty enough. High green hills are all about,

and the absolutely tropical vegetation is luxurious and green. I bargained for some shell and pretty cocoa-nut fibre bracelets and a necklace made out of opossum teeth with some of the bronzy-brown natives, for tobacco, which they love much more than money. At 2.30 P.M. the dog-cart, with a lovely chestnut Arab pony, came to fetch us, and we set out for Mr Thiel's place. Seeing Miss Elliott and Miss Christal walking aimlessly about, I pulled up, and asked them to join the party, and so we trotted quickly through thick cocoa-nut, palm and banana plantations. It is swampy country and very hot. After twenty minutes' drive we crossed a long wooden bridge which took us to Mattupi Island, belonging to Mr Thiel, and after driving through a native village of many picturesque reed huts, we turned into his prettily laid-out grounds and gardens and pulled up in front of his large bungalow. He is a middle-aged bachelor, and a nice young German lady, Fraulein Sohns, manages the household for him. They made us feel quite at home, and after having shown us some curios, we had tea on a pretty green lawn under deliciously scented temple flower trees. The view through the grounds and under stately cocoa-palms over the bay on the green-blue hills was really lovely. The house was well situated, standing high over the bay, to which the grounds go down in terraced, flowered gardens. Just as we had finished tea, a large native fishing-boat came in, and so we all went down to the shore and assisted at the bargaining with the natives. The boat was built exactly like the Colombo boats, very narrow, out of a hollowed tree, and with long, curved bamboo poles attached to one side to prevent it from capsizing. The boat had been rowed by women, and in fact there was only one old man

on the shore, all the rest were women and children. The women (females would be a fitter expression) have their hair cut short, and are hideously ugly, like long-legged, ugly monkeys, with monstrosly-hanging breasts, which everybody can see as they are only scantily dressed. They look seedy, thin, and very ugly, are flat nosed and move very badly. They scarcely look like human beings at all. The fish they were bargaining for were lovely, long silver-white, with very large fins.

As the captain had warned us not to be off the boat longer than 7 P.M. on account of the malaria fever, we took leave of our kind hosts, but not until we had promised them to return to-morrow for lunch (in fact, they wanted us to stop the night), and this time in two dog-carts we trotted away, just as the fire-flies commenced to dance in the plantations. That evening (my cabin is on the pier side) it appeared there was such a fight and gathering at my cabin window to see me *wash* and dress that the pier guards had to step in continually and disperse the mob. As on account of mosquitoes I couldn't have opened my port-holes, the head steward had given me an empty second-class cabin on the other side to sleep in, where a delightful fresh breeze from the open sea blew in, and I had my bedding transferred there.

January 23rd.—At 10 A.M. Mr Thiel's dog-carts came to fetch us, and through a leaden heat we trotted out, across the thick, richly-green plantations, to his charming establishment, where a fresh breeze from the bay was very welcome and nice. Besides the host and hostess there were a German couple who were on board our boat, the captain, two nice young settlers who had plantations near

(one was a very well-educated, uncommonly broad-minded man), and "His Excellency der Herr Gouverneur." He is a Franke—a Doctor of Law. Short, strong, square set, and just as angular and stiff in manners as in build, with spectacles and an uncommonly broad, wide, I should almost say quadrangled head. I never can remember having seen such a wide face. A thin, hooked nose, very small, sharp eyes and thick, closely-cropped black hair, and a thin moustache, made the pale face still more Tartar-like. He was rather official at first, but more because of a sort of shyness than from anything else, and when he saw that it had not the slightest effect on me and that I was hopelessly natural, he dropped it all of a sudden and became suddenly, genuinely quite natural, communicative and talkative, and everything went on all right. He had been Governor of New Guinea for thirteen years, and had lots of interesting stories about the natives. We had an excellent cold lunch, which was only too long, and one had to drink too much. At the end we even got a champagne-cup with peaches. I think we sat quite two to three hours, and so after having had coffee and liqueurs on the verandah, it was time to start as the boat left at 4 P.M. One of the half-naked boys serving at table was really remarkably good-looking. He was like all the servants here, a Bukka boy, and therefore wore that extraordinary enormous hair they fancy. It stands out a solid, stiff, thickly-woolly mass of black, like that of the Bisharees, and is cut in a square form like a well-clipped hedge. They are a small, slim, very muscular, dark-coloured race, with broad shoulders and slim hips, fine waists. Their faces are a good, narrow oval, large eyes, well-curved mouths, and thin aquiline noses, coming

straight out between thick, curved eyebrows. They look very determined and very clever. This boy reminded one of an old Egyptian statue.

The Governor asked me if I would drive with him, and so my basket of presents nice Mr T. gave me and I were hauled into his dog-cart, and at a terrific pace he trotted off, driving himself, a black, half-naked boy standing behind. Our host showered presents on us, and on me especially. I got two beautiful paradise birds, several native shell bracelets, two dancing combs, all sorts of large lovely shells and bits of mother-of-pearl native necklaces, and belts. I was very confused, but the kind old man insisted on it. We were hardly on board when it began to pelt, and under a heavy shower we steamed off the pier. We stopped again at Herberts Höhe to take in the mail and deposit the Governor and several other people. Our hosts had come as far too and landed there, to go back in their little steam launch. Some of the young men had had too much of the Münchener beer, and one saw some sad and funny sights going down the companion.

January 23rd.—The heat was oppressive, and even a heavy thunderstorm didn't make it any fresher.

January 24th.—At 5.30 A.M. the steam whistle made its infernal noise, and was soon answered by a gun, fired as a salute from shore. As the noise on board, getting things ready for unloading, got so terrible that sleep was an utter impossibility, I put on my gallabia and went on deck. It was still fairly dark, but one could distinguish the outline of the many islands through which we were passing; and when towards seven we actually anchored at the pier,

dawn had advanced so far that one saw how pretty the different islands are, thickly covered with big trees and marvellous cocoa-nut palms. From the mainland blue-grey hills rise up over the luxuriant growth in pretty formations. After we had been fastened to the pier the natives marched up in long files and crouched down in two long lines on the grass, waiting for the cargo to be unloaded. They were quite naked, except for the smallest possible loin-cloth of red calico, and were hideously ugly. They had their arms decorated with bracelets made out of shells or cocoa-nut fibre, some round their ankles too, and had strings of vivid-coloured glass beads round their necks, some of them hanging down long on their brown chests. On some of these necklaces tusks of wild boar were hanging, or bunches of opossum or dog teeth. Most of them wore ear-rings made of shells, tortoiseshell, tinsel or glass beads, and some wore a feather or a croton leaf, or hibiscus flowers stuck into their tousled hair, some of which really grew to gigantic dimensions, standing out almost over their shoulders like a full mushroom. It was reddy-brown, discoloured with a special earth from the hills. Some of them had one thin long feather stuck into the fore-top of this woolly, stiff growth, which gave it quite a swell look. They had parts of their faces painted with vivid red or black, some were tattooed, the body as well; and many of them had ornaments of tortoiseshell or mother-of-pearl in their noses. But they really are an uncommonly ugly breed, with hardly any redeeming features about them. Most of them are bad walkers, and are frightfully knock-kneed. They suffer a great deal from ringworm, and are repulsively dirty. Part of the morning it rained, and after it had cleared up a bit we went for a walking expedition

into the settlement with Miss Elliott and Miss Christal. The damp heat was simply overpowering. The whole place was thickly covered with beautiful high cocoa-nut palms, under which there was a thick, green, long grass. The few houses, standing high on wooden or cocoa-nut pillars off the ground, were of the verandah-surrounded bungalow style, with corrugated-iron roofs, but were not brightened up or embellished with any sort of garden. One saw that this is entirely a man's settlement. Notwithstanding, the country is pretty, and through the high-stemmed, slender palms one has lovely glimpses of the harbour and sea and its many islands, or on to the other side over the green land and on to the distant blue hills. But it is all oppressed by the heavy, swampy atmosphere, so that you feel as soon as the sun sets the malaria will rise, or the black water fever. We pottered about, and finally ended in the barracks of the native soldiers, to which the prison was attached. I recognised the young non-commissioned officer who came over on our boat yesterday with native soldiers to whom I gave some tobacco after I had photographed them, which had made him call me "you very good *big fellow*." He came out at once beamingly, and showed us over the place. It consisted of long wooden huts covered with corrugated iron, and inside were plain wooden benches for the men to sleep on. The jail differed by having each partition heavily padlocked. The convicts were out working at the road, so everything was open, and we were shown in. I've never seen anybody keep his eyes on another person so steadily as that young non-commissioned officer did on me. The others noticed it also. He had a pathetic smile as soon as I looked at him. I wonder whether he hoped for more tobacco, or if

he thought I would be good to eat. For they are still cannibals, and 4 miles off the settlement in the interior it is unsafe. And I've grown quite fat lately, too.— Afterwards we met a long gang of women, going from Friedrich Wilhelm's Hofen to the interior. They had some bright-coloured towels wrapped round their fat, waddling hips, held round the waist, if one can call it a waist, by a soldier's military belt. Their upper body was clad in a short, loose jacket of vivid-coloured calico or muslin, with a frill all round, and in the hair they had flowers or croton leaves. They all smoked pipes. Their woolly hair was cut quite short, and they were really very ugly. After lunch the captain offered us a steam launch, and we four (Miss E., Miss C., and H.) set out for a drive, after the purser had given the Chinamen who worked the launch full instructions. Watching us start were several native chiefs, who had many wild boar tusk ornaments hanging from their necks and tied round their arms, and quantities of feathers stuck into their enormous masses of stiff, woolly hair. Their faces were painted with stripes of scarlet-red, one broad stripe down their nose, and others encircling their eyes and nostrils, and then from the corner of their mouths three stripes curling up over the cheeks to the ear, like a three-striped long moustache. In their noses they had ornaments, and long ear-rings, and round their foreheads, where the hair commences to grow, broad bands of shells and dog-teeth. They looked like clowns.

It was a very pretty drive in and out wooded islands, on whose shores the magnificent cocoa-nut palms grew in graceful forms. We finally landed on an island called Tia, where there was a Protestant mission station. Crowds of half, or three-quartered naked children met us at the



THE MAN'S HUT IN THE KANAKA VILLAGE, TIA, NEW GUINEA



small landing pier, literally covered with strings of beads and wild boar tusks, and having round their hips long tasselled belts of fine and thick cocoa-nut fibre in different colours. The missionary (Mr Weber), who came to meet us, told us that they were little girls. The boys don't wear any necklaces or any garment until they are bigger, when they only put on a small loin-cloth. But this feathery-looking, tasselled belt in front and longer behind is essentially the women's dress. We were asked into the mission house, and all the naked children crowded round us. Mrs Weber appeared and offered us some refreshments in the way of fresh cocoa-nut juice. It looked quite transparent like water, but had an awful half-salty, thickly-chemical taste. I could not understand how the three others could possibly manage to empty their glasses. I couldn't take more after my first mouthful, and resolutely put down my glass, determined to say, should I be asked, that I didn't like it. After that we were taken into the adjoining Kanaka village of enormous huts built of wood, bamboo and palm leaves, and covered thickly in long sloping roofs of palm leaves. Some of them had even three storeys. In them were squatting monster women, three-quarters naked, showing horrible forms, as far as they were not hidden by the quantities of glass beads and tusk and teeth necklaces. Round the hips they all had the thick fringed belts of cocoa-nut fibre. Their hair was cut short. Some of the older ones were dried and shrivelled up to a skeleton state—pitiful! Lots of children were about, and almost as many half wild-looking pigs of all ages, but more especially quantities of mongrel dogs, especially puppies, and they were *all mangy*. Some men appeared too, clad in the scanty loin-cloth, and many

shelled and tusked necklaces, ear and nose rings, painted or tattooed faces, and woolly, long hair decorated with feathers or leaves. They were narrow faced and long nosed, with intelligent fox-like expressions, full of character, but picturesquely ugly. Comparing the faces of the men and women one would say they were two different races, so utterly different are they, but both hideously ugly. Only the dirt is alike. Of course we were followed through the whole village, which lies well sheltered in thick and high woods and cocoa-nut palms, by a crowd of men and children, till we returned to the mission, and even there all the children followed. We were then shown the school and the church. They were simple enough. When leaving again the missionary made three of the boys dive for corals, for most of these islands are coral islands. It was not deep, and you saw their brown bodies quite well in the transparent water, as they grubbed for the corals. They brought up lovely bits of white and pale grey corals, faintly tipped with pink or purple. I couldn't much see the object of these missions. The missionary told me they didn't teach them Christianity (which surely is a blessing), nor English nor German, but their own Kanaka language. So I really wonder what's the use of it.

Then we were driven to another island where was another mission. I couldn't help laughing when I thought if they only knew how I hate all missionaries and missions. But I didn't pretend. True, I didn't tell them I was not interested in their work, I simply enquired about it, as, except Miss E., none of the others spoke, and, besides, the missionaries could tell us something about the natives' habits. They had lived amongst

them for over seven to eight years. The second missionary had some beautiful pineapple and cocoa-nut plantations. He evidently knew how to get something out of the natives. The adjoining village to which we were taken was larger than the one we had seen before and tidier, and round the houses or huts lots of crotons and hibiscus were planted, which looked quite pretty. Many besmeared and bepainted warriors were there (visitors, the missionary told us), with shells and croton leaves in their tousled hair, and beads and tusks and shells almost their only garments. It struck me they were a very small breed, slim and muscular, and, apart from their disfiguring paintings, they had on this island, in their way, quite well-cut faces, and some of the younger women and children there were really quite pretty. Everywhere there was cooking going on, for as there were so many visitors there was to be a "sing-sing" going at night: a native dance. In a special house we were shown a colleague-artist, painting headgear for this sing-sing, made out of sticks and matting and lizard skins, which he painted white and red, with rough ornaments. Feathers were stuck into it and shells. These enormous things the men wore on their heads, holding them with two sticks descending on both sides. Some of them had three or four partitions, one on top of the other, and must really have been quite heavy. They cooked in earthenware pots and in some open large vessels made out of wood: large wooden bowls. Bananas, mangostines, a large sort of potato, cocoa-nut and all sorts of fruits were boiled together in these pots with *dogs*. One pot was just emptied before us, and dog's legs and a head, and the whole quarters with the tail,

tumbled out between bananas and mangostines. *And it was not even skinned.* All my interest and sympathy with these people was gone. The missionary told me they only kept the dogs for eating, as well as the pigs. In front of the man-house, in which no woman or girl could enter, where the war councils, etc., etc., are held, and very likely where they discuss whether the missionary is fat enough or not, worth eating or not, a long hollowed tree lay, which they use as a drum by beating on it with a large stick. Three to four young men were squatting here on the ground chewing some sort of root and spitting all the time in small wooden bowls. We were told by the missionary that they are thus preparing the drink for the sing-sing. These spittoons were distilled with water and act as a "cup" for the festival "mangy dog dinner."—This was the last straw for us!—How can one take interest in such creatures!—These people carried large shells on which they blew like trumpets, making a far-sounding noise. They had caught a large crocodile that had for some time been in the habit of eating women and children when they went bathing, and apparently all the villagers rejoiced, and they ate it after the sing-sing with a lot of drumming and blowing of shells. Soon after we returned the steam whistle blew, and we left this hot place, which I hoped I should never see again.

January 25th.—It was suffocatingly hot and close. We passed a large coral island, where a European lives who looks after the proprietor's (a Swede) property; that is to say, the whole island belonged to this Swede, who makes £3,000 a year out of the cocoa-nuts growing on it. This European, an old sailor, has six Kanaka wives, and

lives there in that village of three hundred Kanakas. The captain said smilingly he thought he was too tough, even the natives didn't want to eat him any more. Only twice a year a boat landed there for the products (cocoa-nuts), What a life!

February 1st.—All yesterday one could see pretty, large, wooded islands, between which the steamer passed, and on which many white lighthouses are pitched. And as several wrecked ships lie on the shores, one can quite well understand the reason for these many light-houses. This morning we still passed many islands, on some of which were still smoking volcanoes of a pretty pointed form, not unlike a miniature Fuji. Many steamers and sailing fisher-boats passed us going and coming. At 11 A.M. the town and harbour of Manila came in sight. It was not attractive, looking from afar. Flat, with low buildings out of which two cathedrals with domes and steeples stood out, and ugly wharves and harbour buildings recently put up by the Americans, and large, ugly, smoking colliers and cargo-boats in the harbour. We anchored outside the harbour as we had explosives on board. After half an hour the Customs Officer and the Quarantine Officer came on board in their steam-launches, and when all the crew had been examined we all had to go into the saloon, and the young official khaki-uniformed and legged came in, called out a few names and disappeared again. After lunch we all went ashore in a launch, including the captain. The harbour, secured by breakwaters, is large, and there were a good many vessels of medium size in it. Out of the harbour we went up a canal-like river, where lots of small sailing-boats

anchor and were finally landed, after half an hour's passage altogether, on a stone pier. Here the purser, who had come with us, telephoned for a carriage, and soon a very smart and clean half-victoria, half-landau, with a very good pair of bays, and a smart young Malay or rather Philippino driver, dressed in white, pulled up in front of the Custom House, where we were patiently waiting. The purser gave the young man instructions in his native language, a half-Spanish, half-Philippino-Malay lingo and we trotted off: first through the Chinese quarter, which looked exactly like the Singapore Chinese quarters. It is astonishing how the Chinese accommodate themselves everywhere in their own way and fashion, keeping sensibly to their old customs and habits. The streets were wide and clean, and all the houses were built with arcades as at Bologna and Turin: that is to say arcaded, for the houses, though one- and two-storied, are mostly of wood. On the ground floor are the shops, and in the wide open doorway shop window sit the pig-tailed, spotless, white-robed merchants in their shining black Nankeen trousers and thick, white-soled slipper-shoes. One arrives through an archway, passing through the black, mossy, high, wide, battlemented fortifications and walls into the old town, which they call "Entros Muros," and one finds oneself transported at once into narrow-streeted, almost gloomy, middle-aged Spain. There are high, palatial stone buildings of a second-class architecture, with high porticoes, through whose half-open doors one gets pretty peeps into arcaded courtyards, or green gardens, high walls, evidently surrounding quaint gardens, strange balconies and loggias closed in by trellis-work very much like Mozarabic. The streets are narrow, and on account of the high, old

buildings somewhat dark and gloomy, though agreeably cool, and singularly deserted. It is as if this part of the town were sleeping, and the rare Philipinos, slender, brown-faced youths, clad in European white, pass quietly along the narrow footpaths. They are a clean, nice-looking, intelligent nation, rather yellowish, with somewhat flat faces like the Japs, but their faces are lit up by beautiful eyes and eyebrows, and topped with soft, lovely black hair, and their mouths make one almost forget the shortness of the nose. They have nice expressions. As for physique, however, they are not over tall, are slender and slim and well proportioned, and move well, looking very muscular. It is quite striking how few women one meets, there seem to be only young men in the place—almost boys. The women are ugly, but on second consideration I think they are not uglier than the men, only being women one expects them to be prettier, and what passes for a man is not pretty enough for a woman. If they would cut their hair short and get into a white linen suit, they would be quite good-looking Philippino youngsters; but of a woman one expects more, at least I do. The dress they wear is pretty. To commence at the feet, they wear the same high-heeled, wooden slippers in which the Venice belle clatters over the pavement, and, like their Venetian sisters, the slippers are too small for the feet, so that their heels stick far out behind over the heels, which are almost just under the instep. It was always a marvel to me how the Neapolitan and Venetian ladies could clatter about so gaily in these apparent instruments of torture. Then they wear a wide, many-folded skirt of some dark, soft cotton; but the bodice is the pretty part, it is of the finest transparent muslin, apricot colour or

champagne colour, being decidedly "the right thing" to wear. One sees no brilliant colour. These bodices have enormously wide sleeves, which are kept sticking out by thin wires, they look like bells; and a fichu, made of the same material, is crossed over the breast, forming a sort of *capuccio* behind, which occasionally is pulled over the head, but nearly always hangs down the back—very attractive. But, as I say, it is quite striking how few women one sees. Just as striking how few carriages and horses; one meets plenty of low carts, each pulled by one enormous water-buffalo, and I never saw fatter buffaloes, nor any with larger horns; they are simply enormous. The whole place gives one a dormant, stagnant impression; and the gauzy-sleeved ladies, the dark-eyed, exotic, white-dressed, slim youngsters, the fat, dreamy-eyed buffaloes, the Mozarabic loggias and balconies, the serene, closed-up, medieval Spanish *palazzi* with their iron-grilled windows like fortresses, make a funny contrast to the Yankee soldiers in their khaki uniforms—tall, strong, finely-built fellows, with their grey felt hats well tilted over on their noses, swaggering along the half-deserted streets. I should say there is a brooding, defiant, dissatisfied, yet half-melancholy atmosphere everywhere, and, I'm sure, lots of poetry and charm, really, at the bottom of this population, mixed with old-fashioned cruelty and chivalry. It gave me the impression that they are collecting themselves in a drowsy fashion eventually, should the occasion present itself, to shake themselves free of the unwanted, thoroughly hated American Government.

Out of the thick old wall of the "Entros Muros" one drives over a high-arched bridge, spanning the river, through

a large, rather untidy suburb, with large gardens, grown wild, round shutter-closed houses. There are gardens full of jessamine and oleanders, palms and bananas and orange trees ; but not pretty, attractive gardens, though the climate and vegetation in this island seem ideal. All the large trees were bare, because it was still winter there—large plane trees and acacias—while the enormous gum-trees form a beautiful dark, green-leaved contrast to this nakedness ; and the huge bushes of graceful giant bamboos, surrounding the quaint huts of mattings and rush roofs, as one goes out into the country, make lovely green feathery bunches everywhere.

In the "Entros Muros" city we stopped at the cathedral. It is a large building, apparently seventeenth century, with a fine façade and lovely wood-carved doors, bearing a cardinal's coat of arms. Four huge Chinese stone lions guarding the door are a somewhat funny contrast to the saintly figures in niches above them, between fine stone pillars with acanthus-leaved capitals. Inside the cathedral is fine in proportion, all vaulted, built of a grey stone on which in chiaroscuro bas-reliefs are painted, so well done that at first you think they are real ornaments worked out of the stone. The whole floor of the large church is well polished, parquet floor, and the altar is of silver. In the side chapels there are some very pretty altars, and in one a lovely picture of a Madonna and Child, as far as the growing darkness would allow me to judge. Through a huge, beautifully worked iron gate one got a peep into lovely large cloisters, so I expect this cathedral belonged to some convent or monastery. Vespers were just going on, so we couldn't move about, and rich sounds of a good organ swelled through the half-dark sanctuary, where the silver altar with all its many candles formed a glittering, shining centre.

The fast-trotting horses soon brought us out of the city and suburbs into the rich green country, where luxurious crops grow in fields that look as if they were irrigated. The villages through which we drove were almost entirely built out of bamboo matting, with thatched roofs, and remind one of the Japanese peasants' huts. The houses looked clean and tidy. Bamboos clustered thickly round all the dwellings and shaded them from the hot sun. Quantities of chickens and pigs were everywhere about, and large herds of fat buffaloes were grazing on the commons, or bathing in the river, alongside of which the well-kept broad road ran, through green, partly rocky lanes.

In two of these villages were big churches of Spanish baroque architecture, apparently belonging to convents. They gave a touch of medieval Europe to this otherwise exotic-looking pretty country.

After one and a half hour's drive we came to Fort M'Kinley, where the Americans have built a strong garrison. The officers had all got snug bungalows, and for the troopers larger houses with verandahs running all round had been erected. The stables were open on both long sides, so that the horses had practically only a wide-spreading roof over them. I estimated three to four regiments were quartered there, by the number of houses. All the soldiers I saw walking about, dressed in khaki, were tall, strong, nice-looking youngsters.

The view from the barracks was lovely, overlooking a bay on to very pretty ranges of hills, blue in the hazy distance.

The drive back to Manila was almost pleasanter, because the wind, which blew very heavily when we drove out, had

dropped, and the low sun, casting longish shadows, made everything stand out more and more picturesquely. And the air was deliciously cool.

Arrived in town we went to a rather ramshackle-looking hotel and had tea. I must admit that our way of conversing with our smart young driver is more than limited, he understanding very little English, less Italian, and I not knowing any Philippino. So after I had conveyed to him in the three languages I thought he might understand (English, Italian, and French) that we wanted to go to a restaurant to refresh ourselves, and he having pulled us up before two awful-looking German beer and Spanish wine shops, we succumbed at ramshackle No. 3, crawled in, and succeeded in getting some tea and toast out of a silent Chinese waiter. It was the cobwebbiest ceiling I've ever eaten under.

Then we drove to "La Lunetta," a sort of *corso* on the sea, with a music-stand in the centre, where a military band was playing; and the flower of the Manila youths strutted up and down in spotless white linen, while in many carriages the ladies sat without hats and gloves, listening in the cool evening breeze to the waltzes and *estudiantinas* gaily coming from the band-stand. Some of the young girls were very pretty, of the Creole type, which, if one may judge by their fat, heavy mothers or aunts, unfortunately fades so quickly and coarsely.

The sun had set behind a blue-green hill, and soon the sky became a vivid, brilliant golden orange, darkening into deep amber, while the clouds that had been at the beginning a purplish pink, became a reddish brown, floated across, making it look like *écaille blonde*. On the old buttressed walls of the fortifications, the Chinese lit an

enormous firework dragon, because it was the Chinese New Year's Day, and from the cathedrals and churches the many bells rang the *Ave Maria della sera*, and long rows of black-robed young priests were taken out for their evening walk.

It soon got quite dark, and brilliant stars flashed in the deep blue evening sky, and so we drove to the Metropole Hotel, where we had a very bad dinner, while a Philippino youth tortured a poor piano in the large dining-room, by way of a musical entertainment. In the room where I washed my hands before dinner was an inscription on the wall which amused me, saying, "Visitors are only allowed in the rooms till 11 P.M."

At 9 P.M. the launch took us back to the boat. She left at 12 P.M. The streets in the Chinese quarters looked very pretty, gaily illuminated on account of the Chinese New Year, and garlands of coloured paper lanterns hung in festoons from window to window, balcony to balcony.

IX

HONG-KONG, MACAO, CANTON, SINGAPORE, STRAITS SETTLEMENTS

THE *Prince Sigismund* left Manila the night of 1st to 2nd February. I was fast asleep. Next day one still saw some very pretty islands, which in a mild way reminded one, if one had a vivid imagination (our captain decidedly had), of the inland sea of Japan, though I think it's a blasphemy to say so, and after a very good and not too hot crossing, we landed on 5th February at dear Hong-Kong. We had tea-parties every afternoon on board, consisting of Mr and Mrs Mollinoux (he is an English doctor at Tientsin and she an Australian), who had been on the *Bremen*, and Miss Elliott and Miss Christal of course, as they had all complained that the boat tea was undrinkable, whereupon I, remembering I still had some Ceylon tea in my tea basket, pulled it out, and we made tea on deck, which was really very amusing, and was a great success. It certainly was better than the awful boat's tea. We had quite jolly tea-parties, and I was glad not to have forgotten how to pull the host.

We were told we should be at Hong-Kong at seven o'clock in the morning. Of course I never believed a word of it, having travelled too much to be taken in by what captains say, and so, to Healy's horror, I refused to get up before eight, although both he and the servants

came in several times, declaring that the harbour was well in sight. Well, let it be! And so while I was slowly dressing I enjoyed the *stationary* pretty sight of the harbour entrance (seen from the cabin window), for of course, as always, we were late. Then there were the endless formalities of quarantine, etc., etc., to go through, so that we really only moved on about 9 o'clock; and when I appeared on deck, where the silly wretches had been shivering since dawn, as, of course again, it was bitterly cold about this time of the year here, we were only just slowly gliding into the real harbour and never really dropped the anchor for good before half-past ten, and then it was at least half-past eleven before the tenders came and we could have our luggage moved on to them, and finally could say good-bye to captain and officers and steam towards land. It was cold, as I have said, and a grey winter's day, and the harbour absolutely deserted of the numberless and very picturesque large and small djunks, usually there on account of the Chinese New Year. But all the same it had the same fascination for me it always has had, this harbour, which I really think is one of the prettiest I know, surrounded by all those hills and hilly islands and the town of Hong-Kong, climbing with its many buildings, villas, and gardens up the Peak, and Kowloon, the native and merchant city lying on the opposite large island. It is literally all the same, with the only difference that self-respecting people who can afford it live in Hong-Kong, which is under English government, while Kowloon is Chinese and all the shipping offices are there, which of course doesn't make it particularly clean and nice smelling. But there is only the harbour between, though it is large.

We've been told the King Edward Hotel is the best. I, obstinate of course as I am, want to stick to the Hong-Kong Hotel, but give in to Healy, Miss Elliott and Miss Christal, and we walk to the hotel; there are no real distances in Hong-Kong. But it is difficult to tear oneself, and especially me, away from all the fascinating attractions of the Chinese harbour life. I love the Chinese. The enchanting djunks all tied to the piers for the New Year's week, when no Chinese will do any work, but everybody has to don new clothes and give themselves up to frolicking and the letting-off of as many crackers as his purse will allow him. And yet all the fascinating, though not always strictly clean nor odoriferous life that is going on in these djunks, from which I always find it so difficult to tear myself away, is the same. The cooking, washing, dressing of those fascinating Chinese doll-children, and their delightful ways and plays! Very unwillingly I follow the others into the lugubrious-looking hotel, where a dirty-looking Greek takes us to see some just as lugubrious rooms. Of course, it is a puzzle for him, poor devil, why being two women and two men, we are not satisfied with only two double-bedded rooms, but, quite apart from that, the rooms are really too dark and dirty for words. Poor Miss E. is in despair. "What can we do—all our luggage has been brought here?" So I just whisper to her, "Don't say or ask anything, but follow me." And not heeding the Greek manager, who shouts after me, "Shall I register your name?" (which I know he doesn't know), I walked out of the hotel, followed in dumb astonishment by the trio, and I made them step at the next corner into rikshahs, and off to the Hong-Kong we went. "But

what are you going to do?" "Simply see whether the Hong-Kong Hotel's rooms are better, and if so, send for our luggage." And on we trot. Of course they are better, they all agree. It is more old-fashioned, but very nice and clean, and has pretty balconied rooms overlooking part of the harbour in front and up to the dear Peak behind. So we register our rooms here, send for our luggage and descend for an excellent tiffin, served with the noiseless swiftness only Chinese know how to achieve.

The hotel was crammed full, and we were lucky to get such good rooms. After lunch I took the trio under my wing, and we started for a stroll through the streets, sending the children, or making them, walk in front of us (I mean Miss Christal and Healy, while Miss E. and I followed in the rear) so that they shouldn't get lost or into mischief, for the streets were packed with merry-making Chinese, burning thousands of crackers, which make a deafening noise and smoke. It was a lovely picture to see them all in their many-coloured new silk garments, with irreproachable freshly-plaited pig-tails and spotless white-soled flannel or felt boots. But especially delightful were the fascinating children, who were decked out in every colour of the rainbow and had such queer garments. Apple-green satin trousers, and pink, gold-embroidered coats, or all clad in cornflower blue silk. The little girls were mostly in pale blue, trimmed with black. The small boys wore those funny ear-caps, lined with fur, and decorated outside with enormous pompons, tassels, or embroidery, in which the pride of a Chinese mother revels, and which make the kiddies, with their white and pink exceedingly clever faces, look like little

fawns, as the ears of these caps, fur-lined too, mostly stand up. The little girls don't wear these caps, they are only an emblem of the boys, the pride of every Chinese being a male child. Their hair is parted on one side of the head and taken all to the other side, where it is twisted into a more or less big knot covering the right ear. In this knot they stick numerous pins of coral and gold. Their faces are mostly painted white, and their lips very much rouged; and they give themselves immensely grown-up airs, and stalk along in a most dignified manner in their funny little shoes, which have the heel right under the instep, in the middle of the foot as it were. It is astonishing how they manage to walk so well on them. Of course this is not the famous crippled foot, you hardly ever see children with them, but there were many women who hobbled along and moved with much difficulty on these deformities, either leaning on a stick, or, the richer ones, on a woman-servant's arm. I've seen the poorer women, though, with very small feet walk quite fast and erect without any help, and some even carrying heavy loads on their heads. I, personally, think it monstrously ugly, because it looks mangled, as if something had been hacked off, like a stump coming out from underneath the wide straight trousers the Chinese woman wears under her long, wide-sleeved jacket.

Everybody was laughing and smiling, and they seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly like big, happy children. And if you smile to the children or make signs that you admire them, they are delighted, and gabble in rapid smiling Chinese to you, salaaming, turning round, telling it to friends or other passers-by, who

in their turn are highly pleased, and give vent to it at once in a profusion of smiling words and salaam greetings.

In front of all the houses, which, as I expect everybody knows, are of solid stone and many storeys high, and mostly fine structures (the town on the whole, with all her steep streets and step-streets leading up the steep Peak in narrow balconied thoroughfares, reminding one very much of Naples), are little stone shrines, looking exactly like dogs' huts, and in these shrines little oil lamps burn everywhere to the household gods, or incense sticks and all sorts of red and orange and gold paper pieces are stuck or glued on to them. From the many balconies hang enormous paper lanterns, and from everywhere masses of long wooden or paper sign-boards with the painting like Chinese inscriptions giving the name and trade of the shops. They hang down like long flags in masses, and make a very pretty effect in their reds and golds and blacks.

As it began to get dark and cool the streets got empty, and as all the shops were closed, the place, just now so gay and bright, looked wintry and desolate, with its high grey stone façades, and we too turned in to have a welcome cup of tea beside a blazing fire, which was really very much needed; but not before we had stopped for quite a long time watching some boys playing the new game craze of China, a sort of shuttle-cock played with the feet. It was really very pretty and amusing to watch them, and how well and agile they were at it! I wonder how long it will take for this Chinese game to come over to Europe and become the same craze there as Diabolo is at present, which of course is one of the oldest Chinese games. H. couldn't resist, and, to the delight of all the

Chinese boys, joined in the game, and very successfully even.

Quantities of chrysanthemums and peonies were in flower on all the balconies in pots ; I touched them.

The next afternoon we went up in the Funicular to the Peak, and I again had the same tumbling-over sensation as I had thirteen years ago, as the cars are built in such an extraordinary way. They are all right on the level, but not on the steep hill, where one hangs on to one's seat in such a backward fashion, that the scenery, which is otherwise very fine, all seems to fall over till one is quite giddy. It was bitterly cold up there, but the view was splendid, overlooking the harbour with all the many boats and djunks, all the many thickly-green rocky islands encircling the harbour and scattered far out into the distant sea, till they vanished in a misty distance in the direction from where a spring-scented wind blew, coming over the sea from lovely Japan. How I long to go there !

Another day we went for a long walk half up the Peak, and always alongside of the hill on a road that had been most ingeniously cut out of the rock, at least partly. Through beautiful trees one looked down on one's right to the lovely harbour with its many boats and djunks, and as it was late when we had started it began to get quite dark before we returned, and all the many lights in the town and harbour began to be lit. One really could not see where the city itself ended and the djunks and boats commenced ; it stretched for ever a star-like view at our feet, and looked most lovely.

February 7th.—We all four went to Macao, which is certainly a most disappointing place. We left Hong-

Kong on the seventh morning at 8 A.M. on a cold grey day, so that we were all devilish glad to have our fur coats on, The boat was very comfortable and clean, and we arrived at Macao at about 12 o'clock. Quite an hour before one came near it, and long before one saw anything of it, we met hundreds and hundreds of huge sailing djunks all going out to sea again, as the New Year had come to an end with all its burning of crackers and frolic and new clothes, and they looked like what the Armada must have been, with their huge reddish brown sails all spread stiff in the fresh breeze. These old djunks are such fascinating vessels with their vividly painted prows and their high sterns with their different steps, on which such an interesting life is carried on by all the inhabitants of the junk not required for the moment to give a hand either for steering or hoisting sails and so on. Children are attended to here—darling, doll-like Chinese children, with their little shaved heads and toy pig-tails. Women wash, mend clothes (if one can call the rags clothes), cook, etc., etc.; and on some they even make a touching attempt at gardens in pots, some flowering plants, and generally, I'm sorry to say nearly always, parsley for more trivial use than mere decoration or embellishment.

Then Macao comes in sight, and from a distance, with its different coloured houses in pinks, whites and pale purples, looks pretty enough, and reminds one rather of Messina seen from the Straits when one goes to Egypt. One turns a sharp-pointed, low promontory and steams into the broad river, in which the landing stage lies. Here one sails along between two long rows of djunks, all neatly drawn up in long lines, leaving a broad canal in the middle, and from all the highest masts of these vessels

enormous black fishing - nets hang down to dry, forming graceful curves and looking like some crape drapery, theatrical and medieval. In a few days, so the captain tells us, not a single one of these djunks will be seen in the harbour. They have only all come here for the New Year, and now all go out to sea again and won't come back for months and months. The people live entirely by fishing, and drying the many fish the Chinese eat in the sun for later sales.

On some of them a devilish firing-off of crackers was going on to frighten the evil spirits away, and lots of others set little paper boats, decked out with gold and orange coloured paper sails, floating on the river as an offering to the Sea Gods, so that they might be preserved against typhoons. Perhaps the Gods play with these paper toy boats, and therefore are kept in good humour. Who can tell?

The noise on landing was not as great as I expected, and we were met by an old and very respectable Chinaman, sent from the hotel to which I had wired for rooms. He had perfect manners, rather stiff, and was carefully dressed, and of course slippered with spotless white felt soles. But his face and even the white in his eyes was absolutely quince-yellow. I've never seen anything like it. He must either have jaundice or be ill with a liver complaint. Of course most people, and in fact some members of our party, think it is simply "the yellow race."

We drove in rikshahs through the clean town, which is a funny mixture of an Italian small country town and a Chinese city. Only I must say it is very clean. It strikes one that there are hardly any shops, and as I

enquired, our guide (Quincey) told me that Macao had no shops and no trade. It takes all its things from Hong-Kong. It lives entirely by the gambling houses.

We passed the Government Palace, in front of which a number of soldiers in their not ugly Portuguese uniforms sat on benches. The uniform is a pale blue, trimmed with black and gold, and the combination of colours is rather pretty. They wear, too, large-brimmed, soft felt hats, and their faces are mostly good-looking. But their figures! They are small, and nearly all, though mere boys, enormously fat. Most of them are knock-kneed and have enormously thick legs. They all seem to have the figures of the poor murdered King. Of course, as the next day was his funeral, all the official coats-of-arms on the public buildings were covered with crape, and the soldiers had crape round their arms. But the horrid tragedy did not seem to have affected them very much; they looked most happy and cheerful.

The hotel was clean, and had nice, large rooms facing the sea and looking over a broad quay lined with clipped plane-trees. All this reminded one very much of some small Italian sea-side place.

As lunch was only at 1 P.M. we went for a stroll round the quay, and the dignified Quincey, who speaks the quaintest English I've ever heard, walked erect and stiff alongside of me, as he had noticed that the other three went into hysterics over his English, which apparently offended him very much, so he wouldn't speak to them any more and I got all the conversation, which I must say was most difficult to understand, and still more difficult to listen to without a smile. But as he kept a carefully watchful eye on my lips with a suspicious twitch of his

yellow lips and a parrot-like blinking of his eyes, I refrained from hilarity, and only occasionally made silly jokes myself, so that he himself had to laugh, and I could then have my go at his expense while he thought I was laughing at my own idiotic jests. He poured out all his family affairs into my sympathetic ears—how many children he had and has *had*, how old he was, and at what age he had married; then again some explanations of some Palace house or garden, and what No. 1 boy (that's the way he puts it) was doing, and what No. 2 boy, etc., etc. Miss Elliott was shocked at the cheek with which I beamingly asked him, "So that nice-looking waiter on our floor who brought us hot water is your No. 1 boy?" (He had just told me so.) I had said when the seedy, bleary-eyed youngster had appeared half an hour before, that I thought he looked like a mangy ferret. The old man simply beamed benevolence on me after that, and I expect had he heard my remark about the mangy ferret he very likely would have poisoned me. Well, the food the mangy ferret served us afterwards at lunch was quite fit to poison anybody. So after this delicious meal we all got into rikshahs, and spun in a long file along the streets, and were taken to see the beauties of Macao. First to a rich Chinaman's country house. It was a small house, and I'm sure the man, apparently a millionaire, goes there only for a day or two, or for dinners or tea, although there was one bedroom with two large iron bedsteads and mosquito curtains. Of course the other rooms, the dining-room, the saloon and the smoking-room, all of fair size, were crammed full with awful European furniture and partly beautiful, partly grotesque Chinese wood carvings and stone and crystal abnormities, such as gnarled fossilised

roots, etc., etc.; all the Chinese revel in the grotesque. Some marvellous porcelain, and especially large flower-pots, made my mouth water, dreams of pots; they were of all shapes and colours and forms, and such big ones—I've never seen such big ones. There were some lovely chrysanthemums, and a high, brown, flowering, very strong-scented orchid grew in profusion. The house itself was surrounded by a moat, and in front of it a stone bridge ran in a zigzag, half over this moat and to a tea-house with hideous coloured glass windows. The whole moat was fenced in with very pretty glazed banisters, and outside them was a large cruelly-tortured garden, all little paths and sham rockeries with little steps up them, and banisters and fences (all miniature) everywhere; not one plant or bush was allowed to grow as it wanted, every single one was pruned or twisted or tied with wire into curious shapes and forms, and so all were unhappy and half starved looking: a garden that would make one mad in a week. The only really pretty thing in the place, bar the flower-pots, was the inner wall surrounding the martyred garden, and dividing it from the outer vegetable garden, through which one came first, having passed the imposing porch in the high outer wall. This second wall had huge windows in which lovely glazed, sapphire-blue, open-worked tiles were let, so that it looked like an enamelled iron-wrought gate.

We then drove to a public garden, which was just as tortured as the one we had just seen.

Then we drove to a temple, which was very pretty, and had lovely courtyards and small temples inside, exquisite decorations and bas-reliefs and wonderful old gongs and large brasiers. If it were not all so repulsively dirty, and

falling so much to pieces, it would really be very fine. In every courtyard were at least four to five chowdogs snarling at us intruders of their sanctuary. It is odd how these dogs know and hate Europeans, for I noticed they only snarled at us, never at any Chinese, of whom there were many coming in to worship.

Then we trotted down a long road, through beautifully kept orchards where every vegetable is grown to perfection. The drive was by no means pretty, but Quincey had insisted on our going out there, to see the gate as far as the Chinese territory extends, or rather the Portuguese territory, and from where the road into China starts. He pretended there was a marvellous gate there, wonderful, and that everybody took pictures of it. It really was an awful fraud, I must say, there is absolutely nothing to see—an ugly, plain brick gate (what's the use of it, I wonder, as it stands all by itself in a wide plain, and everybody can easily walk past it, right or left); and beside this uninteresting construction was a small, flat-roofed building, where a detachment of those beautifully figured (!) young Portuguese soldiers are quartered, always for a week at a time. Quincey was really quite annoyed with us, as neither Miss Christal nor I wanted to take a photo. On the other side of this gate was a brown plain stretching away into low hills, overgrown with thistles and thorny shrubs, which had not yet any leaves.

On our way back we were driven to the War Office, or something similar, and quietly got past the sentries—who seemed quite accustomed to this—and past a very prettily-kept flower garden with masses of chrysanthemums still out, into a sort of a park behind the house, in which we were made to ascend several terraces, up to a large

rock, underneath which was a bronze statue of a poet, of whom I was quite ashamed to confess I'd never heard, and who apparently died there in exile three hundred years ago. I was only glad that Miss Elliott, who is a really clever and very cultured woman, had never heard of him either. On large marble tablets some of his sonnets on the supreme beauty of Macao were inscribed in Portuguese, and some poems of Tasso!—Why?—And some of Shelley's to him, as he apparently admired (so the verses run) this man's poetry. The whole park was thickly timbered with low, evergreen trees, so thickly that underneath it not a blade of grass or any plant could grow, and a moist, frowsty smell was everywhere. I'm convinced the exiled poet, who, it seems, often rested near this rock, would be very pleased if they cut down some trees and let in more air.

If the lunch was poisonous, what about the dinner? I seriously think somebody must have repeated the mangy ferret remark. But once this awful meal was over, we were again bundled into rikshahs and driven to the gambling hells. How wild and wicked that sounds, but if you could only see the dowdy, almost respectable-looking dwellings, they would remind you more of a *concierge's* place in some large Paris house where flats are let, than of a gambling hell. On the ground floor is generally a restaurant (Chinese, of course), where all sorts of cooking and eating is going forward in not exactly an appetising way. Then one climbs up a wooden staircase, and comes into a large, neatly-furnished room, with solid, Early Victorian mahogany furniture, and some coloured European oil-prints in dusty, tarnished gilt frames. In the centre of this room is a long table, round

which the croupiers sit, one marches past them and up another flight of steps, into a similarly furnished room, with an adjoining bar. In the centre of this room wooden banisters are set round a large hole in the floor, and round these banisters, chairs, so that when you sit down you are just above the gambling table and can see down on to it. You are given some cigarettes, matches and an ash-tray, paper and pencil, and you can start your gambling. Beside you is a man who takes your orders, puts your money in a small wicker basket, and lets it down like the people of Naples, singing out in a quaint sing-song what you want to play, and on which number, all in Chinese of course. As soon as everybody has finished betting, the stakes being put on numbers with black, white and red jetons, the croupier grubs with both his hands in a heap of brass medals, which lie at a good distance in front of him, and then with a long, thin stick he begins to scratch three coins against another three coins out of the heap he has grabbed and placed in front of him. The number that remains last wins. I lost ten dollars, not wanting to risk more in my well-known stinginess in small things. Healy lost twenty, but won with persistency forty, or something like it; and as Miss Elliott and I saw that the gambling devil was being roused in him, we started, and he had unwillingly to come with us. He admitted himself that he would have loved to have stopped the whole night. On our way back to the hotel, we stopped at several shops where they printed lottery tickets, and we watched them doing it; and then at an incense shop, because Miss E. wanted some incense sticks such as they burn in the temples, and with a burning incense stick in

each hand, we drove back to the hotel. At night the town looked much more animated and picturesque, and especially the many Portuguese soldiers, their broad-brimmed hats well pulled over their eyes, their wide cloaks thrown over their shoulders in a theatrical, graceful way, sliding along deserted alleys, or stepping back into the deeper shadow of a porch, looking like old *Hidalgos*, lent the whole scenery a tone of romance, which in the daytime it hasn't got at all, nor have they with their fat, knock-kneed legs.

The next morning I had a long sleep, being quite certain, after everything I had seen of Macao, that the cathedral would be disappointing, and so I went for a walk by myself along the sea and up to the lighthouse, from where I had a lovely view over the sea and many pointed cliffs, and I sat quite a long time watching the boats go in and out, and the washer people washing in their funny way in basins they had very ingeniously constructed for themselves in the rock. When I came back to the hotel ready to start for the boat, I found the others very disappointed, as the cathedral had been shut on account of the King's funeral, and they had got up for nothing. The hotel proprietor told us that from Saturday to Monday the hotels and gambling places were packed with English people, men and women, from Hong-Kong. What hypocrites people are! Why not gamble openly in Hong-Kong?

I should certainly advise anybody travelling this way not to go to Macao, it is not worth a visit. At 5 P.M. we were back in Hong-Kong, and were all glad to see the dear old Peak emerge out of the thick clouds, as we drew nearer; and all the delicious bustle and life of the Chinese harbour, with all its sights.

February 10th.—We started this evening for Canton, after the hotel manager had most kindly taken us to a large Chinese restaurant to have a look, — a huge building, where on the ground floor the not too clean-looking cooking went on, and in the upper storeys the *Cabinets Particuliers* were. He took us quite quietly into several of them, where apparently rich Chinese men had a special dinner with singing girls. They didn't seem to mind a bit, and in some we were even offered to sit down. The men all sat round round tables, and on little stools behind each one were these wretched so-called singing girls, in vivid-coloured satin trousers and embroidered, gay-coloured coats—a strange and unpleasant contrast to their white and red painted, stupidly-dull, animal-like, flat faces.

Our boat left at ten, and we arrived next morning at Canton at six. The noise was enough to wake a dead man, and although we had all wanted to sleep till eight, we were all ready by that time, and gave ourselves over to our awful toothless guide whom Count Schwerin had so warmly recommended, and who waited for us with the palanquins. We were then carried through endless narrow streets, so narrow that we could hardly believe that we could get past, and round such sharp, narrow corners that we thought we had come to a sudden end of a street, when, swinging round carefully, our leader Kuhli disappeared all of a sudden, and we following were borne into another just as narrow alley. I shall return to this enchanting place this autumn, the time we had (one day) was far too little for it. So I will not even try to describe it this time. It is so startling, so full of life, sights, views, scenes, etc., etc., that it will take me more than one day to grasp it

so as to describe it properly. The shops in these narrow alleys, with the hundred, nay, thousands of people, the children, the dogs—everybody moving, bargaining, talking, playing, and the shops are wonderful! But one has not got enough eyes to see, to take it all in. Some streets quite full of vivid-coloured paper flowers, and thin gold paper baskets for the temple offerings, make it look like a flower bower in spring; the paper lantern streets, with every imaginable form of lantern, from the fish with large, glassy, staring eyes, to the many-coloured butterfly or dragon with fierce teeth and twisted tail; the fish shops, with the little fountains of fresh water playing over fat carp in large, flat, wooden tubs; the flower stalls, the vegetables in endless rows and artistically piled-up masses; the butchers, with all their freshly-killed stock; the dried meat shops, with whole roast sucking-pigs, chickens, bundles of dried rats hung up by their tails (apparently a delicacy the Chinese women are particularly fond of, I'm told); the sweet shops, with piles of honeyed, glazed sweets—the slippers, the pottery, the seal sellers, the public writers, make an astonishing panorama. One must have seen it to believe it. In one shop where we were taken by the guide we saw how they made brooches, scarf-pins, ear-rings, buckles on metal out of the kingfisher's feathers. That is quite a speciality of Canton, and indescribably pretty; they look exactly like the finest enamel. The feathers are first glued, in their separate tints, on a special paste, then, when quite hardened, are cut into wee bits, and encrusted, as it were, on the slightly raised metal design—a sort of feather *cloisonnée*, if any of my readers have ever seen this work done. The bits are so small, and they blend and choose the colours so well, that one

does not see that they are feathers. They look like the finest enamel, and make lovely effects.

Then we were taken to several temples, where there was a lot of the beautiful and famous Canton wood-carving and wonderful sculptured stone-work as well. In one temple there are lines and lines of gilt figures, the disciples of Buddha, all carved in wood and very grotesque. It is a large temple, and a very fine one, and it has many lovely courtyards, but in the private sanctuary, where all these grotesque disciples dwell, there is such a dense smoke from all the incense sticks the worshippers offer, that one is almost choked. The figures are nearly life-size.

Another almost larger temple is also very finely carved, and has lovely stone pillars, worked elaborately, and some exquisite friezes. The guide then took us to some embroidery shops, where old embroideries were sold, but the prices were really higher than at Hong-Kong. Some of the drawn grass-cloth work is lovely, but I am convinced that that half-deaf old idiot took us only to second-class shops, and not to the really good ones. Besides, he hurried us so much. We were hardly in a shop, when he asked in his toothless way, "Are you through?" In fact, we had only just begun to look round. We were all furious with him. Then we saw some silk-weaving and some ivory-carving, another speciality of Canton, and then through endless, not exactly odoriferous, narrow streets, we were carried outside the real town to Pagoda Point. There we got out and ascended on foot the very steep hill. It was once a fortress, but one day a gun-powder magazine near by exploded, and smashed a lot of the fortifications, and so it all remains in ruin, guns and all. The nasty world whispers that as the treasury was

kept there and a Government inspection was settled for a certain day, the explosion just happened the day before the inspecting officials arrived from Peking, and of course nothing more of the treasure was heard of. Anyhow, there it is, the large, rather fine pagoda, all deserted, the ramparts overgrown with shrubs and weeds, and all the guns quite rusty lying about everywhere, half overgrown by grass and weeds.

We climbed up to the third floor of the pagoda, where a very fine view of the whole town is obtained, and it looks very pretty fading away in the distant haze, with the river glittering in the middle of it. From there one realises what an enormous city it is. We had lunch in this deserted fortress on the third platform, and enjoyed it thoroughly with that lovely view in front of us.

Then we were carried for the whole afternoon about the streets of Canton, with their endlessly interesting sights and amusing scenes, and were only deposited at the hotel again at 7 P.M., just in time to clean ourselves and have dinner. After dinner I had promised the three a Chinese music hall, like one I had seen in Shanghai, with the Brandeis, and I knew it was quite respectable as the Brandeis took their unmarried sisters there. I had asked the old idiot if he knew of such a music hall, and he had said, "Of course," and he would come and fetch us after dinner. So when he came, we marched off behind him, as he said it was not far. He took us into a house where downstairs was a restaurant, as there generally is, and then upstairs, and opened a door and pushed us into a room where were some half-drunken Chinese, very scantily dressed, and some awful girls. I saw at once to my horror where the old fool had taken us. It was an

awful house in one word, and certainly not fit for ladies. I was so furious I almost hit him, and it was only Miss E. who stopped me, "Only let us leave at once," she said. Miss Christal had, thank goodness, realised nothing, it all went too quickly. In the street I went for the guide again, and he placidly retorted, "What do you want? This is a house where girls are singing as you wished, and men choose a wife for one night." Had he any teeth left I would have knocked them out of the brute's head. I expect somebody else has done it already. He certainly does not get a recommendation from me.

It was a pity we did not know that we might have slept on board the steamer, as it would have saved us getting up next morning at five after this very tiring day in order not to miss the boat.

We sailed next morning, returning to Hong-Kong, and a very pretty day it was, as one steamed for a long time down the very wide river, which has many islands in it, and all sorts of interesting towns and villages on its borders. Of great interest are all the many house-boats, lining both sides of the entrance to the landing place of Canton, in all sorts of sizes and shapes, large and small. There are supposed to be over three hundred and eighty thousand of them in Canton, indeed they are a town by itself. Some look very nice and comfy. Large paddle-boats, with hundreds of people, passed us, the paddles worked as by men on the treadmill. Of course I forgot to say that we saw the execution ground, but I had made Healy promise first that he would not have an execution, because for a couple of dollars they behead people for you to see. It is a horrid-looking place, and there are still spots of blood on the ground where they

had recently beheaded some, and the clothes of the victims were still lying about. The executioner, an evil-looking, tall, thin, old man, was there too, and I'm sure only too ready for a couple of dollars to chop us some heads off.

At lunch on board the boat an elderly gentleman sat opposite me; he began looking in such a funny way at me, and I told Miss E. I'm sure I had met that man somewhere. I don't know how he heard my name, but then his whole face smiled and beamed, and he came up to me and said, "Excuse me, Count—we travelled together thirteen years ago on the German Lloyd; you got out at Ismailia, and I went on to China. My name is Captain Kretschmar." (I remember he is one of our naval officers whom Government had lent to China to drill their troops.) He went on: "I thought at once, when I saw your face this morning, surely that is Count Hochberg. I remember you so well; you had a new typewriter, and always sat by yourself and would have nothing to do with the other passengers, and we all longed to make your acquaintance. But how you have changed! You were then such a good-looking young boy, with such bright, fresh colour, and such lots of lovely curly hair!" He looked sadly at my almost bald head. I couldn't help laughing and telling him that in thirteen years people generally didn't get younger, but about my hair he is greatly distressed.

Only one day more we had in dear old Hong-Kong, which passed away quickly enough in shopping, and the different preparations for our start. We are all four rather depressed, as we leave for Singapore to-morrow, and the two nice young ladies (whom Healy calls the two girls) are leaving the day after us for Japan. We got on so

well and were such good company, I shall miss the clever talks with Miss E. very much.

We left Hong-Kong Wednesday, 12th February, at twelve sharp. Miss E. and Miss C. had come with us on the tender to the boat and saw us off. We all felt very sorry to part. We had been such good company.

The *Prince Heinrich* is a charming boat, and so nicely kept and managed, 8,000 tons; only one misses the excellent Chinese attendance enormously. They are almost better waiters than the Arabs, and that says in my eyes a lot. I managed to get a small table, and Captain Kretschmar, the man so sorry about my past youth and hair, sat with us, and a very nice young German couple from Glogau in Silesia, Mr and Mrs Fritsch, so we had a very good time. The F.'s had just come from a tour through America, and were full of iniquitous stories about that country, which strengthened more than ever my opinion of it not being a country for civilised Christians to travel in. At the next table to ours were some odious Yankees, an old father, mother, and two horrid loud and vulgar girls, who looked as if they had stood between two beehives and had been stung in their faces, such enormous, thick, heavy mouths and cheeks they had. I called them therefore the "Cheeky" girls, and cheeky they are. First of all very loud and vulgarly noisy, with the most odious twang, and then they quietly tried to make acquaintance with us. Whoever has seen me on board a boat, knows that that is pretty difficult, if *I* don't want it; and even the awful Mrs R. would say so, who on the *Bremen* tried to start a conversation with me, telling me she had been photographed at some garden-party beside the King last

season, and knew *Lord Kitchener's* "eldest son" (! ! !) very well, only got a stare that put her off for several days, though I almost burst out laughing at Lord K.'s son; and after several other unsuccessful attacks (she travelled all the way with us to Australia, and then again to New Zealand on the *Prince Sigismund*, and again here on the *Prince Heinrich*), received always with a quiet stare, even she gave it up, and I have won my bet from Rhodius, who betted I would have to know her. Very likely she will tell everybody that the only rude person she met on the whole of the journey was Prince Pless's brother. But I never could see why I should be talked to by Tom, Dick and Harry, simply because I travel on the same boat as they. Whoever I want to meet I always do meet.

Altogether we had a very charming and absolutely smooth passage, and when we landed in dear Singapore the F.'s asked if they might come to the same hotel as I, and I offered to take them round Singapore, which I know a little, and they were delighted, and so we all went to the Van Wyk Hotel, a small but very good hotel, which Captain K. and the *Prince Heinrich's* captain recommended.

We landed at Singapore on Sunday, 16th February, at 1 P.M. I can't say how pleased I was. I love Singapore, it is a charming place. As we drove from the boat to the hotel I was astonished to see how much had been done to the place since I was there four years ago. Lots of these swampy, feverish places round the harbour and the Chinese quarter have been filled up and planted, and it made the place ever so much nicer looking. But it is a nice place altogether, and with its pretty cathedral on

a large green lawn, under beautiful large trees, and its pretty, shady quays and avenues and fine Town Hall and other public buildings, looked most picturesque and pretty.

That afternoon Captain K. and a young friend of his who was stationed there, and who had come to see him on the boat, insisted upon taking us all for a drive, and so two victorias were ordered, and we started. First we went through the Chinese quarter, which, on account of the continuation of the Chinese New Year, which goes on till there is a full moon, was rather empty, which is a pity, as it always is so interesting and full of amusing life. Then we drove out to the Botanical Gardens, past all those pretty bungalows in their well-kept and flowering gardens, with lovely palms and evergreen trees, the verandahs covered with bougainvillia and an orange bignonia, or with the yellow trumpet flower—through enormous cocoa-nut groves, and finally into the Botanical Garden itself, which really is lovely. The beautiful tree with the coral-red flowers was in full bloom, and on the ground underneath it the fallen blossoms had formed a red carpet, while the branches were still covered with the scarlet blooms. In all the pools water-lilies were in flower, and parasite ferns grew on every tree in wonderful variety and luxuriance. The sloping grounds, so well laid out, were really very pretty ; each time I see them they again enchant me afresh. It is delightful how English people have carried their artistic sense of flower-gardens into their colonies and settlements. Masses of summer flowers were in full bloom in all the beds and herbaceous borders. In the ferneries and orchid houses, simply formed by mattings

on high bamboo scaffoldings to keep the sun out, were marvellous maidenhairs in all varieties, and lovely orchids were just in full bloom. We got out at my suggestion and walked about, for who can enjoy a garden while being driven about in a carriage? Then we were taken back to Raffles Hotel, where we had tea, and then drove back to the hotel, where we dined that night outside, and all the party were my guests. The table was most prettily decorated with Maréchal Neil roses and gardenias.

Next day I arranged everything about the cabins to Burmah, and then Captain K. came to say good-bye, as he was going on with the *Prince Heinrich* to-day. After lunch we took a landau and drove out to the Beech View Hotel. It was a lovely drive all along through thick cocoa-nut palm-planted plantations and through amusing Malay and Chinese villages. The hotel itself was prettily situated under magnificent cocoa-nut palms, and had a lovely view over the sea and the surrounding islands; but it was too far out for us to go there, as we first had the intention of doing, because we heard to-day that our boat for Burmah would not be leaving for a week, which appeared to us rather much for Singapore, or rather for the Van Wyk Hotel.

Healy was mesmerised by a most extraordinary monkey: I think the sort is called Makake. They have endless arms and no tail, and are quite black, with a white face, and have fluffy hair, and are certainly the tamest, funniest monkeys I have ever seen. Flossy—that was her name—was most amiable and human, and amused us highly.

February 18th.—We drove out to Buka Tima in a

motor I had hired. The drive was lovely. First past all the pretty bungalows, then past the Botanical Garden, and then out into the jungle where all sorts of picturesque Malay or Chinese villages were nestled in the rich green vegetation, and large pineapple or rubber or coconut plantations. After one hour's drive we got out at the foot of Buka Tima Hill and walked up. It was beautiful high jungle, and the vegetation was really magnificent in its rich luxuriance. Marvellous high evergreen trees and creepers grew in graceful garlands from tree to tree, and underneath was a thick undergrowth of all sorts of bamboos and lovely ferns and mosses. Huge butterflies, as large as sparrows, flew and hovered over the thick ferns, but they were not as bright coloured as ours, they had more transparent wings as if they were made out of thin *crêpe*, and were mostly marked grey and white-spotted like a guinea-hen.

The road ascended in well engineered curves round the hill, and the top was reached in three-quarters of an hour's easy walking. How much weaker I must have been when I did it four years ago! Then I had the feeling that it was almost two hours' stiff walking, and now it is nothing.

At the top the bungalow was empty, and after calling to see if anybody was in, we quietly ascended the little staircase, up which I had followed the young couple who then lived in it four years ago, and we came out on the roof-terrace from where one has a lovely view over the whole island and all the surrounding islands and on to the mainland, where the white Mosque of Johore and the Sultan's palace are easily seen. While we were sitting admiring the lovely view, and remarking that the only

thing was that it was a pity nobody was here to give us any refreshments, as we had got rather hot on the climb, an old Chinaman appeared on the roof and asked if we wanted anything. He was the caretaker. "Yes, of course!"—what had he got? "*Only* pineapple," he said quite apologetically; and of course we were delighted, and he soon brought us an enormous dish full of the juiciest, best pineapple I think I've ever eaten. It must have been at least three. We made a regular feast.

For lunch we went back to the hotel, and the afternoon was spent in looking at different shops, Healy in pursuit of a monkey like Flossy, I buying my beloved Malacca canes. In the animal shops there are of course quantities of monkeys, big and small ones, uncanny-looking creatures, but not a single Flossy. They were Borneo monkeys, we were told, and in a few days they would have some new ones sent. Lovely birds they had too, and all sorts of doves. No Mina at present, but my nice Chinaman promised to get me some for when I came back. Amongst quantities of cockatoos there was one pale salmon-coloured one that wanted to come on my finger, and cooed and whistled at me all the time, and seemed only happy when I scratched his head. I almost bought it, because it had taken such a funny wild fancy to me, and I only waited to see if it were really a fancy, or if it were only just a humour of a day. I decided to come back another day and try him again. He had a lovely orange top.

Wednesday, 19th.—We drove in the same motor to Johore. The drive was lovely, first as far as Buka Tima of course the same, then magnificent jungle down to

the sea, where we took a ferry-boat and were rowed across by a sulky Chinaman. It took about forty minutes to paddle across this arm. The heat was intense, and under a scorching sun we walked on the other side and into the Sultan's Park, past two sentries, who presented arms as we passed. I expect we had no right whatever to go in there, but as, to the trio's great amusement, I militarily thanked the sentries for their salute, bowing graciously to them and touching my hat with the two fingers of my left hand, they let us all quietly pass, and we found the walk in the shady and well laid-out grounds of his Highness the Sultan most pleasant, and enjoyed it thoroughly. Finally we ended at the Mosque, and, after taking off our boots, were admitted. It is most disappointing from inside, as there is really absolutely nothing to be seen. A huge, brand new, plain building, with white marble floor, and the walls and large columns holding the ceiling only whitewashed and painted like coloured marble; horrid, crude, stained glass windows. As we came out a terrific thunderstorm was coming up, and we hurried back to the shelter of the hotel. Some rikshahs came to meet us, and I put Mrs F. in one, and induced the Chinaman to let me have the shafts of her rikshah, and off I trotted with her. It was much easier than I thought. Fritch photographed us like that. We just arrived at the hotel when it commenced to pelt, and it pelted on the whole afternoon, as if it were never going to stop. So, after patiently waiting till almost six—we couldn't stop there the night, not having anything with us—we climbed into covered rikshahs and were driven in the pelting rain to the landing stage. There a funny thing lay in the water, entirely covered over

with matting tied to a high pole. It was our boat! I shouted out, and the dripping matting began to move like a reptile, and at one end our sulky Chinaman appeared. Unnecessary to say that he was very cross by now, and no wonder, and our childish hilarity made him still crosser. So he paddled his boat up to the landing stage, and we crawled in on all fours under the matting. Inside the boat was perfectly dry, but it was rather narrow for us four, and very low. Of the Chinaman we only saw the feet and calves, as he was paddling standing up at the end where he had opened enough of the matting to let his body pass. Arrived at the other side the rain had stopped, but the tide having gone out, there we lay at least thirty yards off the shore and a dirty, muddy, slimy bit of water-mud between us and the dry land. Another Chinaman came wading out and offered to take us on his back and carry us across, of course the only thing to do. Mrs F. refused boldly, but finally was persuaded by her husband to let herself be carried across, after having made me promise her that I would not *photo* her. I kept my promise not to *photo* her, but could not resist the temptation to make a hurried sketch of her on a visiting-card, as I was left the last to be carried over. The sulky Chinaman saw it and shrieked with laughter. He laughed so heartily, I haven't for a long time seen anybody laugh like that. He tapped me on the back, he beat his hands, he held his sides, he simply doubled up with laughter, and couldn't caress and pat me enough. It was so funny, that I, already in very high spirits, couldn't help laughing too, and there we both were laughing like two madmen. Of course the other three already deposited must really have thought

us mad. Once on the mainland, I showed my sketch, and they all began to laugh, because I must say, in its roughness and spontaneity it was very funny. Mrs F. didn't mind, but the old Chinaman, who hadn't stopped laughing, made us understand through unmistakable signs that he would not have anything paid for his boat hire, if only I would give him the sketch. Mr F. wanted to have it too, of course, so the only thing to do was to copy it out quickly, and as soon as we had given the Chinaman the original he went off laughing still, and never turning round for his fare, which of course I wanted to pay him. I shouted after him, and our chauffeur told it him in Chinese, but he only waved his hand as if to say, "never mind that," and splashed back through the mud into his boat, looking at the sketch and laughing all the time like a happy child. Surely never before has one of my works been so appreciated, nor ever will be again.

We arrived at the hotel at 8 o'clock, and it was pitch dark, and the roads were torrents. One drove in water.

The next day, 20th February, was lovely and sunny, and so, after shopping (the cockatoo was purchased too, as he was just as silly and mad with me as on the first day, and as soon as he saw me come, called "Coco, coco," and whistled and waved about on his perch), we took the motor after lunch and drove out towards Beech View, but past it where the road branches off. It was a lovely drive past all sorts of plantations, mainly cocoa-nut palms, which really are magnificent, and then in a large Chinese village where an open theatre was going on. We stopped to see it. The actors were just painting their faces, and mostly seemed to represent devils or such,

but it was really interesting to see how ingeniously they painted their faces with black, white and red water-colours, and really succeeded in making marvellous unrecognisable masks of their faces, otherwise harmless enough. Then they proceeded with their dressing, and some had lovely old-gold embroidered costumes, some huge coloured wings and dragons' tails, crowns, etc., etc. The acting and singing was more a contorted sort of devil's dance in which the real Devil displayed much power with funny high jumps. None of the audience, though, paid the slightest attention to the acting. *We* were the theatre to them, and they did not take one eye off us. Especially my having sketched the face of the man who I thought painted himself best, interested them greatly. After having witnessed this grotesque performance for some time, we drove on, and after a good hour's drive came to the end of the island, where a rich Chinaman has a large plantation, and a very pretty big summer house and well-kept garden sloping down with European flowered lawns to the sea. The situation is really lovely and so well kept everywhere, and the opposite bank of the mainland, much closer than at Johore, made it look like a big lake. The thick jungle on the other bank reflected itself prettily in the smooth water. Here we had to turn round, and we drove back the same way, and to the trio's great delight saw several monkeys crossing the road and swinging themselves up into the trees and from branch to branch, and making faces at us.

We then ended at Beech View Hotel, where we had tea, and our child (Healy) played with the monkey. That evening after dinner we again went in rikshahs for a drive round the Main Quay, where all the smart Chinese and

Malay society go for a cool evening drive, and an endless stream of carriages and motor-cars passed us filled with bejewelled and beflowered ladies, all in rich and brilliant silks and satins, all in native costumes, while the pig-tailed men walked on foot on the outside avenue. All that evening a really deafening pandemonium of firing of crackers had been carried on in front of some Chinese houses near the hotel. They went on for over an hour. It was to frighten the evil spirits away, as it was full moon, and so the last day of the New Year's festivals.—And beautifully the moon had been coming up over the sea and the forest of masts of thousands of djunks lying there in the old harbour.

February 21st.—We had met in the morning, Healy and I, Nautch children, two little girls and two boys, decidedly brothers and sisters, from twelve to seven years of age, and I had told them by signs that they should come at 1 o'clock to the hotel, because I wanted Mrs F. to see them dance ; and so, while we were having lunch, the lovely little troop appeared, and our table having been set all the time in the open verandah, we could enjoy the pretty sight of these graceful, half-gipsy children, who for generations had done nothing else but play and dance. The two boys played quite a pretty tune on two violins, and the lovely little girls, in their wide, full nautch dresses of flimsy red stuff and their metal and glass bracelets and anklets, performed a dance all the more graceful as of course any obscene movements were utterly missing. I had ordered some cake and kept our pineapple, and after they had got paid they enjoyed their little meal thoroughly. Afterwards other people made them come to

their tables and dance there, and after they had got paid there, they came and salaamed and thanked me again, as gay as finches. Touching little migrant birds, born on the road and spending all their lives homeless, they looked as if they had stepped out of a Murillo picture.

With a few bags we started at 6 P.M. on a steamer of an unremembered company, to go for a very pretty trip through the Straits Settlements. It rained in torrents, and Mrs F., who as a rule was up to everything and energetic, insisted that this trip would be an awful failure, and she thought it stupid of me to have jumped at once at her husband's idea, who had declared that he would *only* go if *I* would join them. Healy, too, had made up his mind that it would be a failure and most disappointing, and could not understand how I could be so silly as to expose myself to all sorts of horrid discomforts.

Under umbrellas we stepped on to the small and really very dirty boat, teeming with natives and cattle. There were only eight first-class passengers, including us. As it had stopped raining we all dined on deck. Not even that poor woodcutter in Australia, who dined beside me at the station, had such dirty, black hands as the fat, big, Irish captain presiding at this not very good meal. Fritch and I pretended to like it so as not to give in to the two others, who, jubilant but swearing, said that it served us right. The cabin where Healy and I had to sleep together was so small and so hot and frightfully smelly, that we went with our bedding on deck, where all the other passengers, except the F.'s, were already installed for the night. We had come pretty latish, I especially, so that there was only room for me alongside of a young Indian engineer who sat opposite me at dinner. He looked most

uncomfortable, having hardly any pillows, and as I of course had my own, I offered him the two from the boat, which he accepted with much thankfulness, and so a conversation sprang up. Our deck chairs really stood side by side, so we could talk quite well without disturbing the others. Besides, it was really too hot to sleep. From one thing to another we came to my favourite topic, religion, and he turned out to be a Christian, as his father got converted and had his children all christened of course, being a native clergyman in Ceylon. The father was dead, and the young man was so dissatisfied with his religion and the Christians living so little in accordance with the religious teachings of Christ, that he was attracted by Buddhism, etc., etc., so of course we had a long talk; and finally at 3 A.M. he had to get out at Malacca in order to reach a certain train for an up-country station, where he was head engineer, and where they were building new bridges and railways.

After having landed with an infernal noise the bullocks and many natives at Malacca, we went on and reached Port Dixon, where we got out at 9 A.M. Here we took the train and drove through the loveliest jungle all the time, till at twelve we reached the station, where we had to change, and where my new friend the engineer was waiting for us, and had very kindly ordered us a lunch at the refreshment room, had reserved a compartment and had a whole envelope full of Malay stamps for me to send to Germany. So after we had eaten and had bundled into the most comfortable compartment, we started again, and all the time the train went through the most magnificent jungle I've ever seen. Even Mrs F. and Healy admitted that it was worth coming for, and

magnificent : enormously high trees, magnificent palms of every imaginable sort, bananas, bamboos, tree-ferns, lovely creepers covered with orange blossoms hanging from tree to tree, from branch to branch, and sometimes wreathing the thickest stems with their orange glory. The jungle was so thick it must have been almost impossible at most places to get through, and one can imagine how in its swampy greenness the huge pythons we saw in the one animal shop at Singapore in large wooden boxes, and whose skins played in all the colours of the rainbow like a long opal, must revel in these pools and thickness.

At 4 P.M. we arrived at Kualolumpo, where we intended stopping the first night. We drove to the hotel to which we had wired, a most awful-looking place, where the proprietor was most rude to us, and said he had no rooms whatever. Finally, he said he had one room and two in the attic. But the lady he couldn't take in (this with a sharp glance at the pretty, red-haired Mrs. F.). She quickly grasped the situation, and quite indignantly said, "But I am married!" "Then," the cheeky devil answered, "you may share the room with your husband." I could have knocked him down. The rooms in the attic were so awfully dirty and looked so "buggy," that I flatly refused to go into them, and Healy too. There remained the Government Rest-house. Off we trotted, leaving the F.'s to settle as best they could with the hotel proprietor. The Rest-house was absolutely full! What were we to do? I refused to go back to the dirty hotel, and would rather have slept on a bench in the grounds, when one of the Chinese rikshah coolies, may he be blessed to the end of his life, made me understand that he knew another

hotel (although Murray only gives this one), and so off we trotted again, bags and all. They pulled up in front of a Bodega Bar, and Healy was just about to drive away furious at the stupidity of my poor Chinaman, when I went into the bar, and there found that indeed they did let rooms, and had still just one empty. I went upstairs to inspect it. It was very clean and nice, and they would put up a second bed, and so we stopped and were very pleased. The proprietors turned out to be Roumanians, and were delighted to be able to talk German with me, and so I ordered a nice dinner for to-night, and we drove to inform and invite the F.'s, who accepted with raptures; then we all trotted off to the Botanical Garden, which is nothing else but a very pretty and exceedingly well-laid-out park, with big lakes and magnificent trees. Returning from there, we stopped to watch a cricket match that was going on in front of the Resident's or Governor's house, an enormous, long, palatial building, in which are both the Post Office and the Courts as well. I must say I was astonished to find such a fine and imposing building in so small a place as Kualolumpo. What an awful name! Then I returned to my Bodega, leaving the English Healy to enjoy his game (in my eyes uninteresting), and plunged into a delicious bath.

Our dinner was a great success. I had taught the old man how to make a good claret-cup, and Mrs Bodega had cooked her best dinner for the "Deutsche Herr Graf," and we were a very happy little party, and ate with genuine appetite.

That was on the night of the 22nd, but as F. had told us the train left at 6 A.M., and it was quite a good

bit to the station, we had to get up at half-past four, in order to be shaved and packed, as we had left the servants to come round by boat to Penang to meet us there. It was pitch dark when we got up, and pitch dark when we trotted away in rikshahs from the fat old man and his nice wife, who, it is true, kept on saying, "I don't understand why you leave so early and are in such a hurry"; but Healy wouldn't even leave me time to explain, and I had, as it was, half burnt my tongue in trying to drink the coffee, and the old man kept on saying, "So lass sie doch Frau, lass doch den Herr Graf, wenn er doch nun solches Eisenbahnfieber hat." That, surely my friends will testify, is the last thing I have, arriving generally one minute before my train leaves. But there it was, and when we drove up to the station, Healy said: "Only five minutes more; I told you we would be late. Quick—take the tickets, I'll look after the bags and tell the F.'s." When I came to the ticket office, everything was shut, so with frenzy I tapped against the glass window, terrified, eyeing the advancing clock, till finally a sleepy Malay official turned up, and when I told him to give me quickly two first-class tickets for Ipo, he looked very astonished, and asked, "Why quick? The train for Ipo doesn't leave before 6.55!" I almost dropped! So I might have quietly slept an hour longer! But this journey had so softened my temper, that I did not only *not mind*, but laughed quite simply; and then, as it was smelly and dark in the station and no place for sitting down, I took Aunt Janet's leather writing-case which she gave me in Egypt, and which I always carry with me, put it down on the cold stone banisters of a bridge

opposite the station and sat down on it, to await the rising sun.

It hasn't happened often to me to see the sun rise, and when I purposely get up to paint it, it has always been most disappointing, and so it was of course that day too. The dark sky faded into a bluish grey, then it began to get "promisingly" *pale*, PALE pink, all of a sudden a whitish yellow—and it was day.

Just about then the F.'s arrived, trotting up in their rikshahs, and just at that moment too a goods train went puffing out of the station. The train was hidden by a high bamboo fence, but one saw the smoking funnel steam out in the direction of Ipo. I of course at once, to pay them back for my forced sunrise, walked up to their rikshahs with all the signs of depression painted on my face, and told them, shrugging my shoulders, "Too late! the train left just this moment; there it is puffing out of the station." To my great joy they were entirely taken in. But he swore he told us yesterday the train left at 6.55, so it all ended with laughter, because they had had an awful night with the madman, and were horrified at the idea of having to stop a second night in this den, and so we all left happily for Ipo.

The scenery was the same, quite exquisitely lovely and beautiful, and one didn't get tired of looking at the magnificent vegetation. Then we came to hilly country which was still prettier. I wonder that more people don't travel this way; it is lovely, and the finest jungle I've ever seen.

At all the stations they sell excellent fruit, pineapples and all sorts of tropical fruit, which of course is unwise. At one station a Malay, who had seen us buy fruit,

walked into our compartment with a bag out of which he took a handful of mangostines, and asked if we wanted some. What a question! We all yelled at once "Yes!" like everybody else who has ever tasted that most delicious, juicy, and exquisite of all fruit. He turned his bag upside down and heaped on the floor of our compartment a pile as big as a large potato-heap. And in the hotels they gave us five or six as quite a luxury! I asked, "How much?" and before he could answer, F. presents him with a quarter of a dollar, and says, "Hurry out or you will come with us. It is going," and so saying, half pushed him out of the compartment. Of course in any hotel they would have made us pay at least ten dollars for that heap, they are so expensive. The man pocketed his coin and got out of the train, and I saw him tell a friend the story, laughing and showing him the coin, and they both walked away delighted. What swindlers the hotel people are! We simply gorged ourselves with them, and all the same had so many left that, arriving at Ipo, there was no other place to put them but in my large sunshade, which of course was all bulged out, and looked like the umbrella of a German greengrocer's woman.

The nice Bodega man had promised to wire to a friend of his at Ipo who owns a hotel, but at the early departure from this haven of rest, neither Healy nor I had the clever idea of asking about the hotel's name. In fact, we thought that there was only one in the place, and so we tried to explain to the rikshahs where we wanted to go; at least Healy and F. did, because I'm sorry to say that I'm not quite the superior being I wished I was, and that I found out in Ipo that little things go a long way with me, I was simply ashamed

of the bulging "brolly," and of the people staring at it and at me, and so I had quickly retired into the safety of a rikshah, which of course hid my disreputability, and I had left the talking and arguing to these two strong men. We trotted off all right, and were finally deposited in front of a rest-house-looking place. Here, leaving my disreputation in the form of the mangostine-bulging "brolly" well behind me in the rikshah, I descended with the usual pomp, closely followed by the trio, who simply expect me to do everything, as I am so "practical." Of the F.'s I understand it in a certain way, because their English is limited to the school English, consisting of phrases (or sentences, one says in English, I believe), as for instance—"Do you see this chandelier?" "No! but the little Russian has a cold," or some silly nonsense like that.—Well, as there was no chandelier here, and with the torrid heat no little Russian *could* positively have cold, their English was not much use to them, and I can understand their clinging to me. But Healy! One would really think at such moments he couldn't say "pooh" and couldn't speak English, and often it has really made me angry. Why on earth should I have to do all the bothering and talking? It's no excuse that he pretends I do it so much better.—So we all four walked into what I thought was the hall of this hotel. A strange-looking place it seemed, though, but then in these parts of the world one gets accustomed to be no more astonished at anything. Instinctively I turned to the two men and asked, "You told them to go to the hotel?" "Yes, *of course!*"

The place we were in was a large billiard room with three tables in it, and at one end of the room a bar,

and all the men playing billiards there stopped as we came in, and stared at us as if we came from the moon. I was so glad I had left my "brolly" in the rikshah. Yes, I was! I'm sorry to say it, but I was! And so I courageously advanced to the bar, where several "starers" were having their pegs, closely followed by the trio, and I asked the China barman, "Do you understand English? Well, then, have you got our telegram for rooms?" He said, "Telegram? Yes," and begged me to follow him, and he took me out of the room, across the road to another small house where was a sort of wooden benches. The closely following trio stared in amazement at these benches, for we all thought that they were the rooms they had reserved for us, and we would all have had to sleep in one place, when the smiling Chinaman returned with a telegram form and ink and a pen, and very proudly said, "Here." He had only understood "telegram." So I said again, "But is this not the hotel? HOTEL?" and I made the signs of eating and sleeping. Then he understood, and shook his head. "No, the Club!" He did not know the name of an hotel. In the meantime some of the "starers" had come out of the billiard room, and I boldly asked them if they could give me the name of an hotel, and they most kindly gave three, adding that the Chinese hotel was the best; and so with many thanks, after I had begged them to explain to our rikshahs where to take us, we trotted off and were deposited in front of the hotel, which was somewhat difficult to recognise as an hotel, as it had a large store as an entrance, but once upstairs it was all very clean and nice, and we got charming, clean rooms and an excellent tiffin.

After lunch we drove in two carriages to see some

tin mines. The carriages are very small, two-wheeled vehicles, with a stiff hood on four carved wooden posts, and the most awkward things to get in. The wheels are rather high, and you have to stand on the wheel and then plunge in on all fours, or, better still, back in, literally doubled up. It is most uncomfortable, but once in it is all right. Of course, for the one who has reached safely (one always knocks off one's hat), the second one doubling in, and seen in this position from behind entirely filling out the entrance of the vehicle for a moment, looks supremely grotesque. Wee, little ponies are in the shafts, wiry little things, but it is astonishing how they can go; they trot like the devil. The driver squats down in front of one, half on one shaft, half on the small board of wood, from which you started doubling yourself up when trying to get into the carriage, and which is meant apparently as a box-seat.

We went at a terrific pace through the streets of Ipoh, lined with fine stone houses, all Chinese, and all with the loggias on the ground floor like the houses in Bologna, so that even in rain you could walk dry-footed through the whole town. All Chinese cities out here are built like that. I think it so sensible. The ground floor is entirely occupied by shops.

We soon came out of the town, as it was not so very large, and went past beautiful large villas, all belonging to rich Chinamen, and situated in very large, well-kept and timbered gardens, and so into the very pretty, hilly country. The road winds itself along between enormous rocks standing upright, as if some giant had thrown them there playing football with them, and on these solitary high rocks, which are of grey marble, and which lie far away from the high

hills that line the distant view, all sorts of trees and ferns grow in abundance, making them look like little islands in the middle of the green sea of the fields. One passes several Chinese villages, full of coolies for the mines, and it struck me again that round all these Chinese settlements there were beautifully kept, nicely laid out vegetable gardens, while the settlements of the Tamil Indians were dirty and untidy, and without one scrap of cultivation round them.

As everybody tells me the Straits Settlements have been made, and are what they are, entirely through the Chinese coolies, it is, after having seen this prosperity, all the more incredible that the Australians won't let Chinese labour in, where so much labour is wanted in Australia, and enormous tracks of the most valuable land lie wasting.

Finally we stopped at a large Chinese and Tamil village, and scrambled out of our vehicle, and as Mrs F.'s and my little piebald pony had trotted much quicker than the others' little bays, we waited for them, watching the coolies take their evening bath in a large tank of beautiful, clear water. It was amusing to see how the Chinese bath by themselves, not with the Tamils; they have quite different stands and boards from which they dive. The Chinese, beautifully muscular and strong and well built, look like reddish bronze statues, and enjoy being admired in their really athletic, splendid nudity; while the thin, overgrown, effeminate-looking Tamils, with their odious long hair, smelling of cocoa-nut oil, plunge at once into the water and hide themselves and their hideous unmuscular, thin, long limbs in the water up to the chin, letting their long, thick, greasy hair float round them on the surface of the water.

After the two others had come up, and F. had photo-

graphed the different bathers, we got into the wooden enclosure surrounding the mine, and past an armed sentry, who very politely presented arms (for all he knew we might be robbers or thieves, as we had no pass or permission) into the part where they work. It was one of the biggest mines here, and I don't know how many coolies (hundreds) work in it. But it was all done in the most primitive way, everything by hand; all the washing process, and even the blowing of the bellows in the melting department, and they produce tin for millions.—It is astonishing what a waste of stuff there is. And I, accustomed to my father's mines, where everything is done by machinery and electricity, could not get over it. For melting the tin, after it has all been washed by hand, which hundreds of coolies do in little wicker baskets, gradually getting finer and finer, squatting each in front of a little tank full of running water, they have huge iron brasier baskets, smeared inside out with cement. Into these—about 2 metres high, open on the top—coal is put, and the whole lit with wood and petroleum, and the flame kept burning by a coolie blowing an enormous bellows with a hand pump. One bellows coolie pumps like that for six hours. On top of this fire the washed and dried tin, which in its raw state looks like black gunpowder, is thrown in, and like that melts down and trickles out at the bottom of this brasier through a small hole, and runs, a thick, fiery, red liquid, into a small round receiver in the floor, from where another coolie now and then takes it out with a large, round spoon, and pours it into the forms pressed in sand. One can understand what a terrific lot of gas gets wasted out of the tops of these baskets, and is continually burning in a bluish flame. They have almost

twenty of these brasiers in the place, and the gas out of five would be enough to work the whole blessed thing by electricity, washing machines and melting ovens. A very nice old Chinese overseer took us round, and showed us everything, and finally unlocked the treasury, where the washed tin was kept for drying in wicker baskets. The weight of it was astonishing. Then we went on to the mine, where, as it was getting late, the work had been stopped by then. It was an open mine, looking like an enormous brick pit, and the earth in different coloured layers of ochres and a purplish black, looked very pretty. At some places they had already come on to the solid rock.

The drive back was lovely, as large clouds piled themselves up in high masses behind the distant hills, and made the large marble rocks in front stand out still more in relief.

Next morning, 24th February, I had a long sleep, and after tiffin we started at twelve for Taiping by train, where we arrived at 3 P.M. The country is much more hilly and still prettier, with the same luxuriant vegetation. At Taiping I undertook the instruction of the rikshahs again (the "brolly" being empty of its mangostines, and in quite a normal state and respectable looking), and we were driven to the rest-house, where we were lucky enough to get just three rooms, so that was all right. While we were having tea on the verandah, where several gentlemen lounged about (decidedly people from here), we discussed the question whether it would not be quite a good plan to ask one of them *what* there is to be seen of especial note in Taiping, and as Healy asked, "But who is going to do it?" I promptly answered, "You!—considering you're the only Englishman, and all these people are English."

So after a long debate and struggle, and much insisting, and I having picked out the man that looked most useful and amiable, he was despatched. We watched him in his progress and his capabilities as ambassador. All of a sudden we saw them both rise and take their hats and walk out of the verandah, and after half an hour they returned, and H. introduced the gentleman to us, and told us everything was ready for us. The gentleman then told us that he was a miner himself, but regretted that his own mine was too many miles out for us to go there, but that he would only be too pleased to show us one of a Chinese which he knew of, and which was close by; and we, hoping to get the whole process really explained, instead of having to guess it as we had to do yesterday, for the Chinese overseer did not speak one word of English, agreed not to tell him we had already seen a mine, and so followed him in rikshahs through the town.

In the mine he showed us, they don't work, as the tin had gone down so much of late in price, and they had dismissed their coolies; and the poor man was in the greatest distress at not being able to show us one, and apologised all the time, and we felt very shabby at not relieving him by saying that we had seen one yesterday. We dared not look at each other.

Then he took us to the race-course, which is very prettily situated, and had a lovely view from the stand on to the hills. On our way to the race-course we drove through a sort of public garden or grounds, very nicely laid out, and kept with all sorts of large water tanks in which lotus flowers were in full bloom. It is an old, worked-out tin mine, and they let the water

from a little stream into it. It was a very good idea, and a great embellishment to the place.

Then he drove us to the Club, and gave us lemon squashes, and we were pleased to have an opportunity of looking at some papers. In front of the Club (a very pretty building) is the polo ground, and on one side the Sikh's barracks; and as the band was playing we all went out to listen, and the whole of Taiping society congregated here: even the Governor drove up, in quite a smart phaeton with a nice pair of walers.

At eight the gentleman was our guest, and after that he took us to see the opium dens; but he wanted to do it too well, and it was rather a failure, because he took a detective and a police officer with him, and of course, as soon as they saw us come with this staff, they cleared out of the back doors, and we hardly saw any smokers, except a few who were gone too far for flight. They were regular skeletons, and looked awful, and the police sergeant told us he knew one of them was not more than twenty-two. He looked like an old and wretched man. The places themselves were quite nice and clean.

Then we walked past the fruit market, which was being piled up for to-morrow morning's market, and we tried some of the fruit, and then we were taken to a Chinese theatre. Of course, it was the same shrieking and howling and awful screeching as always, but the costumes were quite pretty; and as we had seen the same play acted at Hong-Kong with Misses E. and C., we could follow it better, though without understanding the words, of course. What amuses me always in these Chinese theatres is the part of the acting one is not

supposed to see, and which goes on all the same on the stage: such as eating, putting children to sleep, playing cards, by the other members of the company who for the time being are not acting. It is exactly what the European theatres must have been three hundred or four hundred years ago, and the Duchess of Orleans writes in her "Memoires" that she had been greatly annoyed at not being able to see one of Molière's new plays, on account of the stage on both sides being so crowded by the other members of the company and their dressers, and even people from the street, that she had hardly been able to see anything of what was going on from her Royal Box. Scenery, of course, there was none, only some more or less dirty drapery at the back of the stage, where the infernal band sits, and where in long letters, written in Chinese characters on red paper stripes, the names of the actors are written. Then a notice stuck up on a stick is put up, saying, for instance, "This is a temple," or "A garden scene," etc., and two chairs are moved about and several tables according to what it is meant to represent. A bridge is formed by a board being put across two chairs, and the actors walk over. Of course all the women parts are acted by specially trained men, who talk in a falsetto voice, and are so got up and taught to move that one would hardly believe they were men and not women. This was so according to Casanova in Europe, and especially in some of the Italian States three hundred years ago, exactly as in China, where it is considered most improper for men and women to act together.

February 25th.—Our amiable Mr Manington came to fetch us at the rest-house at 8 A.M., and we drove to the

Museum. This was really very interesting, and in fact every place ought to have one like that. Every plant and fruit and seed and flower is there, either dried or very well imitated in wax. All the different products of stones, metals, all the animals, birds, reptiles, stuffed and their skeletons, and nests and everything the people make in stuffs, tools, boats; in one word, everything that is done or grows or lives in the Straits Settlements is to be seen here. We were all so fascinated, and the things are so well preserved or stuffed, that we spent quite two hours in it. It is very large, and one could spend days in it, but our time was far too short.

Then Mr Manington took us out to a rubber plantation belonging to a friend of his, a Mr Sperling. He had a lovely big bungalow, and so nicely furnished and fitted up, and we were first shown how the rubber is made, which indeed is very simple. The juice from the trees is brought in from the plantations in flat tins, a white milk, and it stands for half a day, when it separates, the watery part on top quite transparent like water, the rubber forming a stiff, milk-white mass at the bottom of the tin. This is taken out with the hand and simply pressed out on a mangle, exactly the same as we use for our linen, and then hung up for drying. When it is dried it is ready for sale. After it is thoroughly dry, which takes several weeks, it has the grey colour we know rubber to have. These rolled-out squares are hung in a specially built wooden house over sticks to dry, and in there it smells most awful.

Then Mr Sperling took us into the plantations. The trees are planted in rows, and at a distance of about 5 metres. They are nice-looking trees in foliage, reminding

one of our walnut tree, and after five years are ready to "tap" as they call it—that is, to be cut. This is done by lazy Malays, and we saw it done. Each boy has one or two lines of trees to cut every day, and they have a specially made knife for it, not unlike the knife the blacksmith uses for cutting a horse's hoof. A thin, narrow bit of bark is cut off with this knife at the place above where it has been cut the day before, and these thin cuts end in one cut that runs down the stem of the tree in a straight line, and at the bottom of which stands a small tin receiver into which the milk-white juice trickles. The tree is not at all injured by this cutting process in its growth, but goes on growing and developing itself as if nothing had happened to it. The cut places heal very quickly, so that after five years (the time the bark has been cut off from the top where they begin to the bottom) it is already quite overgrown again, and they can start afresh where they had started five years ago. It certainly is the simplest and the most lucrative way of making money one can wish for, because you only want some capital to start the plantation, and to be able to wait for five or six years, and then it is all right. The demand for rubber is enormous, and is constantly increasing, owing to all the bicycles and motors, etc., etc., so that one is sure to make one's money. It was a strange feeling to think that on the juice of those trees we saw being "tapped," perhaps in one or two years one might spin along in one's motor.

The whole plantation, especially the older trees, formed a lovely dense wood, under the shade of which it was pleasant to walk. But as soon as one got out of this shade the heat was almost stunning, so that some refresh-

ments in the form of lemon squashes were most welcome in the pretty bungalow, and after that we trotted away just in time to lunch and to go to the station, where our train left at 2 P.M. for Penang.

We arrived there, after crossing on a steam ferry-boat, at 6 P.M., to find the hotel packed full; and in spite of our telegram only one double-bedded room for the F.'s was to be had, as an opera company had arrived, thirty people in all, and lots of people had come in from the different plantations to hear them. They were going to play the *Merry Widow*. The *German Lloyd* had just arrived, so Healy and I were glad enough to get one bathroom as a dressing-room between us, and for the night we were put up in one of the drawing-rooms, and we slept very well and comfortably. After all, it was only for one night.

Wednesday, 26th February.—We “rikshahed” in the morning to the really lovely Botanical Garden. It is very well situated in this lovely, thickly-wooded valley, with the little stream in the centre of it, and all the cannas have been planted alongside of it, a perfect blaze of colour, making a lovely effect.

As a Botanical Garden, of course, the one in Singapore is far finer and better and more interesting, but this one is much prettier as a park. We walked up to the famous waterfalls and the little Hindoo temple, in front of which the old bronze duck sits.

To the great delight of the trio, we again saw crowds of monkeys in all the trees; and after a very pretty drive back through all those lovely streets lined with big gardens, in which the enormous croton bushes were one blaze of colour, and magnificent palms spread

their lovely leaves, and the pretty bungalows were overgrown with bougainvillia, and all sorts of lovely coloured creepers, we came back to the hotel, and at twelve had to go to our steamer, which certainly was not the *Prince Heinrich*. The cabins were all right, and quite large and nice, but the food was really awful. Here we found the servants, and Cocky, who was quite mad with pleasure, the silly animal. The F.'s, of course, were with us, so we had their pleasant company a little longer. The boat was very empty, that is to say the first class and the second, but the steerage was packed full of natives, and there was a charming little thoroughbred mare.

We expected to land at Rangoon on the 29th.

X

BURMAH

Rangoon, 29th February.—We arrived at Rangoon the night of the 28th, but as one has to wait for the tide to be able to land, we had to stop the whole night outside at the entrance of the river, and could admire the lights of the lighthouses.

Next morning I got up at 7 A.M., so as not to miss anything of the entrance. I don't say I was dressed, I simply had on my gallabia and went on deck. What I saw was enough to make me realise that Burmah was going to be a disillusion. And I had looked forward to it so much! The river was one filthy mass of heavy mud, on top of which a thick mass of the refuse of the many paddy mills floated, a solid, brownish, yellowish skin. It is all simply chucked into the river, but as this blessed Irrawady is still, much higher up than Rangoon, a tidal river, and a very slow-flowing one, the stuff is constantly returned, and accumulates in enormous masses. We slowly moved on in this thick dirt, and after half an hour had to stop again and wait for more tide to come, and so it went on for three hours.

What one saw of the town was surely not attractive, nor picturesque looking, but then it might be only the suburbs or so, and my hopes were still in the ascendant. I went in, in the meantime, to dress, as the officers had

told me that for two or three hours nothing more would be seen.

At the next stop my valet came with a long paper. I had to sign a long list, saying that I had no pianolas, carpets, furniture, fire-arms, household goods, etc., etc., and Heaven knows what all, in my luggage. How do I know what they call "household goods" in Burmah? So I simply signed, declaring that my boxes contained only my personal linen, clothes, books, and painting material. After five minutes a man returned, and as I was just in the process of dressing I asked him to come into my cabin, as apparently he was not getting on with my valet. He was, of course, a Custom House official. He began at once, sitting down on my bed, which I thought awful cheek: "You don't mean to say that in *all* that luggage you have, according to your servant" (this with a contemptible sneer at my valet), "there are *only* clothes and linen?"

"Of course I do, as I put on the paper," I went on, putting on my boots.

He.—"But surely in *thirty-eight boxes* there can't be *only* clothes and linen? Your servant" (again the contemptible sneer) "tells me you have thirty-eight boxes."

I.—"Certainly, if you count *all* my luggage together, including the deck chairs and the table, the tea-basket, the parrot's cage, my dressing-bags, etc., etc., you'll easily arrive at that number, considering I am travelling for a year and a half round the world, and we are two, besides the servants."—Of course, Healy's luggage is included in this too.—As he was by this time actually dangling his legs, still sitting on my bed, I got angry, and added: "I quite expect that most of the people you have

to deal with here in your dirty Burmah, travel about in one flannel shirt. Not I! You ought to look with whom you speak; and if you don't believe what I say, have every single box and bag opened, if it pleases you. Certainly, Burmah is not a country for gentlemen to travel in. Good-morning!" I had arrived at my tie by this time, and bowed with my hand towards the door. He understood and bolted, and after another ten minutes, tapped meekly at the door and said: "I beg your pardon—it's all right about your luggage. Will you sign this paper in full with your name, and I will pass it through all the Customs." And so it was all right.

The F.'s had no end of trouble with their's, and the little Yankee officers as well.

After that we had to wait for the Quarantine officer. In this filthy place they ought, as I told them when they came, pointing to the horrid state of the disgusting river, to be glad to get some new microbes in, as surely any other place must be healthier, and is surely cleaner and better looked after than this. All the officials eyed me with awe, and avoided me like the white pestilence, and I was the only one that did not get bothered by them. Then, after all that was past, we had to wait for *two hours* more, with a scorching sun and thousands of flies on board the boat, Heaven knows why! And, though we were about 20 yards off the landing-place, we were not allowed to go on shore. It was midday when finally a tender came (dirty, of course) and deposited us on the pier, where we crawled into some gharries (those odious, shut, four-wheeled carriages, regular torture instruments for tall

people, with dusty wooden shutters, because in this idiotic country they haven't even got rikshahs), and drove to the hotel, where, in spite of a wire from Penang, we could only get two double-bedded rooms, and only till the day after to-morrow. And what an hotel! It is supposed to be the best, and is quite large, but dirty and dusty, and the baths and sanitary arrangements—pooh! In any really civilised country the police wouldn't allow such abominations, and I'm only astonished they don't all die of typhoid fever. But as there was nothing else to be done, and my heart was lightened by all the delicious insults I had thrown at the officials' heads, my good-humour had returned, my feathers were smoothed again, and I cheered up the trio, who really sat about as if they were going to be executed.

Healy and I drove at once to Steel's office, I armed with Aunt Janet's letters, and we found Mr Gibbs, the Director or Boss, at all events a most charming, amiable man, who handed me over heaps of letters and parcels, and was only too anxious to make everything comfortable for me. He said, too, the Custom House officials were odious and so annoying, and some time ago the passengers of one boat were kept *till the evening at eight*, lying in the river, although they had arrived at the same time as we did, and that everybody complained without the slightest effect. He added, "This is Burmah, Count. You'll be able to judge of its charms, as you intend stopping here a fortnight." He asked me to come and stay with him, as he said the hotel was shocking, and he was sure that I would be more than uncomfortable there, but as the F.'s were only stopping till the day after to-morrow, and Healy was to go home

from here, I didn't want to leave them alone, because he especially has been such a chum all this time. It would have been shabby of me to leave him at the last moment, and enjoy a good time, while he was in discomfort. So, having thanked Mr G. for his kind offer, and having explained to him my reasons for not accepting his kind invitation, we settled that he would send me his carriage that afternoon, and I would be taken for a drive and then come to his house, where we would settle everything about going to Upper Burmah and down the river. "Because," Mr G. added, "I expect you'll want to see Upper Burmah? If you don't see it, you will of course be disappointed, but after you *have* seen it, you will be *still more disappointed*. That's my eighteen years' experience." And with this encouraging prognostication we parted, as he was very busy, it being mail day, and I was frightfully hungry.

The heat was great, the dust worse, but worst of all was the food in the hotel. I lived on claret-cup, so if I get the D.T's, it is the fault of Burmah.

As it was far too hot to go out after lunch, we read our delightful post-bag, and at five, when the carriage was announced, went for a drive.

The coachman had made a mistake, and had come with the brougham, which was rather a pity, as one could see less; but anyhow it was a treat to be able to sit upright and not to be jostled and bumped about, as you are in those awful gharries.

Well, upon my word! I've never seen a dirtier, dustier, untidier, uglier place than this blessed Rangoon. Everywhere there are pulled-down or half-finished and abandoned houses, a railway right in the middle of the

street, huge untidy stores fenced in with barbed wire or wooden planks, and everything as if it had been only started last week, yet abandoned, unfinished, untidy, unsettled. The whole place reminds one of the new "township" they started in the Bush in New Zealand, only there there was vital, strong young life pulsing, from the strong shire horses to the tanned, muscular men, and all round it the magnificent bush. But here! Dust, dust, dust—misery, dirt, flies, slovenliness, untidiness, laziness, haphazardness, irresolution! It is awful! The people themselves you meet in the streets or see "pretending" to work, because, honestly, one can't call it working, so slack are they—are the scum of India, wretched, awful-looking, thin, dirty Indians. And the natives! They are an ugly caricature of the Japs in grotesque clothes, if one can call their garments clothes. They are very small, and have a yellow, pale complexion and ugly, flat, pug-like faces. The men wear round their hips an enormous vividly-coloured silk sarris (a hideous, aniline, pinkish red is decidedly favoured), which is tied in front in an enormous bulge. Over the body they wear mostly a white linen jacket, and round the head they all have tied a brilliant-coloured silk handkerchief right over their forehead as if they had a headache, and one end sticks out upright on the top. It is by no means a turban, please don't think that, it is only a short silk handkerchief, and just as idiotic as the Burmese appear to me altogether, because it leaves the *top of the head and the back* of the neck free, so that the sun can get at it. They look like drunkards, all of them, as if they had been "boozing," and had tried in their drunkenness to tie their headgear straight, but of course had been

incapable of doing so, and so it is all anyhow, and lopsided, with that absurd end sticking infallibly out at the top, or sometimes hanging meekly half over, wobbling as they move. Their affected, vain, effeminate expressions, their dandified walk, rolling the hips and walking with affected small steps like frightened, bashful maidens, make them the most grotesque, ridiculous lot of people I've ever seen. By the way, Healy and the F.'s thought the same. The women are the type of the plain Japanese peasant or servant-girl. One would not dream of looking at them in Japan. Here they are considered to be good-looking and attractive. "Dans le pays des aveugles, le borgne est Roi," says an old French proverb, and that is my opinion of the Burmese. Poor Healy! He had looked forward so much to these beauties, having "le cœur très inflammable," and, being a great admirer of "le beau sexe," he was awfully disappointed. I honestly think that if it had not been for all the rot people had told him about the Burmese beauties, he wouldn't have come here, but would have gone to Japan, where certainly his "oats would have flowered," as we say in Germany.

The women have a similar bright-coloured silk sarris round their well-developed hips and other prominent forms accentuated through the tightness with which they (the only contrast to the men's cloth) have this sarris tied round their hips. It is absolutely *collant*, and almost so tightly pulled that it cracks as they waddle along with enormous, coquettish, kittenish airs, as if they were the greatest beauties and marvels of build under the sun. The bodice is formed by the same short, loose, white linen jacket as the men wear, and as the latter are mostly

beardless, what the French say *imberbe*, growing only if they can, thin, mangy goats' beards, one at first really doesn't know whether it is a man or a woman until one has the difference in the sarris pointed out. Ugly they are, and grotesque, just like monkeys in a circus, or those Japanese caricatures representing a ridiculous old drunkard.

After driving through quantities of streets in which were all sorts of unattractive shops, all looking half European, and very untidy and tasteless, we came a little bit more out of the town, and finally entered what is called "the lakes."

It is a large and really lovely public park, with large water basins and pretty undulating grounds and beautiful trees, and here it is green and watered, and really very pretty. It reminds one of a fine European park; there is nothing exotic about it.

I told the coachman to walk the horses so as to be able to enjoy it more, and just then the sun was setting, an enormous crimson red ball, in a fiery-red blaze of heated atmosphere, formed no doubt by the thick dust through which it was still shining, sinking lower and lower, making a lovely effect, and tinting the lakes all a brilliant rose-pink with the reflection. I pointed it out to Healy, who said, "Yes! that's all right for you as an artist. I only see in it that it is going to be beastly hot to-morrow, and altogether I think this is a detestable country." I could only fully agree with him on *this* point.

In a square a band was playing, and as all the other carriages were stopping there, our coachman pulled up; it was decidedly the right thing to do. The sais got down and stood in front of the horses, and we stopped

there some time, listening to the pretty band, while the pink glory slowly faded out of the sky and slid away from the top of the waters.

Then I gave the order to go on, and we drove to Mr G.'s place, to be there at the appointed time. As we pulled up in front of the large, pretty bungalow, lying in a large garden, whose lawns and wretched flowers showed that an attempt had been made to keep them fresh with abundant watering, but with, I must say, not very great effect, as of course they were smothered with dust too, a large party sat round near the tennis-court, and Mr G. introduced me to two ladies and a lot of men. I was so glad I was still full of the pretty sight of the lakes and the lovely sunset, and spun it out volubly, avoiding the unsatisfactory topic of Rangoon, but even the ladies, and in fact *all* the men, had no sympathy with my admiration, and only said they hated these sunsets, as it always meant an awful heat. "Wait till you've seen a little bit of this blessed country, Count, and you won't care any more for these sunsets." That's what they all say. But who likes Burmah, I wonder? Everybody I've met till now complains about it, and says, "Wait till you see. One gets awfully tired of it. Wait till you see." I needn't wait, I'm already tired of it. I can't tell them that, as *ils se mettent en quatres* to arrange things for me, and so it would be too rude. But then Australia I loathed at first too, and finally simply loved it, and was very sorry to leave it. I wish to God I had stopped out there still longer and chucked Burmah.

As it is, and as this diary will prove, I've seen too much of the world, and had the bad luck, perhaps, to see the *finest* things first, so I am apt to be disappointed.

Everything was beautifully settled and arranged for us, and a few days later we were to start for Upper Burmah, and having arranged with Mr Pettley, the Sub-manager of Steel's, as G. was very busy (his wife and children were in England), to meet to-morrow morning at the big pagoda, we drove home. At dinner the F.'s were in raptures about the pagoda, which they said, with the glorious pinkish red sunset, looked too lovely for words.

So next morning at eight, when Mr G.'s carriage came, I took Mrs F., and the two others followed in a gharrie. At the entrance Mr and Mrs Pettley met us. She was one of the ladies who was there yesterday afternoon, and very nice she is. We ascended the covered steps under a sort of half-open colonnade, where both sides are lined with flying stores, selling all sorts of offerings—candles and exvoti, and principally flowers, it is true, masses of china roses and marigolds, jasmine and tuberoses, cigarettes and huge, sausage-like cigars too, which the Burmese women smoke so much, and which make them still uglier than they are. But besides all these godly wares (except the cigars), they sell all sorts of household utensils, even nails and pinchers and hammers, and all sorts of pictures of Buddhas and advertisements of Cadbury's Cocoa and Mellin's Food, in vivid European oil-prints, nicely shiny and crudely coloured. I expect that's what the Temple was like when our Saviour cleared it. Anyhow, here it was a regular bazaar. The stalls were all held by the women (Burmese, of course), because the males of this attractive nation do absolutely *nothing*, but occasionally steal. The Burmese are known, so all the settlers out here tell me, to be the greatest thieves and the greatest cowards possible, but quite ready to

stick a knife into you should they have a safe occasion of doing it.

Well, as I say, all those stalls are held by monkeyish females, who, with the pretentious airs and graces of a tickled kitten, mincing and ogling and dandying themselves about, are known to be marvellous business women, and always try to cheat you if they possibly can. I only repeat what residents have told me who have lived in this country for years. The noise in that long, covered staircase was—well—as great as it would be if hundreds of shrieking females were bargaining and haggling with each other trying to beat themselves down or get the best the one of the other.

The walls, as far as they were not hidden by the stalls, were painted as well as the pretty partly carved ceiling, but the paintings, mostly representing the life and miracles of the Buddha, were all clumsily crude in colour, and without any artistic sense. To tell the truth, one has only to look at the people themselves, and how they are dressed, to see that they cannot possibly have any artistic sense. I'll call them the Bandannan People out of Kipling's *Jungle Book*. Surely they are direct descendants of the monkeys, if they are not half monkeys still.

Through this jabbering, bargaining crowd, I got gradually up the many flights of steps, quite slippery with the wax from the many lit candles, round all the temples or pagodas and images. When the top was finally reached, the effect of the huge pagoda, as I came straight upon it, emerging out of this low passage, was indeed startling, and as it glittered in the full sunshine, it made, gilt as it is from top to bottom, a simply dazzling effect.—At the bottom it was surrounded entirely by hundreds

and hundreds of smaller pagodas, each one with its clumsily-carved stone or plaster Buddha; and opposite the small pagodas was a second row of them, so that we walked between two rows of smaller gilt irregular pagodas, one propped against the other, and therefore we couldn't get far enough away from the large centre one to enable us to have a really good look at it. These smaller pagodas were all covered with an elaborate work of coloured bits of looking-glass and glass set in a raised sort of plaster, which was gilt, and the patterns and designs were really very pretty, and the colours well blended; and with the blazing sun on them they all looked lovely and sparkling and gorgeous and brilliantly rich and magnificent, and in the first moment made an almost overwhelming impression. But alas! as soon as you get accustomed to the glare and begin to look more closely, you see that all is tawdry and sham, that what ought to be marble is only plaster or stained plaster and mortar, that the gems and jewels are simply glass, the gold tinsel.—But all the same, from a certain distance and under the blazing sun, and with the vivid-coloured crowd of the Bandannan people who, I will admit, seen as a mass of colour here, make a good foreground to all the gold and flashing, brilliant lights and colours, it is a very fine sight, and worth seeing; but not worth, I think, all the trouble and discomfort of coming to Burmah.

In front of the main entrance to this sort of cloister or paved yard, round the main Pagoda, is a largish temple in which a large gilt figure of Buddha sits, with many minor Buddhas round it. This figure is supposed to be miraculous, and is smeared with gold, which the people, when they want to be heard or to be granted something, or to be

healed from some sickness, smear on to the figure in layers. It is sold to them beaten into thin paper at the different stalls, and is laid on so thick that one can hardly see now the form of the figure. In front of it hundreds of people, mostly women, kneel and pray, all having flowers in their hands, and pungees (they are the yellow-robed Buddhist monks and nuns with their clean-shaven heads) walk round and take the flowers of those who in their opinion have prayed long enough or fervently enough; they then put the flowers either in big bronze vases or pile them all round the figure in heaps, and the candles are all stuck in enormous special iron-work chandeliers, standing in front of the Buddha, or glued down with their own wax to the floor. The whole sanctuary, though open on all sides, except the one on which it is built against the big pagoda and where the Buddha sits half in the pagoda, was simply ablaze with thousands and thousands of large and small candles, and the heat and the strong scent of all those fading flowers were overwhelming. The floor was quite polished with the dripping wax from so many hundreds of candles, and one had to walk very carefully not to slip, all the same one carried lots of it away on one's boots. That is why the steps we came up were so slippery, because every worshipper, and there are thousands every day, carries away some of it with him on to the staircases.

In some of the other and bigger pagoda halls the wood-carving is very fine, and undoubtedly done by Chinamen, as it resembles very much the Canton carvings, and indeed the chief workmen here seem to be Chinese, and lots of Chinese marry Burmese women and settle down here. What I was shown as the real Burmese carving is rough, elaborate, but not refined, not well

finished or artistic. But perhaps what I saw was only second-class work.

The large and small figures of the Buddha in brass, mortar, stone, plaster or white marble are all, with the exception of two, of the roughest, the clumsiest sort of sculpture or modelling I've ever seen, childishly barbaric, and all had hideous, grinning expressions on their faces. They interested me of course, particularly as I think the sculpture of a nation is more typical of its artistic development and mental state of culture than anything else. Some of the recently built pagodas are simply ugly, covered with corrugated iron, instead of the pretty tiles or wood-work, and inside they are paved and lined with European bathroom tiles, and one even has a round clock like a railway station on top of it. So here too, and in this way, modernism and Europeanism makes its ugly progress.—Some of these smaller pagodas are built round groups of slender palms or huge trees, and their greenness of foliage makes a lovely contrast to the rich gilding of everything which stands out splendidly against such a background.

Round the top of all the pagodas was a sort of open-worked iron umbrella, gilt of course, and from all the points of this shade many little bells were hanging which were supposed to ring continually in the wind. It was too hot when I was there for any wind to blow. The top of the big pagoda, too, was supposed to be studded with real precious stones worth a fabulous sum which Rajahs and other pious people had presented to the temple.

The heat soon became so awful that it was impossible to remain; we ought to have come much earlier, and so we departed. On one of the steps of the big pagoda a

life-sized tiger, hideously modelled in plaster and painted a vivid ochre and black, with a scarlet-red tongue, had been placed as a memorial; for a real tiger a couple of years ago found its way there, Heaven knows how. She (for it was a tigress) was discovered one early morning by some worshippers, crouching terrified on a step of the pagoda, and as everybody was terrified to death, just as much, most likely, as the poor tigress was herself, some English Tommies were requested to shoot her there on the steps, and in memory of the miracle that grotesque statue has been put up. The frightfully superstitious Burmese of course all believed it to be a nat (spirit) that had come to predict some awful calamity, and for years expected this calamity to happen in the form of cholera, plague or earthquakes.

Later in the afternoon, when it had got a little bit cooler, Healy and I returned to the pagoda, hoping for a fine sunset. But no such luck! The sun set in a dull, grey haze, and everything so brilliant, rich, sparkling and glittering in the morning looked hideous and dismal and tawdry, like theatre decorations effective behind the foot-lights but disappointing in the broad daylight. So we returned very disconsolate to the hotel.

The hedges round the gardens were so thickly covered with dust that they were grey, and all the plants looked as if they were made of grey cardboard. I could see that it was latish in the season for Burmah, but in spite of that there might be something remaining of beauty, if there was any real beauty at all at any time. But there were no finely formed trees, no buildings, nothing. It is an odious country. All our hope is set on Upper Burmah.

March 2nd.—Mr Pettley came in the morning at eight to fetch us to show us his timberworks. They are situated not far from the hotel, near the river. In enormous yards lots of Indian coolies were looking after the somewhat primitive machinery, and as the other three had never seen a big sawmill and timberworks we went through, and I feigned the greatest interest to please kind Mr P., who took so much trouble, but all the time I was longing to tell them, "But, dear people, works like that, only much finer and larger, with much finer machinery, I have seen at my father's places in Upper Silesia fifteen years ago. This is nothing new to me." But politeness made me admire. The enormous stems of teakwood (we haven't got *that* in Upper Silesia) are mostly floated down in rafts and landed on the shore where the factory lies. Here they are dragged out of the dirty river, full of its disgusting paddy refuse, and cut to pieces. The best and most valuable pieces are used for shipbuilding; the next quality for building houses in the Colonies where they have the pleasure of homing the white ant, that pleasant insect that eats all your rafters and beams and everything made out of wood, hollow right under you, and without you even noticing it, till your whole house collapses; but they dislike teakwood. The next bits are cut into railway sleepers, and still the next into clogs for holding the rails on to the sleepers; then thin boards for ceilings of houses; then bits for thatching the houses; then small lots for making boxes, etc., etc. Every bit is used, nothing wasted. They fire the machine that works the whole thing with the saw-dust.

They had in our honour brought the old veteran elephants to the place again to show us how they used to work. It was interesting, but it must have been very

slow work. The trio enjoyed the elephants, having never seen them work.

After lunch the F.'s boat left. H. and I saw them off. It seemed a better boat than the one we came over in. We went all over it with them. The two young Americans left by the same boat.

The Quarantine business was very strict again. Europeans only have their pulse felt, but the natives had to march in file, mostly naked as far as English propriety will allow even a native to undress in public, and they had to carry their wretched belongings on their heads, holding them there with both hands, as the plague shows itself first under the arms, besides—well, besides! —*Basta!* It was quite sad taking leave of the F.'s; they really were an uncommonly nice couple, and they must come and see me at Halbau.

At 7 P.M. our train started for Mandalay, and Joseph, an Indian guide, who talked Burmese, and therefore was taken as valet-guide, had reserved us a compartment. It soon got dark, and everywhere the fires flashed up, with which they burn their stubbles down as a sort of manuring of the fields. It looked very pretty.

As I as well as Lazarus, the fool, who as an Indian ought to have known better, had entirely forgotten to get bedding, and as they have the Indian system of railway carriages here, where you have to carry your own bedding with you wherever you travel, the night was not very comfortable. However, with coats and holdalls we managed to arrange ourselves as well as we could; and the night was so cold that I was only too pleased to be able to wrap myself up in my Franciscan fur cape, which my dear friends in Fiesole with much

forethought had made for me. I rolled myself into it like a cheroot: that's what they call in the Colonies a cigar. It was at Taiping where I first heard that expression, having heard a gentleman on the rest-house terrace tell the boy to give him a "cheroot." I don't know why, but it sounded so nice and cool. I imagined some excellent cool beverage made out of lovely iced fruit juice like a "sherbet" or something similar, and I waited anxiously till it came, when if I liked its looks I intended promptly to order one too. Who can describe my thirsty disappointment when a horrid box of cigars appeared?

The next morning the country was a little bit prettier, it was not quite so bare and caked and dry as round Rangoon, and there were even some trees quite covered with a lovely scarlet flower. It looked as if the tree was on fire. But alas! this didn't last long, and the universal desolation began again.

Now tell me whatever you like, you enthusiasts of Burmah, I admit that I am late for it, but the trees can't have vanished with the coming heat. *There are no trees.* I would not mind if they were bare like ours in winter, for at least they are there. But here there is nothing. The low hills are absolutely bare, not one tree on them, and only a few shabby shrubs, so tell me whatever you like, but such a country can't be really pretty at any time of the year—it is an impossibility. Pagodas there are in plenty, more in fact than one wants, because their form is not really pretty and becomes quite monotonous *a la longue*. All the promontories and *hillets* (one cannot call them hills) are plastered with them, and as all these promontories are bare of trees, these crudely

whitewashed sugar-loaves bring the distant ones distinctly nearer, and there is not even the beauty of a bluish distance. Everything stands before you in a hopeless bare matter-of-factness. The very old ones and those half tumbled to pieces are pretty enough, for time, that marvellous artist, has toned their staring whitewash and has mellowed it to pretty grey, brown and greenish tints, and the vegetation growing on them in the form of shrubs or grass makes them look really pretty, but even then the umbrella tops glittering with gold and so bebelled and gay, hang tilted over eaten by rust, giving them a half-drunken look like the silken head-gear of the Bandannan people who once worshipped in them.

At 1 P.M. we arrived at Mandalay, and were received by two charming young men of Steel's office, a Mr L., nephew of Sir L., and a Mr Liddel, both uncommonly nice, and very good-looking in different ways; L. like a Spaniard, very handsome and black, with an olive complexion and deep-set, large, kind dark eyes; Liddel a tall, strong, fair Scotchman, with curly red lips and blue eyes.

They had a beautiful landau there with two big Australian cobs and two sais standing behind, which some native prince had put at their disposition for my visit, and so, saluted by all the policemen, we drove off in state. The heat was intense, and only overshadowed by the monstrous dust. Mandalay, I'm told, is famous for its dust: a sad fame. During the rainy season, though, the two young men tell me, it is worse, because one wades in mud up to one's ankles.

"But," I asked, "when is it nice?"

"Never," they both said. I couldn't help laughing. Layard, who seems very artistic and is over thirty, told me he was never so disappointed in his life as when he came to Burmah. He had been stationed in India for almost all his life, and said he thought Burmah couldn't hold a candle to India. "You'll see for yourself," he added, "whether I'm right or not. You can't be but disappointed."

We drove to the Fort Dufferin, in which the King's Palace and the Club stood, where we were going to live. The fort was rather impressive. It is, inside, just one square mile and rectangular, having a high, crenelated, absolutely straight, red brick wall round it, which time has prettily toned down. At the four corners are high, pretty pavilions of what in China one would call the pagoda style, not like the Burmese pagodas. These pavilions have pretty, slightly curved and pointed, very far-projecting roofs, much more like a Chinese or Japanese building. The machicolated top of the wall, which is 26 feet high, is very pretty. On each of the four sides stand at equal distances thirteen peculiar watch-towers, built of teakwood and ornamented with gold. Outside the walls is a large moat full of water, 100 yards wide, and in it the sacred lotus flower grows; but they have been mowed down, as on the occasion of the Viceroy's recent visit they had a regatta on the moat and had to clear it, as the lotuses grew too thick. I, personally, think that a vandalism.—This moat is crossed by five wooden bridges, one in the middle of each side. Twelve gates are in the fort wall, three on each side, and in front of each gate stands the wooden image of a guardian nat and a massive teak post bearing the name of the

gate. Exactly in the centre of this fort stands the King's Palace. I should call it a shanty! It really is nothing else, and most disappointing.

It is a group of low, wooden buildings, apeing (of course apeing as Bandanna people built it) the fort at Agra, but everything that is magnificent, large, lordly, palatial and of exquisite material and marvellous workmanship there, is here of wood and plaster and simply gilt, and the ceilings, with the exception of the two inner sleeping rooms where the four columns are of solid teak 22 feet high, are low, and the rooms, even the divan, comparatively small. Of course it has its throne, which is reached from behind exactly as the great Akbar had at Agra; and from here the Bandanna king used to show himself to his Bandanna subjects, apeing the great and artistic Akbar. This divan and some other rooms are gilt, and have lots of bits of looking-glass roughly pasted in a sort of gilt plaster on the walls and doors.

The Club used to be in this palace, but Lord Curzon thought it a sacrilege, and had the Club removed and a new one built near by at great expense. I should think it would have been a good way of preserving the ramshackle building, to inhabit it; now it looks as if it were rapidly decaying, and smells of bats. The whole thing would be rather touching in its shabbiness and tawdry imitation of Agra Fort, if it were not so utterly ridiculous and childish; there is absolutely nothing to be seen in it, and it hasn't one redeeming point. The stables where the famous white elephant was kept are near the divan. Round the palace is the Queen's garden, now of course utterly unkempt, but even in its best days it couldn't have been an attractive garden in our sense of the word. Some

smallish, stone-lined water basins, and some walks and wild, scraggy shrubbery, are all that remain of what is so poetically termed "the Queen's garden."

In this Queen's garden the little wooden summer-house is situated in which the Ape King surrendered himself to the English troops who had marched, much to their own surprise, actually into Mandalay and the fort *without firing a single shot*. The Ape King was playing hide-and-seek in the Queen's garden with his Ape Queen and all the Ape courtiers. Now, if that is not like the Bandanna people in the Jungle Book, I don't know. They are apes simply, nothing else—*ugly* apes. He, as everybody I expect knows, is living near Bombay in exile, and very likely still playing hide-and-seek.

Before going to the fort we had driven to the Club, which is very nice and comfortable, and afterwards we drove to the 450 Pagoda, named after the four hundred and fifty large marble slabs on which, in very pretty Burmese characters finely sculptured, all the Commandments of Buddha are inscribed. Each tablet has its special little pagoda whitewashed round a large centre one whitewashed as well, and this place is really kept clean and in good order.

Then we drove to another pagoda, where, I think, nine hundred and ninety-nine little Buddhas or disciples sat all round a large pagoda in small pagodas. Most of them are broken or have lost their heads. It is a dirty, untidy place where hideous beggars, mangy dogs and crows abide.

When it got dark, we returned. Unfortunately the two young men were already engaged that night and couldn't come and dine with us, so we dined at a small

table by ourselves; and as there was a large dinner going on in the same dining-room, and of course, as is always the fashion in India, every one had brought his own "boy" to serve him at table, it was most amusing to watch the whole thing. The Burmese boys in their best pink or apple-green silks, with enormously tied cumabunds and a red handkerchief twisted drunkenly round their foreheads, looked too ridiculously grotesque and apeish with their affected, waddling walk like guinea-fowl trotting about, against the military-looking Indians in their smart, white, starched coats and enormous, neat, white puggarees over their dark faces and their erect military movements, a curious contrast indeed to the dawdling Burmese. There was one especially oldish Burmese boy dressed in pink and green striped silk, with a red towel round his yellow forehead, who looked exactly like an old woman, and was too affected for words. He hardly knew how he pirouetted and wriggled. He looked such a fool, we could hardly keep from laughing each time he passed by.

Next morning, 4th March, Mr Liddel came at 7 A.M. to fetch us with the carriage, and we drove to the river, where Mr Layard was waiting for us with the little launch. We went up the river to his place where he was stationed at Mingun, and where he had a very pretty bungalow built under marvellous large trees. It was very cold and the river very ugly, before one came to his place, as the absolutely flat banks were *quite treeless and bushless*. Then after a good hour's steam up river, the banks commenced to be higher and got pretty as there were lots of large trees among which the pagodas and pungee chows, as they call the monasteries here, stood. Quite close to Mr Layard's bungalow was the famous great bell; I

think it is the third biggest in the world, hung, not much above the ground, on some large wooden rafters with a little temple built over it. We all crawled under and in to it. It was much higher than we were; one could not even with a stick reach the top, and at least twenty people could easily stand in it, if not more. As we were just under it, Liddel said all of a sudden, "Suppose it fell down on us now!" It was really a horrid idea, and I remembered that we were in the country of the white ants and earthquakes, and I remembered the rotten-looking beams I had noticed when I first saw it, so I promptly got out from underneath it.

Then we went into a large, whitewashed pagoda, surrounded by many small ones, which was in quite good repair, though it was an old one, because the pungees living near by—I don't know for what reason—keep it in repair. It seems that, however good and virtuous a thing it is to build a pagoda in this life, and although it makes you a man to be respected and honoured and looked up to, and assuredly in the next life brings you straight into Heaven: it is the most stupid thing a man can do, and makes him the most ridiculous laughing-stock of all his neighbours if he repairs a pagoda, that is why they are all in ruin and new ones are continually being erected. This law was certainly invented by the masons and bricklayers.

Steep staircases lead up to a high first floor, where in the centre room, shut out from the outside surrounding loggia by lovely wrought-iron gates, sits a pretty, nice-expressed figure of Buddha, the first nice-looking one I have seen in Burmah. It is a pretty building altogether, and the view is quite attractive.

We then went on to the ruin of the large unfinished pagoda. It was to have been the greatest pagoda in the world, and would have undoubtedly been a very fine building, according to the model which is finished and comparatively well preserved near the river. However, the man who built it ran short of funds, as sometimes happens to people who build, and the pagoda remained unfinished, and the foundations of it, a solid block of bricks, cover a ground of 450 square feet; its height is 155 feet, about one-third of the elevation intended. It is supposed to be the largest mass of brickwork in the world, but earthquakes have made enormous fissures in it, and it is all crumbling down now. We crawled up it, much to the damage of our boots, but the view from the top of it was really very pretty, as you can see the other pagodas from there and can have a very pretty view over a good portion of the river. I am told the large bell is the second largest in the world, not the third, and it has a diameter of 18 feet at the lip, and its height is 31 feet inside. It weighs 80 tons.

We then went to Mr L.'s bungalow, where we had a very welcome drink, for it had got very hot already, and as we were happily sitting on the verandah, an old pungee came to visit Mr L. His chan was quite near by, and he often came to visit him, which reminded me rather of my Fiesole friends. He was an amiable, clean-shaven man, all draped in mustard yellow. He sat down, and was offered some refreshment. He wouldn't take any butter, but intimated to them something else (I must say their Burmese was not very good, for they didn't seem to understand what he said), so as nothing pleased him that he was offered, and as he

continually made a movement of putting something on the toast he had taken, I said I was sure he wanted jam. Yes! that was what he wanted. He put plenty on his toast. He would not take anything from the servant, Mr L. had to take it out of the man's hands and present it to him in an offering form. Then he took it; that was, it appeared, the right way of giving something to a high-caste pungee. He was told I admired his religion greatly and thought it the finest in the world, and he got up and came towards me, squeezing both my hands in his and looked in my eyes for a long time, and made funny cooing noises, and put both his lips out in such a funny way. I must say I was afraid he would give me a kiss. I didn't dare move. Then he turned to Mr Liddel, who apparently understood Burmese best, and told him to tell me that I should have a very happy and long life as I had recognised the great truth. I gave him my visiting-card and wrote my name on it, and he asked if I wouldn't come and stay with him in his chan for several weeks. Bless my soul! Several weeks in Burmah would be enough to kill me, but of course I didn't tell him so, only that I had to leave; and he got up again and made the same noise and squeezed my hand again. He had rather the uncanny look of a monkey about him, and I must say that I was half afraid of him; I didn't know what he might be up to.

Mr Liddel had a slight attack of fever (I thought he had been uncommonly silent for some time), and so he begged to be excused; and Mr Layard came back with us alone and drove with us to the large pagoda at

Mandalay, after we had tried to get into the so-called Queen's Pagoda, which was shut.

What amused me was that almost every second house had the plague mark on it (L. showed it us, and plague is very bad just now out here), and almost in every street you saw the plague police burning furniture, etc., etc., in the streets, which is a sign, so L. told us, that a fresh case of plague had just taken place in the house. And the fuss people make about the plague at home!

The large pagoda is certainly the finest in Burmah, I think; not that it is as high as the Rangoon one, nor stands so well, it stands indeed almost in the flat, but it is really imposing from inside and beautiful. After having passed a high gateway, guarded by two enormous lions (rather grotesque), and having walked through endless bazaars where they sell everything you could positively require, from paper-cutters to the bells they put round their cows' and donkeys' necks, and lovely pale purple lotus flowers besides, you get into a high and wide colonnade, running round the pagoda. This colonnade with the large, square pillars, is painted at the bottom and about 3 metres high a pompeian red, and the whole top is plainly gilt, ceiling and all. The ceiling is beautifully worked and all gilt. The solemn, magnificent effect of this, one cannot believe unless one has seen it, and the quaint and artistic reflexes it gives and makes are marvellous. The effect is really lovely, exquisite, and so dignified and quiet. In the centre of this pagoda is a chamber with four large porticoes into this colonnade, but three are closed with magnificent iron gates and all gilt. The fourth one, the one where the enormous Buddha

figure faces the public, is open—that is, the gates are open—and one can see the enormous gilt figure sitting on a raised pedestal. It is quite the finest Buddha I have seen in this country, and has a lovely, kind expression. Of course hundreds of worshippers kneel in deep prayer before it, having enormous bunches of flowers in their hands and burning candles, and inside the high gilt chamber is a blaze of candles, and the whole place is strongly scented with the quickly-fading flowers. They begged me to come in, although I disliked to walk past the praying worshippers, but as they insisted I went. There an old priest sat behind the figure, who sold thin beaten gold, and I had to buy some and smear it on the Buddha's back, while the priest beat a high-noted gong. Then some of it was taken off the figure and put on my arm and leg, and that will make me very strong, I'm told. The effect from inside of all the kneeling, praying crowd, with all the many flowers and the sun falling into the gilt colonnade, was beautiful, and would make a fine picture. Then we were taken, by the boy who acted as guide, to a large tank where some monstrously big tortoises were living in indescribably filthy, slimy green water, and herds of odious Burmese females threw themselves on you like wild beasts, wanting to sell you some bread, roasted in grease, to feed the animals, and they really made a deafening noise. They were like wild beasts, and fought about you as I've never even seen a crowd of the lowest Arab coolies fight for your luggage. They almost bit themselves. I can't say how repulsive they were. Surely in no other nation would people be so disgustingly, shamelessly animal as these young and old Burmese women. We got some of their stinking stuff

and threw it into the tank, and for a short time watched the hideous animals roll about that slimy green soup and snap for the bread. Then it was time to go, if we wanted to catch the train, so we hurried out and back to our carriage. Layard said, "If you had stopped another moment I should have been sick, both on account of the tortoises and the women."

We arrived just in time to take the train, and having promised to stop a day on our way back, said good-bye to charming L., and then we steamed off in a terrific heat out of the station.

After one and a half hours, we changed at Amarapura, the immortal city. Now does that name not sound like marble palaces glittering with golden roofs and minarets in the sun, white marble steps leading down to the river, and lovely-clad Burmese princesses draped in shining shot gauzes, and covered with magnificent jewels, followed by handmaidens and black slaves, carrying large ostrich feather fans, descending the steps to feed the fish in the river, on whose blue water lilies swim, with rose leaves? Doesn't Amarapura sound like lovely gardens with huge scented rose bushes, flowering oleanders, lilac, brilliant pomegranates and oranges, and jasmine scent everywhere, peacocks strutting about, doves cooing in the tops of magnificent flowering trees? Alas! for all such beauty one must not look in Burmah, and people should not come here with illusions raised by those who can't have seen it, otherwise they could not talk such rot.

Amarapura is a dirty station, smothered in dust, near a dirty river, down whose dusty banks you crawl amongst filthy Burmese children, who certainly never saw a handkerchief to judge by their noses, and then you step on a

steamer—a ferry—where you have tea while you wait for the luggage to be brought on and the mail, and then you steam across to the other side, just as dirty and desolate, where you are bundled out and get into the train for Myitkyina (Peak Michina). True, on the banks some pagodas still stand, and are quite pretty in their tumble-down way, and if there were some vegetation, at least a skeleton of a bare tree, it might, with half-closed eyes, be quite pretty; but don't look for trees in Burmah; you might just as well try to find some in the Northern Island of New Zealand. There you get Geysers and Maoris, here you get dust and whitewashed pagodas and Burmese. I'm not sure that I don't prefer the Maoris, I never cared for monkeys.

As there was quite a long stop on the other side, and lots of fruit vendors, I of course bought oranges and nuts, and discovered even some grapes, and I must say on account of that Burmah goes up a bit in my estimation. True, their stalks were quite dry, so that they seemed to have been kept some time; and they were dusty too, so that Healy turned his nose up and said he couldn't eat them, they were too dirty, yet they were fresh grapes, and we had been starved for fruit here, where they had hardly enough limes to make lemon squashes.

Soon after we had started in our splendidly reserved compartment, thanks to Mr Layard's kindness, we came in sight of a huge dome in the distance, reminding one rather of St Peter's, and quite uncommon in form in Burmah for a pagoda. The story goes that one of the Kings wanted to build a new and fine pagoda, and his architects couldn't find a new and original design. The

King was very angry. Then the beautiful young Queen, sitting beside him on the throne, opened her dress and showed one side of her breast, and said, "Why not make it that shape?" And so it was done.

Soon it got dark, and as soon as Joseph, whom I think very clever (though Healy doesn't) had bought bedding in the Mandalay bazaars, and arranged our beds, we went to bed; and I, knowing that we didn't arrive till the morrow evening at five at Myitkyina, quite undressed, and made myself comfortable, just as I should in an ordinary sleeping car.—Who can describe my horror therefore, when next morning before six Joseph called me, shouting, "Get up quickly—we have to change here; there is very little time." How I got into my clothes I don't know. I only know that I never dressed so quickly in my life, and so angelic had my temper become on this journey that I didn't even swear. So six minutes afterwards, well wrapped in my Franciscan cape, for it was *bitterly* cold, I crawled out into the darkness, where the natives crouched, shivering bundles of dirty blankets, round the lamp-posts, looking more ape-like than ever.

"This way to the refreshment room, please." So, "please," we went to the refreshment room, where we got a good "fill" with cocoa and fresh eggs and toast, and "possible" butter, which you do not often get in the Bandannan Land. I call these meals "fills," because they were not real meals in the European sense of the word. They were just simply a "fill" with some nutriment you could not even call food. I think if I was deposited by some fairy suddenly in Paris at Henry's or Voisin's, I would eat myself violently ill. I some-

times really long for a good solid meal. This is very material, I'm sorry to say, but it is the fact. Then I have learned another thing, and that is, not to mind *when* you fill yourself. I think that's what the natives in the desert do, and the wild animals. They just "fill" themselves when they get a chance, even if they are not really hungry, not knowing when they may be able to fill themselves again or what may turn up. I, who am so stupidly particular about my hours as a rule! Well, H. isn't. "I can't eat a big meal at this or that hour," says he, and after one hour, of course, he is awfully hungry. So, in spite of the unusually early hour, I got my solid "fill" and enjoyed it. Then a vague *something* telling me that it might be useful, in spite of Joseph's experience and cleverness, to look after our bags and luggage, I sauntered out in the direction (day was beginning to dawn) where I saw Master J. bundling our bags into a compartment. He told me when I came near that there was only this one compartment, and I saw to my disgust that we had to share it with the three Yankees who were on the ferry-boat yesterday, bags and all.

Now you, who have travelled in these parts of the world with your bedding and et cæteras, imagine what this narrow compartment looked like! A luggage van at a week-end going down to the country is empty compared to what it was.

"But, Joseph," I said, "this will never do."

"Oh yes," he answered quietly, piling some more luggage in. (He always seems half asleep, is *never* in a hurry, and is fattish.) "*That* will be all right;" and my oranges and the basket with the nuts and the remainder of the precious grapes were quietly piled in too, together with a Huntley

and Palmer biscuit tin. "It is *only* one hour till we come to the river, and there *we have to get out all the same!*"

I.—"What? In one hour at the river? But we don't get there till this evening at five!"

He.—"The stationmaster told me passengers for Bahmo. . . ."

I.—"But, my dear Joseph, we are not going to Bahmo, we are going to Myitkyina!" So I went with J. to the stationmaster, a small cross-breed (Burmese-Indian), and told him, "Look here—my compartment was reserved for M., and you make us change here, and now put me, together with other people, in one small compartment when I have three first-class tickets, and therefore a right to a full reserved compartment. You must give me one."

He (haughtily).—"There is only one first-class compartment on the train to Bahmo."

I.—"I beg your pardon, sir, but I don't go to Bahmo. My tickets say to M., and my compartment was reserved for me so far, and I'm going there."

He.—"All *tourists* go to Bahmo, and so you have to go there too: surely you are a tourist?"

I.—"I beg your pardon—I am Count Hochberg, and not at all a tourist, and I won't hurry at all" (he had said I had to hurry to catch the train). "I insist upon my reserved compartment, for which I've paid."

He.—"Oh, then, that *reserved* compartment was *for you?* (!)" and *he* hurried off; and all our luggage was hauled back into our old compartment, where fragments of my last night's meal in the form of nut shells still lay about, and so I could have quietly slept till now. Well! I would not have had the good "fill," very likely, but for this trouble,

so I didn't grumble; and after a considerable time (so there was no necessity for hurrying at all) we started.

The country was flat, with very few low trees, and exceedingly unattractive, and the only amusing thing in the whole day was three elephants being ridden down-country by their Mahouts and bolting from the train. It is astonishing how they hate the train.

One came through a sort of jungle, but it was nothing, a wretched sort of vegetation, and the only redeeming point was the congea, creeping with her pale, purple-pink flowers over shrubs and low trees. It is a very graceful plant.

They dawdled so dreadfully at all the stations that we were two hours late, and at a station which we thought was M., but which turned out to be several stations before it, two gentlemen came up to the compartment asking whether I were Count H., and introducing themselves as Mr Cooch, our host from M., and a friend of his stationed here. They had brought two huge trays with delicious tea and fresh cakes and buttered toast, which were handed to us into the compartment, and we had a charming meal. He said he thought we must have got hungry as our train was so late, which was just like Burmah again, as he said, and so he had told his friend to bring us some tea. He himself had had some business to attend to there, and was going on with us to M. He was Scotch, with a strong accent, had two charming fox-terriers with him, and we got on very well. At 7 P.M. we arrived at M., and it was almost dark, which Mr C. regretted very much as he had so much wanted to show me M.

Another young man of Steel's was at the station, a Mr Baker, apparently very nice too, and we walked to

the pretty and very well-furnished bungalow, where at eight we had a really very good dinner.

The evening was spent very pleasantly, they telling us all sorts of amusing stories about Burmah.

Another redeeming point of this charming nation is that one cannot let the windows of the railway compartments open at night as at all the stations they steal, and would take, and have taken over and over again, everything they can lay their hands on.

Baker was a really great enthusiast about the Burmese, and by all he told us, I think they are the most awful of nations, without a single redeeming point. As servants they are so "casual" and so "untidy," but "always cheerful and happy looking," but of course "one could not rely upon them." A charming nation, I must say!

March 6th.—Next day we got up at six, and were ready at seven to go for a ride round M., as Mr C. insisted upon my seeing it. They had even borrowed a side-saddle for me, and I was quite looking forward to a nice canter. Alas! there was no canter, although several times I tried to make them go for one, and we walked all the time round hideous, flat Myitkyina. One could have walked it on foot, and much more comfortably, in half an hour; and honestly, *what* we were taken for that ride for, round this hideous bare place, neither Healy nor I can or will ever be able to understand. Mr C. was decidedly in raptures about it, and continually asked, "Now, look at that, isn't it lovely? How do you like this? Isn't this pretty? Don't you think it is a very attractive little place?" etc., etc. No! I didn't, but I was too polite to say so, and therefore, as he had to live here,

and I, *thank God, have not*, it was certainly not I who was going to tell him my unfavourable opinion of his hideous M. after all his kind hospitality. So I too said, "How pretty— isn't it charming—how nice! Now, isn't that lovely? Now look at that, for instance," and the usual rot one talks. He was delighted, and said, "I'm so pleased you like it, and I was quite sure you *as an artist* (!) would admire it." Stupid Healy looked at me, and nearly made me lose my countenance.

When we returned to the house, where Baker was packing some things as he had to accompany us on the launch to Bahmo, Mr C. called out to him at once, "Baker! The Count is *delighted* with our little M., and admired it *so much*. I am glad we were able to take him for this ride. I was awfully disappointed last night that it was too dark for him to see it." So I left, having made a good impression. Some would call that false. But is it false? Have I the right to tell a poor man who, in my and Healy's eyes, is damned to live in this awful place, that I find it hideous? Where would be the good of it? It would not improve the place, and might only make him dissatisfied.

After this we left in the nice little launch *Energy*, and went down the river. The high banks were lined with low trees, bamboos and shrubs in a monotonous way, and the reddish brown foliage of it all made it look under the grey sky like some European autumn scenery. Only I have seen prettier scenes than that in Europe. I had all my sketching things ready laid out, my camera prepared for snapshots, but alas! it was all the same disappointing thing.

Really, if Healy—who had seen several things in the

world too, though not as many as I had—had not been there and had not found all this disappointing and ugly too, I should have thought it was I and my stupid eyes that were wrong, or perhaps that I had got *blasé*. It is certain that Japan spoils one for other countries, but H. has not seen it, so I expect there is still some hope left for me and I have not got quite mad.

We had quite a good cook on board and a very nice lunch, and at 4 P.M. landed at another bungalow of Steel's, where two quite young boys were stationed with whom we had a peg, then we took in firewood for the machine, as it as well as the railway engines was fixed by wood, and then slowly steamed down this uninteresting river. One had to go very carefully; it was only the last few days that the launch had been able to go on it again, and if we had stuck, they said it would have been for hours.

At 8 P.M. we arrived at a third bungalow to which they had wired, and where we had to have dinner and stop the night; but to Mr Baker's great disappointment our hosts were out in the jungle on some inspection, and so he did not get his much-looked-forward-to good dinner, nor did he hear the good gramophone they were supposed to have, and we walked back to the launch, where the cook hurriedly prepared some food. We all three managed somehow to squeeze ourselves into the one cabin.

Next morning, 7th March, we started early at seven, and as we passed the upper defile, I got up and was ready by the time we entered the defile. It was quite pretty. The stream there went through a narrow bed

formed by some highish rock banks and some cliffs in the river, reminding one in a *mild* way of the cataract at Phile, only not so large and not as wild, and absolutely without any of the lovely colour effect that makes that cataract so attractive and beautiful. But all the same it was decidedly pretty, especially, I imagine, for people who haven't seen the rapids near Kyoto, and the finer ones near Shojy in Japan, nor the Phile ones.

One passes through this defile for about three hours, but the hills are not high on both sides, in fact there are *no* hills, but only rocky, highish banks, and so the whole thing lacks anything grandiose. Once past the defile, one is again in the same sort of uninteresting scenery as before, only perhaps more so. At twelve we landed at Bahmo, I with a violent stomach-ache, as they gave us yesterday in an awful pie, where one could not see what one ate, some tinned salmon. These tinned things are really the invention of the devil. It was awfully hot, and I was rather miserable, and in a horrid gharrie we drove to the Steel bungalow, where our host, a Mr —, quite the nicest man I have met for a long time — was absent, having gone to meet us at another landing-stage, and so missed us. He, however, soon drove up in his smart little dogcart, and everything was all right, as he made me an excellent drink of a beaten egg with some brandy and fresh milk, and I recovered my health.

His father is an R.A., and he was charming. Large photos of Rembrandts and Franz Hals's portraits hung about, and although he apologised for his house not being properly furnished, as he had only stepped in about a couple of days ago, it was charming; and one saw at once the nice, artistic, cultured person he is. What can tell one more about a person than his home?

After it had got cool he took me for a drive in the dogcart with the fast-trotting pony, and we went round the place. It is by far the prettiest I've seen in Burmah, only it doesn't look a bit like Burmah, but quite Chinese, and that is just its charm. It is only 30 miles away from the Chinese frontier, and all the shops are Chinese, and every week large caravans from China come there. The greater part of the population is Chinese.

First he drove me through the quaint little town, then out to the big road that leads straight into that wonderful empire of China. It is a well-kept, broad, beautiful road, and goes through young, though fine woods.—Most people in Europe never realise what a woman the Empress Dowager must be. This is my own wisdom, and I remember it here, because on this road I had a conversation with Mr —, and he said he had never looked at it from that side of the question, but that I was quite right now that he came to think of it. There is absolutely no country in the world where the women have a more *despised, almost outcast* position than in China. There a woman is a contemptible sort of thing, nothing else. And in this country, this woman, not even of royal blood, but simply a bought Harem slave, a Mandchu, and now old, so that there is not even the universal excuse for her power—this woman has managed, and still manages, to rule and terrorise *all* this enormous empire, where, as I say, a woman is an object of contempt, and has no position whatever.

Over the woods you see in a distant haze the hills of China and Thibet rise.—We then turned round and drove past the one polo ground: there were two, one for the dry weather, and one for the wet weather. The one

for the dry weather gets so flooded in the rainy season that they let it as a *fishing* ground, and the rent for it is *so high* that it covers the rolling expenses and the keeping up of both places the whole year round. The other one gets so dry in summer and hard they can't play on it.

Then we drove past several tumbledown pagodas, and through the fort, where the English troops are quartered, and to a Chinese temple, where we got out of the carriage and went in. It has, like most Chinese temples of course, several courtyards, and in most of them trees were growing. It was quite the loveliest temple I had seen, including those in Canton: a perfect little gem. Its painted friezes are exquisite, and its many patterns and ornaments are too lovely for words: beautiful wood-carvings and dreams of old bronze and brass brasiers, and lovely tables and chairs of a quaintness of form and originality that would set everybody wild. There are magnificent old temple arms, all of shining brass, but best of all two almost life-sized figures of gods or old men, in wonderful draperies modelled in a sort of *papier-maché*, and in such perfection and so realistic and beautiful that one cannot take one's eyes off them. I tried to get out of the old temple guardians how old these figures might be, but they only said, "Oh, very, very old; nobody knows when they came or who made them, they are so old." We stopped almost two hours. Nice Mr —— smiled, and said, "I'm glad you like it to that extent, because I love it and think it exquisite. But not everybody does. Lord Minto, though, the other day, when I had the honour of taking him round, was greatly struck by it, and couldn't tear himself away from it." The late hour was very appropriate for it, because

the setting sun cast long lights and shadows, setting the brass instruments and gilding in relief, and leaving the more vividly-coloured parts of the place in a mellow twilight, and toning the whole to an exquisitely fine harmony—putting here and there a bit of colour on the edge of a carved and tilted roof, making it more vivid than the green of the foliage on an old gnarled tree.

It was with regret that I left this lovely place, where I spent two delightful hours of real artistic charm.

We then drove to the river, where in a wonderful light-effect of pink and pale yellows and soft greys the sun was setting on the other flat shore a carmine ball. We went to a large steamer, which was a sort of floating store-house, and most interesting from this point of view, though all the many goods were entirely European rubbish. It was really like a large bazaar, and went up and down the river twice a week, stopping at all the small places and the village where country people come out and get their supplies. Mr —— had some business with it on account of his furniture, and while he settled with the agent I stopped outside, fascinated by the Chinese muleteers, who were busy driving their hundreds and hundreds of small mules into camp, there in the river-bed, after having taken them for watering to the river. They were all fettered, and afterwards they stood all nicely in rows, and were fed from small nose-bags, each getting the same ration, which was carefully measured out by a foreman. It was amusing to watch these sturdy, muscular, bronzed little fellows, all hillmen decidedly, and reminding one of the Gurkhas, in their extraordinary clothes and footgear, move about and attend in such a swift, business-like way to their animals. What a delightfully interesting

nation the Chinese are! Later they cooked their own food, or rather sat down for their own dinner, because the cooking was going on all the time at different places round the camp fires (by now it was fairly dark, and the light and fire effects were lovely) in all sorts of queer pots and pans. My watching them and taking such interest in their operations with the mules, had of course roused their interest. I got several smiles and appreciative nods, and when they settled down to their meal they actually came and offered me to partake of it. It is astonishing how well I get on with the Chinese natives. They are charming people—I love them.

Just then Healy appeared, saying, "There you are! That wretched man is hunting for you all over the place, thinking something has happened to you." I can't understand that coming out of the boat he didn't see me, and I hadn't walked two steps away from it to watch my mules and muleteers.

So we drove to the Club, where the newspapers were studied, while our host begged to be excused for a bridge party, and afterwards we drove back to his delightful bungalow, where at a lovely decorated table, with well-kept silver, fine glass and good linen, we enjoyed a delightful dinner. It was really a treat to see again a well-kept dinner-table, and I see now what so many people traveling in Italy always admired so much at Mont Alto—my English butler's carefully-kept and laid-out dinner or luncheon table. It is quite true that it is a treat to see it again.

At 11 P.M. we started for our boat, as it left very early, and so our kind host had cleverly suggested we should sleep on board the boat, which was a very good idea

as it allowed us to sleep longer. So we walked down to the boat, he accompanying us through the hot, starlit night. As we approached the river there was a Poeh going on, one of those special Burmese theatrical dances which people say it is quite *the* thing to see. So in we went. It was a sort of a large bamboo shanty in which Lord Minto was received when he visited Bahmo, and the people sat on the floor as in the Japanese theatre. For us they brought chairs. The scenery was hideous, and the dancing! Well, all I can say is, "It is Burmah all over." It was nothing but the most hideous contortions and ungraceful movements. As for singing, it was as if you had pinched a cat's tail. The white painted women were hideous, and their dress with those little *godets* at the sides of their satin jackets made them still more grotesque looking. Their faces were as flat as if somebody had sat on them firmly, and very wide, exactly like pugs. The men were, if possible, worse. In all, the whole thing was a travesty of the graceful Geisha's dance, where you really see grace and studied artistic movements. Here, it was only hideous contortions of an ugly body, ungraceful, and without either the grace of the Jap or the dignity of the Chinese. Yet it is a caricature of both. Well, I'm well cured of Burmah.

March 8th.—We left early in the morning, and as I appeared I found the nice Mr —— was on the boat too, as he had to go for an inspection down-river a bit. So we had the pleasure of his charming company still longer, and he told us most interesting stories about the Burmese and their many superstitions, which really must make life, and especially dealing and trading with them, uncommonly

difficult and unpleasant for Europeans. He was a very clever man and vastly amusing, and told his stories well.

We passed the second defile, much shorter than the first, but I think prettier, as the river was much narrower there, and the bank really very high and steep and wildly rocky, so that it was much more picturesque. The vegetation was finer, too.

It was not very long, and in half an hour was passed, and then at once the river began to be too hideous for words. It was absolutely flat banked, and the banks were mostly paddy fields, and there was as far as you could see not a single tree or bush. Such is beautiful Burmah.

The nice man with the unrememberable name left us, and after tiffin we went on still through dreadful scenery and a terrific heat till 5 P.M., when we landed at Kattah, and were delighted to get into a train, which, though by no means fast, made a little bit more air than that awful steamer.

The steamer we took from Bahmo to Kattah was the large public ferry-boat, the launch had returned to M. from B. In the train into which we were hustled sat the nice red-bearded police officer beside whom I sat the other night at dinner, the evening before we were kicked out of our compartment in the early morning, and so we had a very good time till we reached again that ominous station of ill luck. We dined together, as he was so nice; and when we had finished dinner the train from Myitkyina came in, and a gentleman and his wife entered the dining-room, sitting down at the table next to ours. The red-bearded man knew them and greeted them, asked them if they were both going to England. "No, only my wife." "Well," he added, "I

expect you'll have to sleep in the luggage van, all the compartments are taken."

"Oh," the husband answered, "that will be all right ; I wired yesterday for a reserved compartment."

Now our Bahmo friend had wired for a compartment for us too, so I thought it would be safer to look at things before it was too late ; and so it proved, for I found the poor red-bearded man's and our beds being prepared in one compartment together. Of course none of us would have been able to move. I went for the stationmaster. The red-bearded man told me he was afraid that would be of no use, as the Burmese officials were frightfully pig-headed, lazy and *disobliging* (some more charming traits of character of this nation), but I resolutely, all the same, made straight for his office, where he was pompously sitting in an arm-chair. I told him quite quietly that we had wired yesterday for a reserved compartment, that we had three first-class tickets, and that I had been put into a compartment with three other people, and would he be kind enough to give instructions that another carriage be attached, in order that I should get my reserved compartment. He quietly answered he had only this one first-class carriage, and that we had to arrange ourselves in it *as best we could*. So I, absolutely quietly (I must say, I was astonished at myself having so much self-control because I was furious at the brown devil's cheek) answered him, "Look here, my dear man ! that's all very well. But first get up, please, when I talk to you, and then it was here you kicked me out of my reserved compartment three days ago at an unearthly hour, although it was not necessary, and you had no business whatever to do so ; and now, although we all wired yesterday for reserved

compartments for to-day, you pack us together, three into one. Very well! If I don't get my reserved compartment I will simply report you," and bowing most amiably at his by then *standing* figure, for he had promptly jumped up as I told him he should, I walked out of his office. Five minutes afterwards I had my reserved compartment, and so had all the others, and we all slept happily till next morning at eight, when we got on the ferry-boat at romantic Amarapura, which in the full morning glare from a fiery sun, looked still dirtier and more desolate. At eleven we steamed happily into Mandalay station, to find both Mr Layard, and Mr Liddel well recovered from his attack of fever, waiting at the station and really pleased to see us, as much as we were to see them.

And in the Prince's dark green landau, with the two brown walers and two sais's, saluted by all the policemen, we drove in state to the Club, where a shave and a bath and change were delightful.

That afternoon we drove to the Queen's Pagoda, which is very pretty, all built of wood and richly and elaborately though not very finely carved, and of course gilt. All the same, it is a pity that they let it go to pieces, and rot all away; everything is covered with dust and worm-eaten. One is shown a tooth of Buddha, and I am glad that the human race has deteriorated since then, because what would one's dentist's bill be, if one had such tusks in one's mouth! It is quite the length and form of a horse's front tooth.

Afterwards we drove again to the large pagoda, but not till Mr Layard had made me promise not to go again to the tortoise tank, as he had felt seedy all that afternoon. This pagoda inside is lovely. From outside it is

built in by all sorts of other constructions so that you can hardly see it, but inside, the plain gilding over the Pompeian red dado is of lovely effect. We were again fascinated by the lovely reflections and light effects, and the apparent sincerity of the worshipping crowd. Then the same youngster who took us round the other day took us into an adjoining courtyard, where nine to ten magnificent old bronze bells hung all in a row, quite low over the ground. They are very large and beautifully worked. But the finest thing in this courtyard is a nearly half life-sized three-headed bronze elephant, and a bronze lion over life-sized, really very fine and well modelled. They must be very old, and it is a great pity they stand here in this dirty corner where all the children make a mess and play about. A second lion, decidedly the pendant for the other, is broken in two, and the two halves lie in the dust, and of two over life-sized men figures, one is hopelessly smashed and the other broken in the middle, and the upper body just stuck unmended on the lower one, and leant like that against the wall.

Then we drove back to the Club and watched the polo ground, just opposite the Club. How energetic people are who play polo on a stone-hard ground in clouds of dust! It is a marvel to me how they can breathe and see.

I asked if all these so-called grass plots become, during the rainy season or after it, green grass, but Liddel simply laughed. "Not here, in dusty Mandalay. During the rainy season it is mud everywhere up to your ankles, and two or three days after the rain has stopped, everything is covered with dust again." What an enchanting place and country! I would call it damnation to live here.

That night the two nice young men were our guests, and we spent the most delightful evening.

March 10th.—We drove in the morning in the Prince's landau by ourselves, as there was a timber auction and the two had to attend it. We went round the outskirts of Mandalay, including, of course, the eternal race-course, and past Mandalay Hill, a sort of dusty molehill, which in no other country would people call a hill. Then past some barracks, and back into the dusty, plague-stricken town. Although neither Layard nor Liddel are enthusiastic about Burmah, and both find it hideous and awful, it was quite a relief to go for this really ridiculously ugly, dusty drive by ourselves, and Healy makes me laugh, because he has taken it *au tragique*. I simply laugh, disappointed as I am, but he keeps on saying, "What an awful place! What a life these wretched beggars must have being stationed here! Can you imagine having to live here? Wouldn't it be awful? There is absolutely nothing to do," etc., etc.

Of the bazaars, Murray says: "Everywhere there is colour and movement, and the scene is as lively as it is uncommon," and I would add, yes, uncommonly ugly and uninteresting. He then goes on: "The bazaar deserves a visit." But I really can't understand what the good man means. The bazaars are great, high, modern European brick constructions with a corrugated-iron roof and cemented stalls and iron pillars, exactly as the markets are nowadays in all the European towns, where the police have stepped in. In these stalls, with the exception of the few thin, rubbishy-looking silks which they manufacture in this country, and for which no Japanese would say thank you, there is absolutely nothing but cheap Birmingham, Manchester, and Creefeld and Elberfeld goods, of the most tasteless manufacture. The only pretty things are

the flower stalls, where heaps of China roses, jasmine, and purple lotus flowers are sold in large baskets.

We were taken to see the beauty of Mandalay, a young pug woman holding a silk store. All her fingers were covered with the biggest diamonds I've ever seen: they were so big that she could only have one on each finger. They were marvellous stones, beautifully cut and very deep, and of wonderful fire. For one, the man who gave it her paid three thousand rupees. Fancy paying that for so monstrous a woman! Ah! if it was Cavallieri or Otero in their good times, then I could understand, but for this pug! And it was a European who paid it. "*Des goûts et des couleurs, il ne faut pas discuter.*"

We sat down in her stall and were shown some flimsy silks. Liddel seems to know her very well. She has eyed me, because surely the two have told her that I am the richer, otherwise surely young and good-looking Healy must have been much more attractive to her. So she commenced her little mincing manœuvres and airs and graces, ogling about and wriggling. We all squatted on the floor. She reminded me so much of Tamma, my little sister's Chin-dog which I brought her from Japan, and I couldn't help smiling. Very likely she took it for admiration or encouragement, and saw herself, on account of her imaginary irresistible charms, presented with another three thousand rupee diamond, and she commenced to wriggle and ogle more, and really she was too absurdly funny for words. I enjoyed it, I must say. What fools human beings are!

Then we went on through the bazaars, for I still had some hope of finding Murray's "charm," but all in vain. At a fruit stall I saw grapes, and told Liddel so, who

quietly took away from me my last illusion about this wretched country, saying laughingly, "From here? They are all sent from Marseilles." *Tableau!*

Then we drove to the jail. It is very large and well kept, as English jails always are. Crammed full, of course, with the charming characters of this ideal nation as one would imagine. They do wood-carving, which I don't admire, as I think it is rough and inartistic. Cheap furniture and carriages are built there too. They were all almost naked, as it was very hot; and one man who worked at some machinery, making table legs or something like that, had for a garment really only a loin-string, one could not possibly with the greatest exaggeration call it a loin-cloth any more. He was standing up, and I could quite well see, and with leisure admire his tattooed legs, pretending all the time to inspect his work. All the men in Burmah have their legs tattooed from the knee up to well over the hip. Of course before, I could never see it. It looked exactly like a short pair of drawers, and is in this case, for instance, of a very pretty blue, black and red pattern, covering the skin in a pretty design. On the top round the waist it ends in an ornament all round, like some crotchet lace. It is most queer. Some king had invented this tattooing for his warriors, and now all the men have it.

The manager of this jail was, strange to say, a German. He took us to see those in solitary confinement, and there near an iron gate squatted a man who was condemned to death, and had appealed, and was now waiting for over a fortnight for the new sentence. Poor devil, he looked harmless enough. I'm sure he committed that murder for quite a natural and good reason, jealousy

or something like that.—In another cell a man walked about always along the wall, looking up the wall like an animal. “He’s a perfect brute,” said the manager. “He pretends to be mad in order not to work. He never does these things when I’m coming alone, he has given them up. But as soon as anybody is with me he plays his tricks, and therefore I can’t prove that he is not mad but only pretends. He was an officer’s boy, and started by stealing eight hundred rupees, that’s how it began. Ever since he has gone to the bad. He’s a villainous, dangerous brute, and we can’t make anything of him.” To tell the truth, a blind person must have seen the man was certainly much saner than I am for instance, and was only acting. But what amused me was that he had with two quick, furtive glances at once picked me out, and as soon as the others looked away to inspect the list of his punishments written on a board outside his cage, he “winked” at me at once and smiled, as if saying, “You’ve understood—you enjoy it too and see the fun of it; ain’t it funny?” Then, as soon as he noticed the others looking at him, he changed his expression and roamed again noiselessly, slowly round the walls of his cell like a caged wild panther. Layard and Liddel both said, “I dislike the look of that fellow. He looks a brute; I wouldn’t like to meet him at night alone.” I, on the contrary, think he looked funny enough. He certainly got the best of it. I’m curious to know how long he is going to keep his game up. He looked a determined devil, though.

The time pressed, and we had to hurry to the station, and so, accompanied by our two charming young friends, who had made the stay in dusty Mandalay so delightful, we got into our compartment, and with regret said good-

bye to them. Liddel had relations near Berlin, and promised to come and see me on his next leave, as he intended paying them a visit; and Layard, who was at school in Germany, and whose bride has never been there, intends spending his next leave there too, so I hope I may see them turn up one day in dear old Halbau.

The heat was intense, the train full, as everybody seemed to be going to Rangoon to catch the Bibby boat, in which Healy too was returning to England. I wonder if he really will like the job his *pater* has got him at Cyprus. He is not very enchanted with it, but some serious occupation would really do him good. One cannot only hunt all one's life.

March 12th.—We arrived at Rangoon at 8 A.M. Ugly and untidy as it is, it is decidedly better than Mandalay. The day passed with preparations for the different departures, and we were both rather sad at having to part, and didn't want to show it. I felt old for the first time in my life, and the continued journey without this youth's constant company did not look very bright. He had forgotten to get some trifles for aunts and uncles, and we hurried out to get them, and so on. So the day passed, and we got through quicker than I thought we should.

Healy's leaving was almost pathetic, and I got over the sadness of the good-bye really only because of my having till the last moment to put his things in his bags. He would have forgotten everything. The servant had to be at the pier on account of the stupid quarantine business at 6 A.M. with all the big luggage, and so he was stranded a helpless, heartless object. In spite of it all I couldn't help laughing, my happy disposition having always, even during my awful illness, let me get the best

out of everything. He looked at me quite sadly, and said, "Yes, I really don't know what would have become of me without you."

So finally he was packed off, and I watched him walk to the pier opposite the hotel, the poor boy, and I myself felt very sad and lonely, miserable and old. We had been together six months.

After the heat had got bearable, I drove to Mr Gibbs, to thank him for all his great kindness. He was astonished that we enjoyed our trip, as he said he had found Burmah hideous himself, but he was very pleased that everything had been such a success and that we had been so comfortably put up everywhere. He then took me for a drive in his nice victoria, and the sun having set and the kind twilight enveloped everything in a pinky grey haze, I must say that Rangoon looked its best, and from a fast-trotting victoria seemed quite nice. We drove round the lakes, and so my last impression of this place was a good one.

I dined with what the F.'s called "my friend" who was the nice young Australian, a commercial traveller. Just fancy! I who am so particular! We dined yesterday with him, much to Healy's rage. He came over in the same boat as we did, and had such kind eyes, and was always so awfully good to the nice little boy on the boat, making him engines out of cardboard and a cigarette as a funnel. I couldn't help laughing, though, when I came to think of it, for I didn't even know his name or in what he travelled: dry goods I think he said, if that conveys anything to anybody—I confess it doesn't in the least to me. Yes, I remember it was dry goods for some big Glasgow firm. But he himself is an Australian. Healy was quite stiff, and said, "Fancy you having a commercial

traveller to dinner—you who turned up your nose at everybody who was not at least a Royal Highness."

Well, I was very glad that I did dine with him that night, because I missed my silly child awfully, and would have loathed to be left in my blues; and the nice slightly-brogued talk of my poor commercial traveller, who really was quite a gentleman, was very soothing to me. He had such a pretty, low voice. I love nice voices. I think the tonality of a voice can make a person sympathetic or antipathetic. He had certainly a charming voice, and such good, kind eyes; even Mrs F. said so.

So after dinner, during which he told me of all his struggles when a youngster in the business, and rather amusingly and humorously too, though I only half listened to what he said it is true, I asked him if he wouldn't come with me to the great pagoda, as it was almost full moon, and I had been told, and was sure, it was very fine with a full moon: he gladly accepted. So we drove there in a gharrie. It was really lovely, and we were both glad that we had come. The place was quite empty, except for a few worshippers, and everything had been swept and tidied up, and a lovely stillness and hush was over everything, so that we spoke hardly a word, but walked quietly side by side. The clear moonlight floated down from a cloudless sky, waking reflexes on the tops of the gilt pagodas, and making a jewel flash here, a bit of coloured glass there, bringing this part of the structure into flashing, clear light, and leaving others in the kind dusk, hiding all the tawdriness and the ruin in its mild shadows, melting down the gorgeousness and the too elaborate details, and putting a lovely pure halo on the high top of the large pagoda itself, where some of the

stones in the top glittered like stars. The figures of the many Buddhas, in their many niches and temples and shrines, lit up from underneath by flickering candles, standing on the floor, peeped through the uncertain, soft light, with half-smiling, kind expressions; the dying flowers exhaled their sweet-scented little souls, and all the small bells round all the tops tinkled and sang a charming chorus in the soft, warm night breeze, as if whispering and praying and singing of so many invisible beings, praising their God for all the beauty of this world.

We walked silently round and round, each, I expect, following his own thoughts. Mine were a prayer.—So I have heard them, the pagoda bells of Burmah, and a sweet little chiming they make, like a soft whispering of delivered souls.

Mr Pettley, whom I thought had gone up on an inspection but who was still in Rangoon, came in the morning to see me, just as I was in the middle of all my packing and *et cæteras*. This quarantine business is an infernal nuisance, for all the luggage has to go so early to the pier.

So good-bye, Burmah.—I hope I shall never see you again; I don't like you, and I think you are a fraud.

We sailed or steamed at twelve sharp, slowly puffing down the filthy, dirty river, and past all the uninteresting corrugated-iron buildings that line it. Very few people were on board, ten first-class passengers altogether, amongst whom were the "cheeky girls."

After a very smooth passage, we got into the river at Calcutta early in the morning of 20th March. That is—no, we did not get in early in the morning, as the stupid captain had missed the tide, which made us late, and we therefore steamed all the day, with half steam,

up this wide river with its pretty green, palm-fenced banks, and arrived so late at the critical point that we had to drop the anchor and stop there for the night. I was very angry, as the food was uneatable and the society awful (I had not made the acquaintance of the cheeky girls from Yankeeland, but only that of a kind old American gentleman married to a German). He was a commercial traveller too, and knew "my friend" the Australian with the kind eyes and the soft, deep voice, and so he spoke to me. He told me he was a very nice young man who had a great future, and who was highly valued by his firm. So I expect I'll see him one day a millionaire and a Knight. Then perhaps Healy will think him fit to dine with me.

However, as I had resigned myself to another night on that beastly boat, and was just about to give the order to unpack again and make my bed, the pleasant news came that a tender was coming, and that those who liked could go on shore with their luggage. Hurrah! So everything was bundled on to the tender, where besides myself only crowds of natives with innumerable packages, bundles, boxes and crying children—an endless string emerging from the steerage—cared to come; and finally at half-past seven we steamed up-river, after I had heard the engineer say, "Don't let anybody else get on, or we'll sink. She is already overloaded as it is." And therefore we went very slowly, for, as he told me, there was a very strong current. So on this glorious night of full moon we puffed up that river again which I had so happily steamed down on a Vice-regal launch with a bright and happy party thirteen years ago, on the way to the Botanical Gardens, where darling Daisy regretted

she was not a monkey so that she might play hide-and-seek in the large Banyan tree. How much has altered and changed since then! I had just bought dear Mont Alto and was full of building plans, and all my dear ones were still alive. I look back now on a long row of dear, dear graves. Almost all whom I have loved best lie there along that road. And I have to go on, in spite of illness, for how long, I wonder?

XI

INDIA

Calcutta, 21st March.—Calcutta has been greatly altered, and in many ways embellished, since I last saw it. But it will always remain to me an antipathetic town. I always loathed it. The hotel is fairly good, but the state of the cab-horses is *horrifying*. If *any* horse in poor Italy were so thin, so overworked, so full of sores, and so ill-treated and beaten, all the spinster ladies and all the virtuous ladies of the whole United Kingdom would shriek to Heaven over the brutal *Latin People* and their repulsive cruelty; leagues would be formed, etc., etc., and a yell of righteous indignation would arise over this *rotten Italian Government* who allows *such atrocities* under its very eyes. But *here*, where the half-starved animals are slashed under the Union Jack, *nobody says anything* about cruelty or a barbaric Government; and men and smartly-dressed damsels poke the *driver* in the back and tell him “gildy, gildy,” and patch, patch *he* beats on the bony backs of these poor, half-starved brutes. Really, I cannot understand how such a thing is allowed, and several English tourists have told me their astonishment themselves. One ought to write to some of the Home papers about it and say what a disgrace it is. It is certainly far worse than anything

I have *ever* seen in Italy. And right under the nose of the Viceroy!

My train for Darjeeling left in the afternoon at five something, and I arrived after a horribly dusty, ugly drive at 8 P.M. at the Ganges, where everybody had to change, and we crossed on a large steam ferry-boat, very well kept and arranged, where an excellent dinner was served. The actual crossing takes about twenty minutes, but of course what with bringing on luggage, etc., it takes much longer.

It was strange it should be exactly the same day thirteen years ago that I went to Darjeeling, the day on which all the Hindoo people hold their extraordinary festival, when they smear themselves with awful blue-red powder all over their faces, clothes and everything, in honour of some goddess.

The railway accommodation is all much better than it used to be, I mean the compartments and dining-rooms, but the service at the stations is certainly not half so good as it was, as almost all the railway officials are Indians, not English any more, and so of course there is an awful confusion at the ticket offices, the luggage registry, the arrival and departure of cabs—in one word, in everything. These Indians are an awful lot. I'm afraid Lord Curzon tied a heavy clog to the English nation by making India for the Indians, and there will, I am sure, in time to come, be great trouble for the Government. It appears to me something like setting the serfs free in Russia. One has seen what came out of that. If one sets people free *who are not yet meant to be free, the result is chaos*. The Indians have become already intolerable and presumptuous, and they have lost

in civilisation.—India for the Indians!—That is what we call “Gefuehls Politic”; I don’t know how one says it in English—“sentimental Policy” is hardly the right translation. But why not, then, evacuate India altogether if one is so *stupidly sensitive*? As it is, the English are only preparing a second Mutiny.

After a comfortable night on my own bedding in the train, I arrived next morning at eight at Silliguri, where I got a good breakfast, and after that started in the funny little toy-railway which takes you up to Darjeeling. The little engine, the little compartments, everything looks such a toy, and yet what a marvellous bit of engineering it is.

First the train runs almost on a level, going up very little through the fine high jungle where monkeys play in the high tree-tops or sit on the ground, and all sorts of birds fly about. One climbs up steadily after the first station and soon begins to ascend very steeply, and the scenery begins to be lovely. It is really marvellous how this railway has been engineered and built, and the English ought to be proud of such a genius as the engineer. The little train puffs and turns and curves about in the most extraordinary way, passing continually above its own track, and curving and twisting about and along the hills and valleys in the most ingenious way, without a single tunnel, only occasionally a bridge, and all the time at an extraordinarily quick pace, considering how steeply it ascends all the time. The views get finer and wider at each bend of the line, and one gets continually lovelier glimpses into deep gulleys or over wider ranges of hills and mountains. Lovely big trees with coral-red flowers were in full bloom all about, and the gay note of their brilliant flowers made

a beautiful contrast to the rich green foliage of the thick, high jungle.—And up and up one puffs and twists about.—At one place, called the Horseshoe, one goes first in a large circle twice round the same place, and then, always ascending, crosses the second and the first line by a single bridge, and so on, upwards all the time. At another place, where the hills are too steep to ascend in curves, one goes up in a real steep zigzag, the machine pulling at first, and after a bit pushing up backwards, then pulling again, then again pushing, and so on, till one reaches a place where the hill, though always steep, allows of curves again. It is the most interesting thing I have ever seen, and it fascinated me still more than it did thirteen years ago, as now I know it and can pay attention to what is coming, and I always think one enjoys a thing almost better the second time, when one knows a little bit what is coming. I could hardly pay enough attention to the scenery, so fascinated was I by this wonderful bit of engineering.

The higher one gets the less interesting is the vegetation, as they have cut down a lot of timber and have started tea plantations, which I think spoil the country just as much as the famous vineyards on the Rhine. But it is amusing to see how one comes from one climate into another the higher one ascends on the same hill. After the tropics, with all their luxuriant vegetation, one gets into Southern Italy, and then into Tuscany with China roses and irises in flower and peach trees pink with bloom, white spireas and banksia roses; then higher up still into the Southern Tyrol, pines and fruit trees, and finally almost into Germany with nothing but pines and all the grass quite brown still, and the elder bushes only just showing small shoots: a real winter scenery. It was very cold

up there, and everybody began putting on their coats. And higher and higher one puffed still with the smart busy little engine curving round precipices thousands of metres deep, the boards at the different junctions saying already 7,000 to 8,000 feet high.

It is 50 miles up to Darjeeling, and it takes eight hours to do it. One ascends over 1,000 feet an hour on an average. From Kurseong one descends again a bit, so that at Darjeeling one is actually only 7,000 feet above sea-level.

Unfortunately it was quite a misty day, and it looked as if it hadn't the least intention of clearing up even on the morrow. It was bitterly cold, and one was only too pleased to find coal fires lit in the hotel in all the rooms. I went for a little stroll till it got dark, and to the Botanical Garden, where everything was still covered up in winter-cloth; even the azaleas and camellias were in the houses, and only beautiful big magnolia trees were in full bloom and covered with magnificent pink or white masses of flowers, and looking lovely between the dark fir trees.

They have built a lot in these thirteen years, and I can't say that they have actually improved the place with their building, because quantities of hotels and lodging-houses have been erected and are not of pretty architecture; the Darjeeling I knew thirteen years ago, with its few houses and original native buildings, was far more attractive than this pretentious, smart summer residence with quantities of hideous little villas, in cheap European style, glued everywhere to the steep hills.

Alas! not even on the next day had I a chance of seeing the glorious unforgettable snow hills, as I had during three entire days and moonlight nights thirteen

years ago, so I expect I shall never see them again, as it is not likely that I shall ever be in India again.

This morning, a chill morning with a pale sun shining, making some primula borders in front of the hotel look quite gay, I went to the bazaars, and for a little walk through the town. The type of native was of course the same. They have stuck, thank God, to their original and picturesque dress, half Chinese, with the long coloured tunics, the funny high felt boots, the pointed fur caps; and the women are still smeared with blood on their well-cut faces, have their hair still plaited in long, creepy-crawly plaits, and still wear the same amount of money strung round their necks, with the same enormous torquoise chip ear-rings, and the same huge plaques of blue set in brass or silver, according to their richness.

But the snow hills remained clothed in dense fog; one would hardly believe if one didn't know it, that there were any hills there at all.

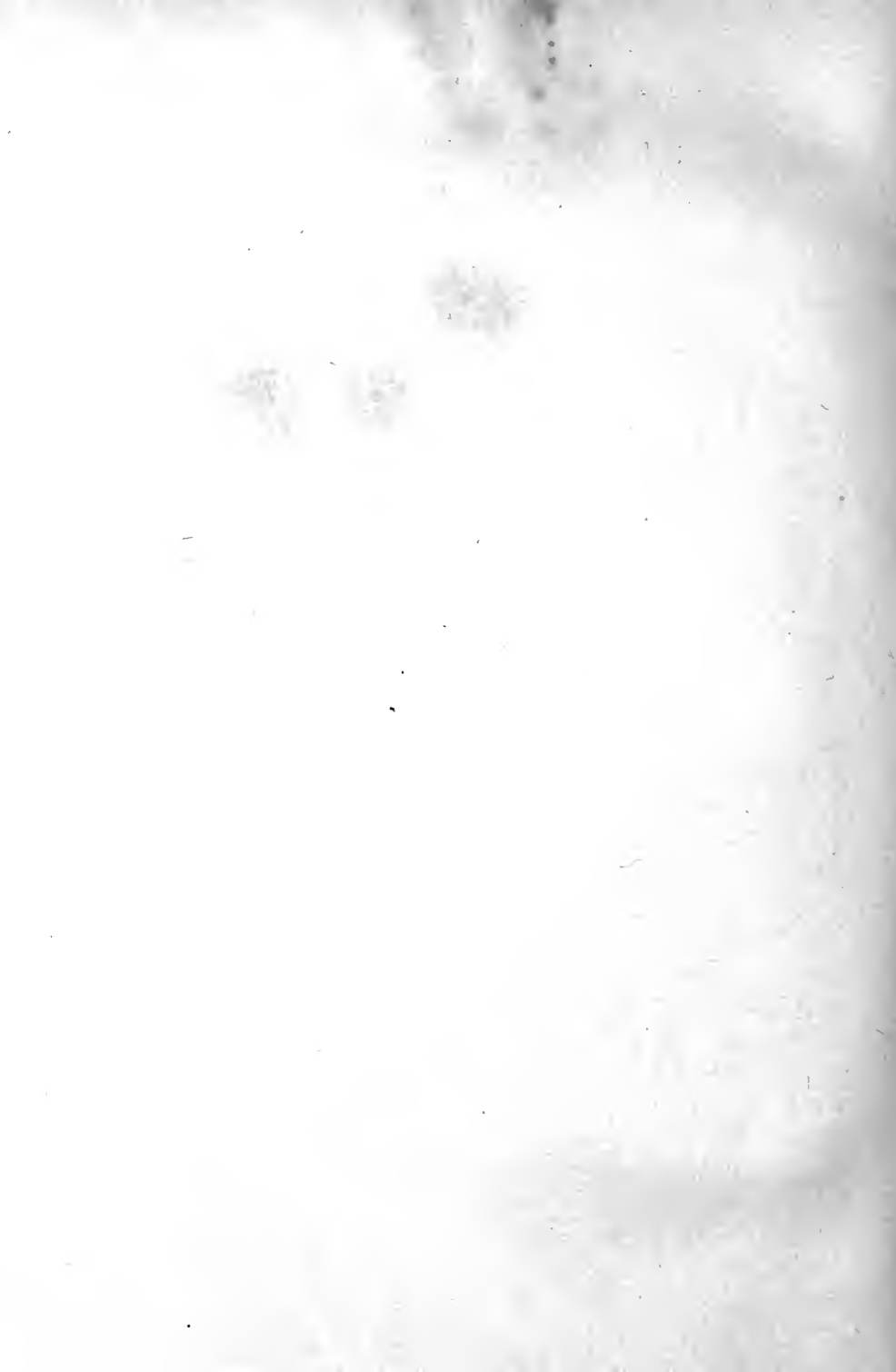
At 2 P.M. my train went, and we quickly descended the twisting road, down into the deeper gullies, and at 8 P.M., when it was already dark, I again arrived at Silliguri, where I got into the ordinary large train for the night.

Next morning there was a dense fog on the river, so I saw nothing, and after several hot, frightfully dusty hours I arrived at Calcutta at 11 A.M., only to leave it the same night at 10 P.M. for Benares.

March 25th.—I arrived at Benares at about twelve, and found the old-fashioned Clark's hotel, surrounded by a lovely large garden full of the loveliest summer flowers and covered with roses, very comfortable and nice. It looks, with its solid Early Victorian mahogany furniture,



PART OF THE RIVER BANK, BENARES (MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE)



quite like a private house, and the people who own it are charming and attentive. The verandahs were all covered with Maréchal Neil roses in full bloom, and roses were flowering in profusion everywhere, and all the vases were freshly filled with them every day. It was really a joy to be in such a place. I felt at home at once.

Mr Chatterjee's friend, the Brahmin, to whom I had letters, was unfortunately in deep mourning, as his grandmother had just died, and so he couldn't see me, which I very much regretted.

In the afternoon I drove to the Monkey Temple, which appeared to me much finer than when I saw it years ago. As I remembered it, it was much larger and much dirtier, and there were many more monkeys in it. Now it was quite clean, and there were many less monkeys, and they were much nicer mannered and almost genteel; of course they were still fed. The carving of the inner shrine is really lovely, and the colour of the red sandstone is so pretty. I was only allowed just to peep into the sanctuary, and couldn't distinguish much except a mass of flowers. The High Priest, a young Brahmin, and quite one of the handsomest young men I have seen in my life, came out and was most amiable; he decorated me with *his* wreath of jasmine flowers ending in a long marigold tassel which he wore round his neck. He himself showed me the cloisters and the large, square tank. I must say that I was most favourably impressed by the whole thing. It never struck me before as being so pretty, I only remembered a mass of horrid, fierce-looking, half-mangy monkeys, that snatched the food out of your hands. Apparently, thanks to

the mild-eyed High Priest, they are now quite well mannered.

Then we returned to the town and to the bazaars. The sun had just set, and the sky and landscape was all one harmony of deep purples, mauves, oranges and yellows, too lovely for words, and of course I had not my painting materials with me. The dust was great, and the horses I saw were wretched looking, but the whole place was *ever so much* cleaner than it used to be, and much tidier. There was evidently an attempt at keeping the place tidy, and there were actually paved gutters, etc., etc. After Burmah, this looked all quite civilised and almost smart.

The silk gauzes they make in the bazaars are too lovely for words, and so are all the gold tissues and Benares brocades. They have changed their colours and don't use the hideous aniline dyes any more, but natural dyes again, and they copy quite old and exquisite designs. The stuffs they display in front of one are dreams, and one cannot resist them.

Next morning Abdullah, the guide, said it was quite time enough to go to the Ganges at 8 A.M. I wanted to go earlier, but he pretended that there was nothing to see earlier, so we started at eight. But it was nonsense, because at eight it was already much too hot, and of course the principal life was gone. In the full morning light especially it seemed quite evident that the place had been greatly improved. It was much tidier and almost prosperous looking, to what it used to be. I think it is a fascinating place, and I am sorry I spent so much time in Burmah. But I am determined not to miss the spring in Kashmir, and so my time is more than limited.

As we were floating down and past the cremation ground, they were just bringing Mr Chatterjee's friend's grandmother down to be cremated. I, of course, wanted to go away, as we were so close to the ghat that they must see me. But the boatman and Abdullah said the Babu himself would not be present, only his younger brothers and relations—he was far too great a person to attend that ceremony—and nobody would know me; so I stopped. After all, it is true none of them knew me, so my curiosity got the upper hand. They brought the old lady down on her bed, apparently just as she died, for she was lying on her side, and covered with her blanket and a large bit of muslin over all. First the bed was lowered to the river, and her feet were dipped into the water. Then the oldest of the men, a stout, young and refined-looking fellow, with golden spectacles, draped in spotless white muslin, took some water out of the river in a large brass pot, and after they had uncovered the old lady's head and put her in a sitting position in which several of the others held her, he poured the water slowly over her head.—There she sat,—the thin old thing, as if she were living,—her finely-cut old face very peaceful, and her small white head slightly shaking about on her thin neck as they moved the body about.—I couldn't help thinking, "She was once young and attractive, and was the delight of her loving husband," because she must have been very pretty, and such a good old soul she looked.—Then after her poor old head had been well soaked, they put her down again, and poured quantities of water all over her, till clothing and bedding and everything was well soaked. Lastly, with the swiftness and agility one witnesses amongst

the bathing people here every day, her drapery was changed, a new white muslin being wrapped round her, and not one atom of the nude body did one see. It was really wonderful how quick and agile they were in changing the garments. Then all the old clothes and the blankets having been removed, and she well wrapped up in the fresh white muslin, the whole bedstead was placed on a high pile of wood, and then the same man put some bits of gold in the mouth and some orange coloured flowers which had been prepared by a sort of priest in different little dishes. Then the priest or undertaker (I couldn't ask questions as we were too near) handed the same fat young man a large torch of lit straw, and while he walked slowly with this smoking, flaming torch three times round the wood stack, other priests on the steps of the temple near by, began to beat deep drums and cymbals and to intone a low, quaint chant. It sounded very weird and impressive. Then he set fire to the stack, and as soon as the blue smoke curled up, they all washed their hands in the river and departed. I wish I had departed too; I was half mesmerised, as it had really all been very dignified and impressive and solemn. But after they had gone, a man walked up to the smoking stack and out of two large earthen pots poured some yellowish liquid over the whole. He seemed to be a sort of undertaker.—“Melted butter,” my boatman informed me from behind, “so that it should burn better!”—To me it seemed *as if someone had slapped me in the face*.—All the charm was gone, and I was sad, indescribably sad, as if somebody had broken something I was fond of. It was so odd to pour melted butter over one's dead grandmother that she should burn better.

I could not but laugh. The good part of me was sad, the wicked part couldn't help laughing.—But I didn't want to stop any longer on the river after this, and gave the order to land.

We then drove to the bazaars because I wanted to go to a brass shop. The bazaars are just as lively and busy and picturesque at night as they are empty in the morning, when everybody is washing himself in the river or worshipping in the temples. All the shops were closed : it was like a dead city.

In the afternoon I drove to the Monkey Temple to draw the priest, who sat for me very amiably ; but I was nervous with all the acolytes and the many worshippers all crowded round me, monkeys chattering, etc., and my drawing proved very bad. They, however, were highly pleased with it and admired it very much, and through Abdullah told me that it was very good. I admit that I had hoped for a nice sunset, besides the priest, but it was a dull, dark, grey sky, and so I passed again through the fascinating bazaars with all their shops opened and lit, and all the white-muslined people busily bargaining and selling. It was awfully pretty. The flower market, where they sell all those lovely garlands of marigolds, roses, jasmine, etc., etc., was particularly pretty, lit up with small old oil lamps, giving only a soft half light and letting everything appear fantastically attractive.—And the scent!

Next morning I was at the river at six, and it was lovely. All the people were there, and the colour effects were too lovely for words. The horrid aniline colours they loved so much eleven years ago, which prevail still in Burmah to such an awful extent, have almost, I'm

glad to say, vanished away from here. The men were, of course, all dressed in white muslin, and white was decidedly prevailing. But the women were draped in all the shades of purple, from deep plum colour to heliotrope and the palest Parma violet mauve, exquisite greens in lovely shades, indescribably pretty oranges, marvellous in their rich warmth, pure lemon yellows, *eau de nil* and pale blues. All that was melted together with white, and the warm tone of the reddish brown greys of the old buildings, their gilt cupolas and minarets, the bronzy arms and necks and bodies, the paler almond-coloured faces of the women, the glittering brass and copper pots, the silver bangles and ornaments, the sky and the big flights of blue rooks, swooping down with shimmering wings and iridescent necks to settle on the steps or the cords and chains and sterns of the old boats to drink, or to circle high in the air with clacking, silvery wings, to settle on the projecting friezes or balconies of old temples and magnificent palaces, cooing and wheeling, their wings spread wide behind their slender-necked lady-loves. And all the different attitudes, the positions of the people, the expressions, some laughing and jesting, some seriously busy, others offering water to the spirits of their beloved dead ones, either in longish copper bowls or with both their hands, murmuring prayers, others deeply wrapped in meditation or their prayers, etc., etc., was wonderfully interesting, full of mystery, charm and devotion.

Opposite the mosque, with its slender minarets, I let the boat be tied up, and began to paint. The sky was covered, and the effects of the light, mellowing down everything finely, were very good and interesting. Just as I wanted to begin on the detail, having put the general

tonality in, after one good hour's work, the sun came out, and of course changed the whole effect and value of the colours. There was nothing else to be done but to begin again, and just as I was about to do that, who should row up but the High Priest from the Monkey Temple. He had gone to the hotel to see me, and they had told him that I was on the river, so he had come. Even Abdullah, a Mohammedan, was highly impressed by this honour, and so there remained nothing else for me to do but to make *bonne mine au mauvais jeu*, and we returned to the hotel, where I had the honour of his visit for at least an hour. He was awfully nice, I must say, but unfortunately had set his heart upon taking me as his private pupil. He would teach me everything, and be my sole instructor, I his disciple and private acolyte, etc., etc. It was of no use my telling him my age and religion—that was of no importance, he wanted me as his private disciple. What is age? Religion? He was going to teach me. I was to be his disciple, his private disciple—that was the main thing, and nobody else should have anything to do with me. I was really quite sorry for him, he seemed to have set his heart on it so much, but I had to disappoint him, though I disliked disillusioning the kind creature. I told him he would find me very different from what he thought, but it was of no use, he saw something special in me, and said he was a good judge of people and had found me to be what he wanted. Surely this was very flattering, but do you, *who know my physique*, see me, draped in white muslin and bare-footed, acting as acolyte in the Holy of Holies of the Monkey Temple in Benares for the rest of my life? I didn't!—As a child I always wanted to become Pope, *but only because somebody had told me the*

Pope rode on a white mule; and other people later in life have often told me I would either end as a Jesuit priest or a monk, so decidedly I seem predestined for the Clergy, and on the whole I would really and truly have loved the Roman Catholic Priesthood. It was touch-and-go whether I entered a Franciscan convent last year, when the waves of fate went too high even for my courage and pluck, and there I felt sure of finding rest and peace and calm and quietness. But priest in the Monkey Temple! I, who hate monkeys so much! I don't think I could do it to please anybody. Not even the good-looking young Brahmin.

So after more than one hour's hard argument, he departed quite sadly, and I felt wicked to have caused him pain. I hate hurting people's feelings.

That afternoon I drove to Sarnath, the old Benares, where the Buddha is supposed to have taught. The drive out there, though dusty, is pretty, through a magnificent high old avenue of trees, and right and left, native villas of rich Benares people lie hidden amongst large clusters of fine old trees, amid big gardens, into which one gets glimpses through the open porticoes of the high walls surrounding them. In Sarnath itself there is not much to see, and no trace of the Buddha whatever, nor of his marvellous life and wonderful teaching. Of the once large and apparently fine city and its many temples, there remain nothing now but the mere foundations, dug out recently from the mud and dust, while some fine fragments of apparently fine sculpture and friezes have been put up in a covered place, so as to be preserved from total destruction. They prove on what a high artistic level the Indians once were. *That* time, however,

is past! — A fine big cupola of bricks, covered outside with sandstone, still stands, and is being restored now, and the relief friezes running round it are quite the finest I have seen for a long time, and look almost Grecian in the purity of their design and the exquisiteness of the work.

The following day I went to the river again in the morning, but did not paint. It was no use—one wanted more than the short time I could spend in this enchanting place to make something good. So after wandering up and down the delightful place, I went to the Golden Temple. Of course I was not allowed into it, and could only peep into it from the threshold, but it was a lovely sight and reminded me of fairy tales.—The soft-eyed, silver-grey bulls eating garlands of marigolds and roses which the worshipping people offer them, the glittering colonnades, the women draped in their coloured sarris, with their shimmering bracelets and ear-rings, offering roses, jasmine and marigolds to the image in the raised centre sanctuary, the peacocks strutting about, etc., etc. —all is so fantastic and enchanting that it is a pity one cannot see more of it. But the people are so terrified lest you should rub against them or their garments should but touch yours, that you feel it is wicked to stop there in their way and interfere with their solemn worship. They place themselves flat against the wall with their faces against it, terrified lest you should touch them after they have just washed and purified themselves in the Holy River, and so they should not be able to enter the sanctuary having become unclean through your contamination. I remember how this shrinking from us made me furious years ago; now it fills me only with sadness and

sympathy, as I understand so much more, and am so much more in sympathy with them and so much nearer them in feeling than years ago. I went into the flower-shop opposite, because from the first floor one is supposed to have a good view of the temple, but even from there one only sees the gilt tops of the many domes as the street is so narrow.—On my way out of the shop, I bent down to smell at a basket of jasmine garlands, and the vendor promptly took the whole handful I put my nose to and threw it in the street, as it was useless and polluted through my smelling it!

Then we walked through the absolutely empty bazaars to the big mosque.—Not one shop was open.—Everybody was washing in the Ganges or worshipping in the many temples and round the countless shrines.—Nobody had time for business!—What is even the strictest discipline of the Roman Catholic Church compared to this!

We walked through endless narrow, whitewashed, deserted alleys of closed houses, a regular labyrinth—without knowing the way one would get hopelessly lost in these streets, for they are so much alike. These houses with all their doors tightly closed, their shutters jealously shut, in their deadly silence and desertedness breathe defiance, and fear, the cholera and plague, mute mental sufferings and unknown sorrows; but the sublime peace and the wonderful understanding too which I find here! In this apparently deserted dead city, where you occasionally meet perhaps a silver-grey Zebu cow walking along with soft eyes, or where a solitary man or woman glides past you like a white shadow, you have a curious charmed feeling, a feeling of peace, and the whole strangeness is full of a poetry of its own of an indescribably restful,

harmonious well-being. The mosque itself, pretty as it looks from the river, is disappointing near to, and inside there is absolutely nothing to be seen, so I ascended the one minaret, from where there is a very fine view over the whole city and the surrounding country, thickly dotted with trees and gardens.

In the afternoon the brass man took me in his boat on the river, as it was some great Hindoo festival, I think the Hindoo New Year or something similar, and the ghats at the river banks were packed with brilliantly dressed women and children. It looked like a flower parterre, and the many lovely colours were reflected in long, undulating reflections in the water. The river was teeming with boats of all sorts, and all the men in them (for the women were all on shore) were dressed in pure, fresh white muslins. Only the little boys were gaily dressed in many colours, and had gold-embroidered caps on their heads. All the pride of an Indian consists in his male child. The other day I asked the two rich silk merchants if they had any *children*. The older one shook his head sadly, and said, "No! I've *only got two girls*." They speak English as well as I do. The other one said, "I've got *one* child and two girls." The girls are of no account, it seems.

We were rowed down the river, towards a large flotilla approaching slowly up stream, and in the centre of it was a huge barge all painted outside with peacocks' feathers and having at its prow a large peacock with outspread tail. In the middle of this barge was a canopy of silver brocade, and underneath it sat in two long rows all the dignitaries of the Maharajah with emerald-green turbans, tied across with thick golden cords, dressed in white, and having in

their green velvet belts all sorts of old silver-handled daggers, pistols and swords. Near the prow, under the peacock, on a raised small platform forming an open lotus flower, the Maharajah sat on a silver empire chair. He was dressed all in white, and had a pink and silver brocaded cap on his head, and a marvellous pearl necklace of ten enormous rows round his neck. Right and left of him stood two halberdiers, dressed in emerald green and holding silver lances in their hands, and behind him stood a green-turbanned man, fanning him all the time. This state barge was preceded by a long boat filled with the Rajah's bodyguard, tall, splendid, swarthy-looking men, all dressed in emerald green, with enormous green and gold puggarees, and all holding silver lances in their hands. Behind the peacock barge, which was rowed by thirty men dressed in scarlet and gold, was a barge similarly rowed, with a gold and red velvet canopy, and on its prow two prancing white horses. In this, other court dignitaries sat. The other boats simply swarmed round, and on the shore wherever the state barge passed the population cheered the Maharajah loudly, he being very popular. He was small and oldish looking, they say about fifty, and reminded one of the pictures of the Shah of Persia. He had a well-cut, very intelligent face.—As our boat almost bumped against his and he looked up, my valet and I being the only Europeans present, I of course got up, took off my hat and bowed. He first looked very astonished, then most amiably bowed back. The courtiers were wildly intrigued, and he himself, I noticed, asked at once who I was. It didn't seem to have happened to him often that Europeans, travelling in his State, had the ordinary civility of bowing to the ruler

when they met him. As soon as he thought I wasn't looking he took up his opera glass, although my boat was not five yards off his, and studied me carefully. I of course pretended not to see it, and let him have his look. Poor old thing, he didn't see much worth seeing.

As he still paraded up the bank loudly cheered by the population, we rowed towards a large house-boat, anchored in the centre of the river, whose upper deck was splendidly decorated with a tent of pink velvet embroidered with gold, and carpets and many chandeliers. This was the Maharajah's too, and here he was going later to witness some dancing and singing.

As he returned to step on to this boat, he passed a boat directly beside mine, and as he walked past me, I of course got up. He stopped, turned round, and bowed in the most amiable way to me. Of course the court officials almost fell on their backs.—I had noticed on the house-boat, while waiting for the Maharajah to come, two gorgeously-dressed old women, and by the airs they gave themselves had thought they were very likely old favourites, retired now on a pension, because some other gay Harem ladies were on the boat too. The one was dressed in pink silk, and the wide, many-folded skirt, sticking out enormously wide at the bottom, was embroidered with emeralds, trimmed round with gold, and the skirt was hemmed and lined with pale blue silk. She wore pale yellow trousers, and had many silver spangles round her ankles. I could see all these details as her boat was very high and I looking up from underneath, as mine was low. She had a lovely emerald-green and gold scarf of lovely silk gauze, half over her head, half on the upper part of her body. Her jewels were emeralds and pearls. I

should think she was about fifty; she must have been very pretty when young, carried her head well, and had an undoubted dignity and grace in her bearing. The other was dressed in pale blue, all embroidered over and over with small pink and gold flowers, and she had a scarf of champagne-coloured silk gauze with a large border and stripes of gold. Her jewels were entirely pearls and diamonds. She too must have been pretty. They proved to be two famous nautch-girls, and were really almost fifty, but very well known for their fine voices and good singing. As for their dresses, one really could not wish for anything more perfect and in more refined or better taste. So, all you people at home, don't think when you hear the wicked-sounding words of "nautch-girls" that they are all fascinating young sirens, because these two were decidedly most dignified, respectable-looking matrons. All the courtiers stood in two files on the upper deck when the Maharajah came up, and after he had seated himself on a silver chair, the singing began. But they were so surrounded by the many courtiers, and the noise on the boats round us was so terrific, that we could hear nothing, and as it was getting late I drove home.

After dinner I went to the brass man's big boat, as he had invited me to hear some singing. We were rowed down river a good bit, past many illuminated boats on which singing and dancing was going on, till we came to his boat. The river banks and ghats looked very pretty in the strange illumination. On the boat he had put the model of the Maharajah's silver chair, as he was a silversmith, and had told me he had made that chair, and so I had to sit in state on this sort of throne in the centre, and have all the other visitors, about forty men,

to *stare* at me all the time. However, I have in the course of my life been accustomed on my travels to be stared at like that by other nationalities. The singing, if one may call it so, was most trying. The two girls were very pretty, especially one of them, but the singing was really only a loud shrieking. Poor things, what else could they do, as the same performance was going on on *all* the other boats, and each party wanted to outshriek the other. Each had its band of four to five men playing all sorts of fiddles and flutes, and they stood quite close to the girls and encouraged them all the time. It was all in Hindoostani of course, so I didn't understand a single word, and in truth it was monotonous—there is no other word for it. It is supposed to go on the whole night. However, at half-past eleven I felt I had done my duty, and, thanking my host warmly, took my departure.

March 27th.—The nice silk man, who decorated me the last time I was in his shop with two thick wreaths of lovely-smelling Chinese roses (I forgot to say that last night also I got *three* flower garlands of course, and, much to my astonishment, one from one of the young guests whom I had never seen before, who suddenly got up, bought a thick jasmine garland, and bowing deeply, asked to be allowed to put it round my neck, so I'm quite sure I looked like a prize bull), had asked the Maharajah if I could see his palace, and His Highness had most graciously given the permission, asking to be excused for not receiving me (thank goodness!) as he was slightly indisposed. So the silk man and I drove this morning out of Benares and along a magnificent large avenue, through well-cultivated fields, in the direction of the fort.

Now this is what I mean about Burmah. It is not an atom more brutal in heat or in dustiness than this country is at present, yet here it is lovely. The trees are partly bare, or shedding their leaves rapidly, but it does not matter, the magnificent old trees, groups of them, the fine avenues, are there and one enjoys them. In Burmah there is nothing.

After an hour's very pretty drive in this lovely avenue, where right and left the people were busy harvesting, we arrived at the river, where in a red barge rowed by scarlet men, sent by the Maharajah for my use, we were rowed across. On the other side was an elephant covered with royal red, and I rode in state first to the Maharajah's garden, half an hour's drive from the palace. It is a formal garden, planted in cross form with large stone gates and a lovely marble summer-house in the centre, where he sits in the hot weather. In the stiff beds are mostly roses, and on the other side of the walk is a low shrubbery of mandarines and pomegranates, and behind that high trees shutting out the view from outside. The walks are bordered by large pots of summer flowers at equal distances, larkspurs, pansies, marigolds, poppies, verbenas, snap-dragons, asters, etc., etc. ; and I must say, quite pretty as the effect is, my gardener's star would not shine very long if he made me such a garden. And considering they have the huge river at a stone's throw, they could have a dream of a garden. But the garden is prettily laid out. On one side, at the end of the one walk, there is a large summer-house, and from the flat roof of it, where there is a sort of loggia, with prettily-carved stone pillars, one has a lovely view over a large stone-fenced tank, to which many stone steps lead all round, and on to a pretty

Hindoo temple on one side of it, hidden under big trees, and then over the country, which reminds one of England with the many large trees dotted all about and growing in fine forms.

Then we rode back to the palace, through a high and thick mango grove, then through a grove of oranges, and then through the elephants' stables; that is to say, a large yard where thirty elephants stood fettered down each to its place looking most contented and well kept. The mahouts all have their houses round this yard.

In front of the palace we descended—no, that is not true; that's what we wanted to do, but some dignitary begged us to ride into the courtyard and descend there. The main gate is very pretty, with many turrets and balconies, and is all painted dark red (claret coloured) and picked out with green, and, horrid as it may sound, it is not, because the two shades of colours are so well chosen: just the right red for the right green. After dismounting I told Abdullah to give the mahout a tip, but when he turned the elephant round so that he, reaching down from its head could take the offered tip, Abdullah bolted away terrified, and no power on earth would make him go near the elephant's head. So the silk man very pompously offered to hand the tip up, but as soon as the elephant turned round facing him, he ran for all that he was worth, and the ridiculous figure that fat, sedate man cut with his coat-tails flying behind him was so awfully funny that I couldn't help laughing, and so I took the money and handed it to the mahout myself, and after I had patted the elephant the mahout made him salaam with his trunk. They were all astonished at my *extraordinary courage*! especially my having patted the elephant, and the silk man

asked if all German people were so "*courageous*" as that, and *of course* I said yes!

We passed through the court, and under a high gate, where sentries presented arms, we came into another court, lined again with soldiers presenting arms, and finally we got into the palace, where again sentries stood presenting arms amid crowds of salaaming courtiers. These took me up a white marble staircase and into an anteroom where there were a still greater number of courtiers salaaming, and all of a sudden I had the frightful idea that perhaps the Maharajah intended to receive me after all, and a quick glance in a looking-glass showed me a nice picture for a royal reception. He would have got a rough idea of us courageous Germans, for I was in flannels with a soft shirt, not one, though, that had done for five days, as the Cook's agent in Dunedin said. Thank goodness, my terror was in vain, for this salaaming crowd only took me round and showed me the palace, which was the most disappointing interior I've ever seen. Hideous European furniture of an epoch of forty years ago, high gilt looking-glasses, with marble-topped tables underneath, heavy cut-glass chandeliers, and monstrous upholstery, sofas and arm-chairs, huge, crudely painted, life-sized portraits of all the Maharajahs of Benares, monstrosities of carved ivory under glass globes, sofas covered with tiger-skins, etc., etc.,—in short, all the things one wouldn't expect in a fine palace, which from outside, and especially from the river, was so fine, reminding one of Windsor Castle from the water side. We went out on some terraces, after I had been made to admire some huge photos of royalties and Maharajahs, and there one saw how high the palace stood above the river, to which

flight after flight of steps, and terrace after terrace descended in regular symmetrical forms. On some of the terraces were nice narrow gardens. The whole from there was imposing and grand. It is a pity the rooms are so hideously furnished. They are small as well and low, and the divan, I am especially astonished to see, is comparatively small, not bigger than my Halbau drawing-room. How frightfully spoilt we, father's children, are!

Accompanied by all the salaaming courtiers I left, and they brought me to a gate near the river, where the barge waited for me, and with a heavy storm brewing I was rowed across.

My train for Agra left at 1 P.M., and just as the luggage had gone, who should turn up but the young Brahmin, imploring me not to leave, but to stay with him. I really was sorry for him, but I couldn't help it, I had to leave, and quite miserable he saw me off.

March 28th.—I arrived at Agra at 10 A.M. The Taj seen from afar with the sun on it, looks lovely and imposing, but the country about it is not half as pretty as round Benares. There are many less trees, and it is much hotter and dustier. It is more like Burmah. The hotel is good and the garden round it very pretty, with high borders of lovely single hollyhocks in wonderful colours.

Then I drove to the jail, but as Mr Weyland, who has a carpet factory here from which I have some carpets at Halbau, had dawdled so awfully, when I called the jail was shut and I couldn't get in. So as the sun was setting I drove to the Taj. It was charming to see how all its surroundings have been improved, and how well kept

everything is. That is to the great credit of Lord Curzon, for when I saw it before it was disgusting, dirt and untidiness everywhere about in the colonnades leading up to it, dirty native bazaars, pedlars and dirty huts and villages round the entrance gates. Now all is well kept; there is a lovely drive up to it, everything has been cleared away that offended the sight, and pretty flowered grounds have been laid out all round it. It really is an enormous improvement, and worthy of the late Viceroy. Pretty green lawns set off the magnificent entrance gate to its advantage. I personally find, and always did, the entrance gate finer than the Taj itself. I think it is purer Mogul too, and its proportions are surely finer. The combination of red sandstone inlaid with white and black marble is very effective too. Everything has been repaired and repaved, and is now so well kept that it is a real pleasure to see it; this entrance gate especially was in a shocking state when I last saw it. There it lay before me, the Taj, that wonderful building, which some people have called the finest building in the world. All spotless white marble! Certainly it is very fine, there's no doubt about it, and very impressive, but architecturally I don't admire it so very much. The cupola somehow seems wrong, and the straight, plain, square middle structure is to my mind wanting in relief, giving no lights and shadows. Then the minarets are not high enough for the central edifice. They ought to be thicker at the bottom and higher—in one word, what I found thirteen years ago strikes me more now, the proportions are not good. But it is easy to criticise. On the whole it is a beautiful thing, even a very beautiful thing, and one is greatly struck when one sees it again,





BEGINNING OF SPRING, PAIL-GAM.

especially now that it is so well kept, and looks therefore ever so much better and more to its advantage. Inside, of course, it is above criticism as it is simply perfect, and the *pietra-dura* work and the bas-reliefs decorating it are too beautiful and dainty in their design for words. It is simply exquisite. The marble screen round the tombs with its filigree work and its lovely design is unique and a perfect jewel. I went to the top and had the luck to see a lovely sunset over the river. Then I sauntered for a long time in the pretty grounds and kept on looking at the lovely building.—If one reminds oneself that the builder wanted to make a monument for his beautiful favourite wife, one must confess that he certainly succeeded and built her a mausoleum, where hundreds of years afterwards people still feel the charm of her person floating about, a place full of beauty and a melancholy charm.

The next day I drove to the jail, and started to settle about the other carpets. The manager was a very nice man, and seemed very artistic, and truly they make lovely carpets. They showed me different patterns and designs, and I put some aside for closer inspection to-morrow, as to-day being Sunday the manager was rather pressed for time. The heat was something awful, and I stopped all the day in the hotel, and when it got cooler drove to see my friend Ganeshi Lal. He, I found, was at Calcutta, but his brother was here, and very lovely things they make. I repeat what I wrote in his book thirteen years ago, that he is the only man in India who has got any taste. His work is matchless; he copies entirely from the good old buildings and from Austin de Bordeaux's lovely patterns of *pietra-dura* work in the Taj and the

other buildings. There was a table laden with fruit beside me and a cool lemon squash, and a man behind me fanning me; and Lal was squatting down in front of me, showing beauty after beauty, and all the attendants were the same as before (we've got considerably older, all of us, and some quite fat and grey), but it was like good old times again, and I'm only astonished darling Daisy doesn't come stalking in, saying, "O Fritz, you monster! You buy all the pretty things and there's nothing left for me, you naughty boy." They haven't a tent any more as they had then, but a palatial house, and as I laughed and told him so, he fetched the book where we wrote him our recommendations thirteen years ago, and he said I wouldn't believe how many commissions and orders these recommendations had brought him, and the photo of my sister in the Court train I designed and he executed for me, and Daisy's photo too, were both framed and hanging in the show-room in the place of honour. Yes, it is quite true, people are like a herd of sheep, one leads, and without much thinking all follow. One has only to get the right old ram to go first and lead, the others are sure enough to follow.

It was dark when I drove home to the hotel.

March 30th.—I started early as the heat was so terrific and went straight to the jail, where after much consideration, the different patterns were selected, and a great weight was off my mind, I must say. It is astonishing what a quantity of things a large house wants, till it is complete, and dear old Halbau is not even a large house. Then I drove once more to Weyland to settle with him (the jail makes finer colours, and has with few

exceptions better patterns), and to thank him for all the trouble he had taken with my mail, and then to Ganeshi Lal to settle with him and compare the rubies for my sister with the size on the paper I had forgotten yesterday. The gem I chose is a perfect match, and he can send it off at once, so that's settled too, and I have stones off my mind, but several rupees less in my pocket. But I didn't regret a single penny—*all* the things I got were wonderful, and really good; and unless a fire breaks out at Halbau, dear little Lexel's children will still enjoy them and say nice things about the grand-uncle's taste.

My train left at 4 P.M., and I arrived at Delhi the same night at 7 P.M. Ganeshi Lal had brought me a great big basket of grapes, oranges and Japanese medlars, all covered with lovely roses, to the station. The disorder at the station at Delhi was something awful, and one wished for the old system of more English railway and police officials.

Next morning it was such an awful, *impossible* heat that I only drove to the Bank, to settle about a cheque book for Cashmere, and that done I went straight back to the hotel, where I remained indoors the whole day. It is a great pity, this terrific heat, which, so they all say, has come quite a month too early, as I would so much have liked to see the fort again, but with this *torrid* heat it is impossible. When you get out of your room into the shady loggia to go to the dining-room, it is as if somebody had hit you with his fist in the face, and a hot wave blows in your eyes as if you sat opposite the mouth of a furnace.

My train was supposed to leave at 10 P.M., and at that time I was at the station, but it was late, and I had to

wait till 1 A.M., and so I got through the time writing letters and drinking lemon squashes. When the train arrived at last, I was so tired that I slept like a top the whole night through.

Next morning the country was considerably greener and prettier, and at Lahore at the station they sold excellent, large, fresh garden strawberries, of which I ate basketfuls. I travelled the whole day long, but it was much cooler, and the landscape greener, and many nice canals, lined with mulberry trees, fresh green with new leaves, were quite a joy to behold, and it made me feel quite happy and gay. Towards evening the country got hilly and the earth became a funny claret-red, but just as it began to become really pretty it got so dark that I saw nothing. At 7 P.M. I arrived at Rawal Pindi. All the way to the hotel the air was heavily scented with gaggia and orange blossoms—delicious!

April 2nd.—Rawal Pindi is a charming place, without being beautiful. Everything is so green and fresh, the poplar trees, the willows and the many mulberry trees, and the gaggia scents everything. It grows almost into large trees here.

All the nice bungalows are quite hidden in large gardens, so that one hardly sees them, and everywhere are green trees and flowers. I took a tonga, one of those covered two-wheeled vehicles they have in this part of India, an absurd affair. It has a short pole, resting on the horses' backs (of course one drives a pair) on a yoke at the end of the pole, and this yoke is strapped again to a sort of a heavy saddle. A wide leather strap crosses the horses' breasts, and there are no traces nor anything, the

poor brutes have to pull everything with their breasts and that saddle. I drove to Mr Danji Boy, the agent who gave me the tongas and ekkas (one horse carriage, two-wheeled as well and most uncomfortable looking, with a thin bamboo hood) for the luggage. There, as I had wired beforehand, everything was settled and arranged, and he sent the tonga round that afternoon, so that I might see how much luggage I could put on it, and the ekkas were coming to fetch the big luggage as that had to leave at once, it goes so much slower. After that I was driven round the sights of Rawal Pindi, which consist of fresh trees. The afternoon passed in writing letters, reading cook's and bearers' certificates, which were all good. If one might only believe what they say! I tried the luggage on the tonga and superintended the packing of the big luggage on three ekkas with wretchedly small, little ponies in the shafts, engaged cook, bearer, etc., etc., and at 10 P.M. I started for Peshawar, as the next day was just one of the days when the Khyber was open for caravans to Kabul. We (that is always my valet and I) arrived at Peshawar at 6 A.M., and in a *cold* darkness drove to the hotel, which was so full that I could only get a tent. So after my breakfast I dressed, and at 8 A.M. drove to the Political Officer, to whom I had wired yesterday for a permit to visit the Pass.

Peshawar is quite one of the prettiest places I've ever seen in all my life, and not the wildest words can describe it. Surely the man who started the European quarter was a man with a soul, and deserves a monument. It has broad avenues, shaded by fine poplar, plane or mulberry trees, and all the charming bungalows lie in enormous gardens, a perfect dream of abundance and flowers. Every

imaginable flower under the sun grows here, apparently to perfection, and all the gardens in whichever avenue you may drive or look down on, are fenced in with high hedges of good roses, such as Safrano, Gloire de Dijon, Boule de Neige, Caroline Testout, etc., and of course all the different China roses. These hedges are quite five feet high, and a thick mass of flowers. I've never, not even in beloved Italy, seen such a luxuriance and lovely abundance of roses as here. The avenues seem to run in these flowered hedges, wreathed with pink, red, white, orange and yellow garlands of roses, as far and wherever you look. One hedge was quite formed of Maréchal Neil growing on some trellis-work, yellow with flowers; another one, formed of gaggia and safrano. It was too lovely for words. Gaggia is very much clipped into hedges here, and the whole place is scented with it—delicious! That and orange blossoms scent the place, but gaggia prevailing.

On both sides of the drive is a narrow grass strip on which beds of low flowers are planted, like verbenas, dwarf-phloxes and snap-dragons, etc., etc., and then comes a broad walk. On either side of this walk there is a very large bit of grass stretching to the rose hedges fencing the gardens. On these lawns the large trees, forming an avenue, stand well at the back, while in the foreground large flower-beds of tall flowers, as larkspurs, hollyhocks, daisies, fox-gloves, poppies, irises, etc., etc., every possible summer flower and herbaceous grow, each in a long bed by itself, and between each of these long, large beds are enormous bushes of roses of every imaginable sort and colour. The rose-fenced gardens themselves are, as I said before, a tangle of flowers, and look like a lovely Oriental

carpet. The whole place looks like a beautiful flower-show or a very well-kept, smart watering-place, but not like a grim, military, frontier station, where only quite recently fighting went on.

I had a high dogcart with a wiry little Arab mare in the shafts, and a little Kabul mare working on the off-side in specially attached traces. They have funny ways of harnessing their horses up here.

In front of Mr Keppel's charming bungalow, in his flowered garden, I pulled up, and as he was still in his bath he asked to be excused but sent me a permit written by himself, and I started at once for the Khyber Pass.

One first drives through many of the above described rose-hedged avenues, then one goes past extensive barracks where soldiers are being drilled (English troops), then out into green corn-fields, the road being lined by mulberry trees with their fresh green, and then drives straight towards the hills, which one sees first in a bluish distance. As one gets nearer, they become a purple, and finally nearer still, a reddish brown with purple shadows. They are bare of trees, but of very pretty form and colouring, and one does not get tired of looking at them. One passes a large fort, where the pass has to be visé and signed. This fort, standing on a little elevation in the flat land, lined by distant hills, is armed to the teeth, and with its plain walls plastered smoothly over a brownish colour, and its little windows and high buttressed walls and turrets, stands out defiant and well against the purplish blue haze of the high hills. After half an hour's fast drive one comes into the lower hills, and soon the road ascends and one is surrounded by hills and cliffs getting steeper and steeper, till, continually going uphill, one comes into the wildest,

raggedest hill scenery imaginable. A splendid stage decoration for *Fra Diavolo* or the Freischuetz's *Wolfsschlucht*.

At the beginning of the pass where the first hills begin I came on the rear of the great caravan, and was soon right in the middle of it, as we were going in the same direction. Thousands of huge camels, heavily laden with big bales, tents, cooking-pots, and all sorts of goods, many of them having their young ones, too small to walk all the long way, tied on to the top of all these bundles and loads, and emerging with their long thin necks out of all these bundles and pots and rugs. Others, again, carried small children perched on the top, tied on of course, and some fast asleep. Hundreds of asses, all heavily laden and most having young goats and sheep tied on their packages piled up on their backs, always four or five together in a sort of string basket, as they also were too small to walk yet, and were quite happy and contented, having their little heads stuck out of the cord baskets and seeming quite contented at not having to walk. Chickens are transported like that too, or are tied by one leg and perched up on the top of the highly-loaded camels, as if roosting there. There were large troops of mules, of stallions, enormous long-coated dogs, big herds of brown and white sheep and large ones of long-coated goats with high twisted horns, bullocks carrying bundles and loads too, and crowds of young camels too young to carry anything yet, their backs covered with rugs where the hump stuck out of the rugs like a funny hairy head. Thousands of men, old and young, boys, women and girls, drove and moved about between all this groaning, whinnying, bleating crowd of animals, the men carrying round shields and daggers stuck in their belts, swords or rifles on their heads.

They are magnificent creatures—tall, with a proud, erect walk, beautifully cut faces, flashing teeth, large eyes, and strong necks, aquiline noses and well-arched eyebrows. They are well tanned, but strikingly light coloured, and lots of them have blue eyes and fair moustaches with a brown beard. Their dress reminds one very much of the Arabs, though it is not quite as long as the galabia, and they wear enormous turbans. The women are quite the finest creatures I've ever seen, and really magnificent. They are very tall too, and with a marvellous regal walk; they are almost white, and have beautiful regular cut faces with fine aquiline noses, springing between beautifully curved eyebrows under which enormous flashing eyes shine, shaded by long silky lashes. The oval of their faces is perfect, and their mouths are full-lipped and small. They wear their hair plaited, and two long plaits of it hang down on both sides of their regular faces, framing them very well. They look as if they knew how to hate, but also how to love. Their dresses are very many-folded skirts, very wide at the bottom and almost reaching down to the ankle, over wide, baggy trousers, and on their heads they have vivid-coloured and embroidered shawls that hang down to the ground; these dresses are mostly of red material. None of them have nose-rings, but any amount of bracelets and long earrings. Whoever can remember Georgina Lady Dudley, or Ada Countess of Turenne, has some idea of these wonderful creatures. They walked along, some carrying their babies, too small yet to be trusted alone on a camel, on their heads, and marching erect with the gait of an empress. The children were simply too pretty for words, looking as if they had stepped out of a Murillo, with the

perfect oval of their warm-coloured faces, their almost too large magnificent eyes, veiled by long curly lashes, and their exquisite small, full, red mouths. All of them seemed to be a happy-going people, and in this enormous crowd hurrying thousands of animals along on this narrow steep road, you hardly heard them give a cry or a curse. Everybody was laughing and jesting and helping every one else, and when you smiled at them, they at once smiled back at you, salaaming and displaying marvellous rows of white teeth. It was the finest, most interesting picture I had ever seen, these ideally beautiful people driving their thousands of animals along this steep pass, in this wild, beautiful mountain scenery, where the high ragged hills tower everywhere around coloured in all the different tints of ochre, brown, yellow, purple-red, almost a black, as the sun fell on them; and, where there was an opening, long vistas through narrow ravines into the far plains appeared pale blue in the distant haze.

Afridi soldiers mounted and on foot rode among them, so as to keep up a certain order. They make smart soldiers in their khaki uniforms and all their shining metal buckles and blinking arms. I expect the exodus of the Jews out of Egypt must have been something like this.

After continually climbing steeply at a walking pace for at least two hours, one descends again into a valley, where a small stream runs and here reaches a little white-washed mosque, where a strong sentry of mounted Afridis is posted, and, this being the frontier, no Europeans are allowed further. The caravan of course goes on, an endless stream of humanity and animals, and the caravan coming from Kabul streams past the other one in the other direction. The horses were taken out of the harness

and fed, and I settled down under an old mulberry tree near the little mountain stream, and enjoyed my lunch brought in my tea-basket, watching the caravans file continually by.

After an hour's rest we started back, and soon passed the last of the caravans going to Kabul, which made it easier to get on, as at some parts the road was so blocked with the two caravans meeting that we had long stops, which I enjoyed thoroughly, as I could the better admire the interesting picture.

At 4 P.M. we were back at Peshawar. At five I drove to the bazaars, which are small but very pretty and most picturesque. They remind one so much of those at Cairo, and altogether this place has all the charm and artistic attraction of Egypt. The people one meets all look like my beloved Arabs, and the bazaars and shops themselves are exactly like the Egyptian ones. Some of the buildings have lovely wood-carving not unlike the Mozarabic, only perhaps finer, and with very pretty patterns. One part of the bazaar, a colonnade of lovely pillars carved out of red sandstone, was particularly shown to me, because a month ago, one night, the Afridis came down from the hills in such numbers that the English troops were powerless, and they ransacked everything that was in the bazaars.

Then I went to some carpet shops, and the Bokhara carpets I got there are indescribable. Of course, as Peshawar is the nearest place to Bokhara, no wonder they have such quantities and at such relatively low prices. Personally, I think they are the finest carpets I know. After having seen the Khyber Pass, I can quite understand why they make their carpets these colours. True

Oriental artists by nature, they simply copy the colourings of their hills, and that is why these carpets are so lovely.

After that my coachman drove me to the camel market, which is a large square surrounded by the many caravan-serais, and was certainly worth seeing, only it was getting rather dark. Next morning I spent in the bazaars again, going through what I told them yesterday to put aside for me. This I always find a very good system, because with fresh eyes and looked at a second time, things generally appear so different, and so my purchases were made.

After it had got a little bit cooler and I had finished some writing, I returned to the camel market, which fascinated me enormously yesterday, as by now the whole new caravan that yesterday came from Kabul had arrived. The place was simply crammed full, and I got out of the carriage and poked about on foot. Most of the camels were lying on the ground, with their heads together in circles round huge piles of green fodder, others were standing about, and now that I was on foot, I saw what huge animals they were. The many men were sitting about smoking or talking in groups, or resting on their string beds, of which there were rows and rows on the flat roofs of the caravanserais. Others were strolling about, and still others were praying in a little open mosque which they have built in the centre of the square, and fenced off from the business and bustle of the crowd by a low whitewashed wall. It had always particularly attracted me, the quiet, dignified way in which the Mohammedan, regardless of his surroundings, at the fixed hours, and with such utter indifference of everything round him, worships and follows the rites of his religion. I think it is splendid,

and it always has a great effect on me. It is so beautiful and dignified.

Of course, I entered all the large courts of the caravan-serais, because here life was pulsing most, and was most interesting and picturesque. How good it all smelt, of camels and of Egypt!

At 10 P.M. my train left, and at 6 A.M. I was back at Rawal Pindi. It was raining. All the luggage, the servants and Cocky had left several days ago, and I really didn't know what to do. Babboo, the new energetic bearer, a Simla man, said it was going to clear up and it was no use my going to bed, I should do much better to get ready; so reluctantly I changed while the rain came pelting down on the roof. At eight, the appointed hour, the tonga came, but although I was ready, it was such a deluge that I couldn't think of starting. At ten it cleared up, and even the sun came out, and so we started at eleven, after the luggage had been tied all over the tonga — two wretched little country-bred ponies. We were five people, as besides the driver and the two servants (that is my valet and the bearer) there were beside me still the sais to be taken, a most idiotic invention, and this man perched on the hood of the vehicle. Thus loaded we started for Cashmere!

XII

CASHMERE

THE road runs out from Rawal Pindi a wide avenue of big old trees, just now putting out fresh leaves, too small for me to see what trees they are, through freshly ploughed country, straight towards the hills that rise pale blue in front of us. The many villages one passes are very Arab-like, and one meets large military transports of mules. Every six miles one changes horses and sais, and one is just as wretched a lot as the other. After the second change the road begins to ascend, and keeps on rising steadily all the time till the evening. One goes through bushy country ; it is really not wood, but at least it is all green. The villages one passes, and which have quite another character already, are very dirty, but prettily shaded in thickly planted gardens, where irises, and huge old mulberry trees, and Japanese medlars yellow with fruit, and that pretty tree with the catleja-like flowers, whose name I don't know, all grow. In these villages the houses are all quite flat-roofed and built against the hill, one on top of the other, so that the flat roof of the lower one forms a sort of terrace for the upper one, and so on. The roofs are built of thick beams put quite flat, and on the top some branches of fir trees, then rough river gravel, and finally clay ; no grass is allowed to grow on these roofs. The houses not being very deep, and almost open in front, all

the domestic life goes on on these terrace roofs. Children are wiped and dressed, chickens run, goats scamper about, women "lice" each other; for these people are most awfully dirty, and never seem to wash.

The road ascends continually, and strikes me as being very badly built and engineered, for it is frightfully steep. It is very hard on the poor wretched horses, who are besides hardly broken in. We had the greatest difficulty in starting at each new change. Some were regular jibbers. The drivers have an ingenious way of persuading them to move. They place a rope round the foreleg, and as soon as the other horse jumps forward the sais pulls this horse's leg away, so that he is bound to start forward or to fall. The old baboon, though, managed with much tearing at the mouth to make us come to a sudden stop again soon, and by that time the little bay knew better—he let them pull his foreleg quietly away, and finally lay gently down, so that there was nothing for it but to unharness him and take another horse. Thus of course a considerable time was wasted. Anyhow, it is most lucky that Nature provided horses with the *sense of self-preservation*, as otherwise, with this road, and especially with these idiots of drivers, no person venturing himself rashly into a vehicle would reach Cashmere. His or her bones would soon bleach on the steep cliffs of the hills. It really was very dangerous, and several times the utter incapability of the old baboon nearly sent us over a precipice. But, as I say, thank God, the horses, though so stupidly pulled and messed about, still kept a sense of self-preservation, which alone saved us.

We met quantities of bullock carts, which have all the traffic between Cashmere and India—I mean all the goods

and stores are carried thus. They never move out of your way, although the tonga driver blows a little copper horn, but they always move straight on, right in the centre of the road till you bang into them, then a terrific shouting and endless talking begins, and it was only after Baboo had got out and insulted them apparently, to judge by his furious glittering eyes and foaming mouth, that they began to move on one side and crawled past us. For the old baboon had at least this much knowledge of his *utter incapability* of driving; he knew that unless the road were *quite clear* he must not move on, and I have learned through experience that it is no use my hurrying him, even if there is ample room to pass, because once when I did so he hauled over so far that we were jammed tightly on to the rock, and had all to get out to pull the carriage free again; and once again he hauled so much in the *other* direction that the outer wheel hung over the abyss, and I don't know who else but God alone preserved us from a certain death thousands of feet below.

We were getting up higher and higher, and it was getting colder and colder. Towards 3 P.M. we came into the region where the eternal freshly-tilled fields, made in terraces all on the slopes of the hills and lined with berberis bushes, yellow with flowers, and not exactly forming an attractive scenery, came to an end and where the woods began, fine pinewoods of a very long needled pine. Lots of pomegranate bushes, just showing fresh leaves, were about round the settlements and villages, mulberry trees and poplars, also a lot of Lombard poplars with pale green fresh leaves. Then the ilex began, gnarled old fine trees.

At 6 P.M. we arrived at Murree, our first station, and I admit that I was glad to get into the resthouse and near



CASHMERE.



the blazing wood fire. The poplar trees up here were still quite bare.

April 6th.—It pelted with rain as it had thundered the whole night—for a long time I haven't heard such thunder—the echo resounding in all the many valleys. We had intended to start early, but couldn't leave before 11 A.M. It was bitterly cold, and I was wrapped in my Franciscan cape. The view was lovely over the many hills and the blue valleys; the white clouds hung low on the tops of the high hills; white mists rose from all the many gorges, and the fogs wove white veils between the high pines and ilex trees, sometimes hiding the view altogether, so that one couldn't see where the road was going, and the huge pines looked like blackish-grey ghosts, taking fantastic forms and proportions. Then a wind began to blow all these veils apart, and one got exquisite vistas into deep valleys and over rows of hills looking a cobalt blue in contrast to the pure white mists, brooding heavily in thick masses in the many valleys. The woods were very fine. The ferns were just beginning to unroll their brown hairy spirals, and the ivy grew over the many rocks and boulders lying between the huge stems. The deciduous trees were still bare, and at some sheltered openings a peach tree carried the gay note of its pink blossoms into the sombreness of the firs and pines. Up here there are any amount of magnificent silver firs, growing to a great height like the cryptomerias in Japan, and almost touching the ground with their long fringed branches.

For about an hour we still drove through magnificent woods, descending all the time, and then came again into the cultivated terraced part of these valleys, continually

going downhill, twisting about from valley to valley, always following a foaming river of a chocolate colour deep down below one. In the distance we saw lovely snow mountains. At 6 P.M. we arrived at the bank of this river, the famous Jhelam. There, at a largish, indescribably dirty place called Kohala, we were told that the road was broken, but that tongas could go on. A party in a landau and ekka, whom I had passed on the road, coming up now behind me, had to stop, but I was able to go on. At Kohala we passed an iron bridge over the Jhelam, and there entered the real Cashmere, the river forming the frontier. From there the road was partly cut into the cliff, and at some places even short tunnels were pierced that don't look at all too solid. It had begun to rain again. At the next village we passed, after changing horses twice, which was really too repulsively dirty for words, Baboo shouted and stopped the carriage, as he had discovered the cook and the boy and Cocky stranded there, and heard from them that the bridge was quite broken, and they had been there for two days, not being able to go on. But he still thought we could get across, so we went on, after taking Cocky's cage on to our tonga, so I leave you to conceive how full we were. I'm only glad I had a box cage made for Cocky to travel in, otherwise he would have been sure to catch a cold, especially as he was just moulting. It rained on steadily and soon got dark.

At about half-past seven we arrived at the bridge, which indeed for 30 to 40 metres was absolutely washed away; the stream rushed past in a wild torrent. Above the broken wooden bridge, which most likely the present Maharajah's grandfather built in his infancy, and which since that venerable time nobody had ever dreamt of repairing,





MY SERVANTS

From left to right—The boatman (Cashmere), waiter (Indian), cook (Indian) biestee and sweeper (Cashmere)

was a large iron one in construction, the ironwork already laid on massive stone pillars at least 50 feet over the river. It was pelting by now, and what could we do? Baboo, the energetic, said, "Get across there, master can't stop here all night. I have wired for a tonga on the other side."

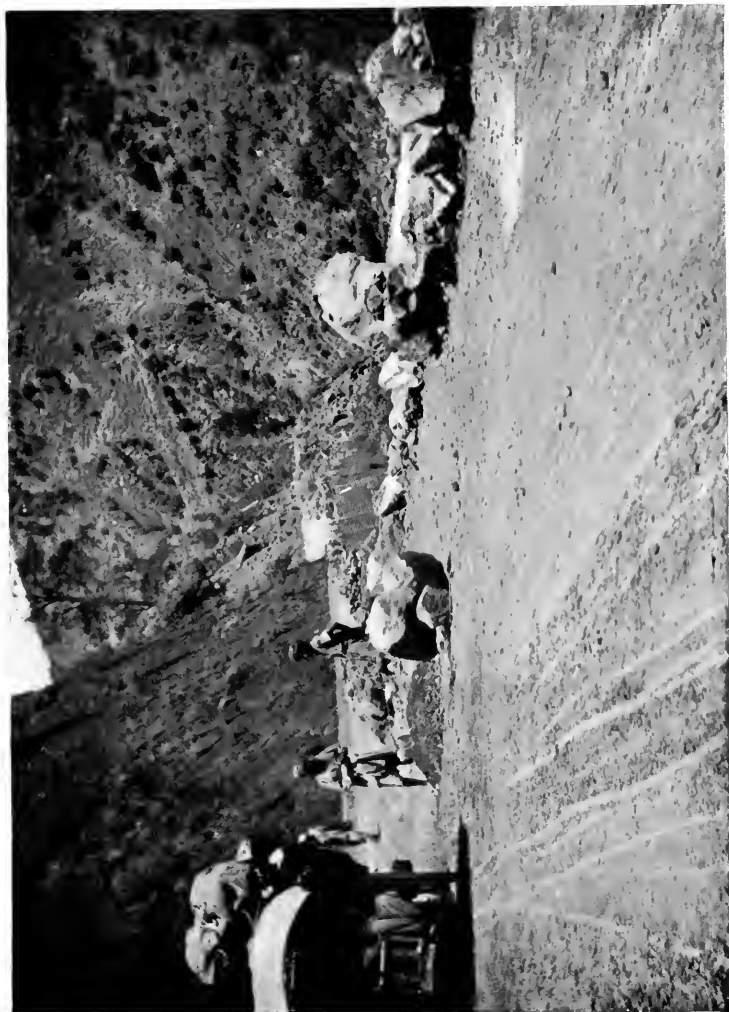
We climbed in the pouring rain up to the iron bridge, and as there were some boards, Baboo put them two and two on the ironwork, and after having assured himself that they were safe, said, "Master go across there, I look after luggage." So under a torrential rain, the heavy Franciscan cape on my shoulders, the precious typewriter in one hand, well sheltered under the cape, at 8 P.M. in a wet darkness, I balanced across those slippery boards, high above the foaming torrent rushing under me. Of course *one* slip of the foot, *one* false step, and I would have been hopelessly lost and killed. As it was, I safely reached the other side. I don't pretend I liked that passage.

Then they brought all the luggage across on their heads, balancing themselves on the slippery boards. I hardly dared look, I was so terrified lest I should see one of those shadowy forms go over; there wouldn't have been the slightest chance of rescue; he would have been dashed to pieces by the torrent at once. Old Duenker, my valet, was energetic, I must say, and carried more than all the natives. It pelted and pelted. I heard something rattle on the road, but when it came near it was only a bullock cart just big enough to hold my luggage, and so after that was all piled up under shelter, Duenker had to walk behind it to see that nothing fell out, and I walked on in front, followed by Baboo, who carried the big Afridi sword I bargained for the other day at Khyber Pass.

The road was simply a stream, and one waded in water and mud up to one's ankles. On the left I heard the torrent foam and rush by, and on the right, where I knew the hill to be, though by now it was of course pitch dark, I heard the waterfalls come down in a roar, and big boulders of rock were continually falling in front of us and behind. The noise was simply deafening. Of course as I had seen some specimens of these boulders by day, I knew quite well that if one of us were caught by one of them he would be done for. They were fully the size of a man.

At half-past ten we reached the Dulai Resthouse, and after taking off all my clothes (only the boots and socks though were wet, the cape had kept the torrential rain out), and having put on my galabia, I sat very comfortably near a blazing fire, and they gave me a very good dinner.

April 7th.—It still rained, but as towards 11 A.M. it cleared up a bit, or rather it stopped raining for a while, we started, but had not been gone an hour before it began to pour again. At 3 P.M. we arrived at the Garhi Resthouse, where we had to stop, as the road in front of us had slipped away in three places and two bridges were broken or washed away. So I settled down beside the fire, and we unpacked and dried the different things, as we were told we should have to stop at least two days. At dinner three other parties arrived—the landau people, Captain Parker and his pretty red-haired wife, on their way to shoot in Cashmere, the ekka lady, an energetic elderly English spinster Miss E., an old lady with her pretty niece who has an awful voice (the contrary of the Australian commercial traveller), a Mrs. something something L., and



MY TONGA PASSING SOME OF THE ROCK-BOULDERS.
(It had rained the day before)



a red-nosed elderly colonel's wife, who had been up to Cashmere for fifteen years, and gave us newcomers most *discouraging* accounts of it. Outside it was pelting all the time.

We stopped at Garhi from April 7th till the 11th, as it poured and thundered all the time, and an official wire had come that nobody should move, as the roads were destroyed everywhere, all the bridges washed away, and all the resthouses full. One old gentleman and his wife (they had dined the first night in their room) had tried to go on, although the coachman would not drive and all the natives had warned them. She came back two hours after they had started, by herself, with the Indian servants, as he, having walked beside the carriage round a dangerous place, had been struck by a boulder (the same sort of thing as had rained round me the other night) and been killed at once and thrown down the steep abyss into the foaming river. They had not even a hope of finding his body. She, poor old thing, was of course quite dazed. Another gentleman was thrown down the precipice and into the river with the whole tonga, and the driver and two horses drowned. Of another ekka the driver was killed and the horse drowned. So of course we waited. What else was there to do? We had all come to the end of our resources, having been all prepared only for two or three days, so that in the evenings we played "Jenkins up, Jenkins down, Jenkins on the table," and you can see to what a point of idiocy we had arrived after five days of rain. I finished heaps of letters, and had my shirts washed in the village, so it was all right. The young couple were very nice, a Captain and Mrs. P. They had three charming spaniels with them.

April 11th.—The rain having ceased for a whole day, and the coachman (another, not the old baboon, but he doesn't drive any better) having said the mail coachmen had told him the road was all right again, I started at 6 A.M., determined to get that day to Baramula. It had again rained the whole night without stopping and thundered terrifically. We hadn't started half-an-hour when it began to pour again, and that day it did not stop till night, coming down simply in bucketsful. Big boulders were flying and rolling downhill everywhere, and we avoided several heavy landslips by a mere miracle, and passed others where coolies were busy clearing stones and earth and bushwork away. At one place it was so narrow that the outer wheel was *flush with the precipice*, which was several thousands of feet deep. Down below, almost perpendicular from where I sat on the outer side, foamed the torrent. Just there our off-side horse (the one near the hill and the landslip) jibbed, *just* at the moment when *all* the coolies yelled and shouted that stones were coming on again, the hillside slipping afresh. The more the terrified whimpering coachman urged the brute forward with whip and yells, the more he rammed himself into the mud, beating obstinately with the head upwards, and the more the other little wretch jumped with frenzy forward, pulling at its saddle like mad, the more, each time, inch by inch, the whole carriage moved on this soaked slippery ground *nearer* the perpendicular precipice, the wheel being almost over it. It was more than a miracle we did not go over. I can't understand it yet, for the hill on top of us slipped, and enormous boulders came crashing down, and just at each last moment, when I thought now they have got me, they flew over us, or behind or in front. The other had jumped out; I, of course, couldn't, sitting on

the near side as I was, literally suspended in that beastly carriage over the profound precipice. Not one of the coolies gave a hand to push the carriage or turn the wheel; they all stood far away yelling and telling us more stones were coming. It is very funny that I was not afraid, though it was not a pleasant moment, I admit—to be killed like a rat in a trap without being able to move—but I was so furious with those cowards of coolies that I'm sure if I had fallen down that precipice to an undoubted immediate death, I would still have gone on cursing them, and would have departed out of this world with an oath on my lips. Perhaps God Almighty didn't mean me to have so unholy a death. Twice the beast jibbed at such moments, and twice, I can only repeat, it was a perfect miracle that we were not killed or thrown down the precipice.

Finally, the whole road came to a definite end, as a long bridge had been washed away by a waterfall which had formed out of a small gutter, and now rushed down, tearing with it stones, earth, bushes, and tree stumps; a marvellous torrent with a deafening noise, falling from a tremendous height on to the place where the bridge had been, covering everything with its reddy-brown spray, and so on down to where it formed a whirling little pool towards the roaring Jhelam River, thousands of feet below. The place was very pretty, and large old pines were hanging over the steep rocks, and drifting clouds made a lovely picture. It rained steadily on.

Hundreds of coolies, all wrapped in dirty blankets, and shivering, for it was very cold, crouched about and squatted about everywhere, huddled together near the overhanging cliffs, to be protected against the rain and falling stones, because these were continually coming down. On the

other side three Indian overseers, in European coats, enormous pugarees, and European umbrellas, well held over their stupid heads, stood looking at us. As soon as they saw me appear round the corner with a swinging gait they came out of their place of security, their "brollies" still held over their green-yellow pugarees, and ordered all the coolies to work again, as they very likely thought I was some engineer sent to inspect their work—in fact a wire had come assuring us of this. With much yelling and shouting, but not much energy, the coolies on the other side dragged three long thick tree-trunks towards the place where they wanted to build a temporary bridge, but the three umbrella'd idiots had so little idea of ordering them how to do it, that it took an endless time to put two across, and the third they let drop into the waterfall, and it was washed hopelessly away. Then some of the coolies on my side, who had conversed with Baboo, crossed on all-fours on these two trunks, and I saw the brollied monkeys ask them something, decidedly who I was, then I saw them shrug their shoulders, smiling, telling all the coolies to leave off working, and they themselves retired to their place of safety. There was no doubt that they had heard I was not an engineer but only a tourist, and so they were determined not to go on working. In fact, two of the coolies came back and said the "Sab" had to go back to Garhi, as it rained too much and they would not work till it had stopped. Had I been at the other side I would have flung those three Indian devils, umbrellas and all, in the river, as sure as my name is Fritz Hochberg. Those pigs who had pocketed the Government's pay stood there attired in silly European town attire, refusing to work, and waiting to see us killed.

I was just wondering whether I should return ; to tell the truth, the idea of passing those two beastly places with that jibbing horse again was not very tempting, when I saw some half-naked coolies carrying the mail-bags across that little pool underneath the waterfall, so at once the idea occurred to me to be carried across there as well. One of the besmeared naked devils was called, and Baboo, much to his displeasure I must say, had to ask him if he would carry me across. He was a tall, bearded fellow with enormously strong legs. He eyed me smilingly from head to foot, then said if another one led him by the hand he would carry me across. So, much to Baboo's horror, I promptly took off my coat and hat, pulled up my trousers over my knees, wrapped myself well up in the mackintosh rug that was bought to cover the luggage, and walked straight to the roaring waterfall, followed by a jabbering crowd of coolies. Here we had first to climb up a bit of slippery bank till we came to the pool, and there I got on the man's back, who by signs made me understand that I should cover myself quite up on account of the spray (I don't speak a word of Cashmere, and the roar from the waterfall was so tremendous that if I had I should not have been heard), and so like that, while another coolie with a stick to steady him led him by the hand, I was carried across. I only heard the awful noise of the waterfall close by, and the spray being dashed against the mackintosh rug, felt the stumbling man, bent under my weight, move slowly forward in the rushing water, and then I was deposited on the other side, where the spray, as soon as I had opened the rug, so covered my spectacles, that I couldn't see anything, and had to be led by the hand down the hill to the road again, where the laughing coolies, who

had thoroughly enjoyed it, hurried me on, for just there, where the old man was killed, some new boulders were coming down. As I got out of shot and had just cleaned my specs. a short nigger, dressed in European clothes, came up to me and said, "Si monsieur le comte avait pu se voir endossé par ce coolie!" It was Duenker, my valet, who, not having had the rug, had been *entirely* covered with the spray, and was *absolutely chocolate-coloured*. Besides, the coolie walking alone with him on his back had stumbled, and they had fallen into the water. I don't think I have laughed so much for a year; he did not know what he looked like of course, and one of the coolies had to steady me, otherwise I should have fallen down the slippery bank. But my laughter soon stopped when I saw those fiends of umbrella Indians, terrified, seeing that I had crossed, put all the coolies to work again, and in half-an-hour they had the bridge built so far with cross boards, that Duenker and Baboo could walk back on it to see if anything had been left in the tonga on the other side. "Well, sirs!" said I, "I am going to find out the chief engineer and report you to him, and it shall rain into your beastly pugarees, so that no silk umbrellas will stop it!" So with this determination I climbed into the new tonga, luggage, parrot, servants; including the cook and the boy with the sais we were actually seven people in that carriage, but as it was all downhill it did not matter, so we started.

But the danger was by no means over yet. This side was more dangerous than the other; the whole of the hill above us really slid and moved, big patches slipping off, boulders falling right and left, in front of the shying horses and behind. It was a marvel we escaped. It went

on pelting all the time. The terrified coachman made the horses canter, and I really think it was thus that we sometimes escaped. At the next change was a resthouse, and I wanted to stop there as my legs had been hanging in the water up to the knees, and, of course, had got quite wet when the man had carried me across, but the stableman said the road was quite good and open, the mail having passed that morning, and so we went on, depositing the cook and boy there to follow the next day in an ekka. We had hardly gone for twenty minutes when the rain of stones commenced again, and at one beastly place the whole steep hillside over us had fallen on to the road, almost blocking it, so that we had to go quite close to the edge again, and all the time the ground was falling behind us. Yet we went on. The rain came down in sheets, and it lightened and thundered—a devil's weather. At two places the servants cleared the road so far from the stones that the tonga could pass, but at a third the Indian and the sais refused, terrified, as boulder after boulder came crashing down on all sides. My valet and I alone were not strong enough to move the rocks, so there was nothing else to be done but to turn round. The heavy storm had apparently loosened everything; the whole country seemed sliding, falling, tumbling, and it thundered and rained all the time, and boulder after boulder was falling. We drove now at a full canter, and I really think otherwise we would not have escaped. It was terrible. Except for the last twenty minutes we were every moment in immediate danger of being either killed by the falling boulders or knocked down into the abyss by the earth avalanches.

At six we were back at the Chagoti Resthouse, and when the luggage was all brought in and I wanted to

change, my valet begged me to unlock my bag, as the poor thing had such stiff fingers from the intense cold and wet, that he couldn't do it. I sent him straight to change, and proceeded with the boy myself. When he came back after some time and helped me dress we talked the really awfully dangerous expedition over, still shaking with the intense cold and the clamminess. Cocky, on the contrary, perched on the back of a chair, was happily waving about, wanting to come on my shoulder, and whistling and rattling all his Chinese gabble, as if the sun were shining and we were in the nicest warm place of the world. It is true he was standing alongside of the blazing fire, but all the same we couldn't help laughing at so much philosophy and good humour. When the coolie took his cage to carry him to the other tonga he was furious, and rattled a shower of insults at his impudence for touching his cage—he, a man with brown hands—and during all the drive, as soon as he heard my voice he whistled gaily as if wanting to say "Hallo, old boy, cheer up, the sun is going to shine again." His cage was so soaked with the rain that I had to dry it in front of the fire, and he had to sleep that night on the chair. He didn't mind, and after eyeing me with undoubted disfavour when I began typewriting after he had had a good dinner of milk and mashed potatoes, which he loves, he settled down to sleep, tucking his orange-topped head under his salmon-coloured wing.

It had left off raining overnight, and next morning was glorious sunshine, though very cold, and all the tops of the hills round were thickly covered with freshly fallen snow, as the rain up there of course had been snow. The mail really had got through, and so I started, everything being dry again, even Cocky's cage, at 10 A.M., and we got

on all right. But in broad daylight we saw fully what terrific dangers we had run on the night before, and that it really was a wonder we were alive. There were coolies everywhere repairing the road, rolling away the huge boulders, clearing the avalanches away. The road was comparatively level, and the scenery prettier and wilder than before, and the fresh red shoots of the pomegranate bushes and the red leaves of the eilantusses made pretty colour effects between the fresh green of the other shrubs.

At twelve we passed Uri, from where we had to make a great detour on account of the gradient, and at the one point where the road had been badly destroyed by the mud avalanches we stuck again, and the stupid coachman nearly managed to make us fall over the precipice; indeed if it had not been for the coolies who were working there, who all put their hands on the wheels and stopped the carriage and held it, I should have rolled down and broken my neck. The poor cockatoo was just swung out, cage and all, when Duenker, who, fortunately, was close by, caught her, and thus saved the orange-topped philosophic bird from being drowned in the muddy Jhelam River. Soon after Uri the hills began to be wooded with *Cedrus deodara*, and it really was very pretty. *Clematis montana* was in full bloom, and draped her snow-white garlands everywhere about, even in the highest tree-tops. The other plants and the trees were still mostly bare, but the drive along the river was pretty all the same.

Before we got near Baramula we came through some swampy, flooded country, for soon after having passed Uri the road descended continually, so that we were soon in a plain again. In the bush the orange lily was flowering everywhere, which we call Koenigskerze, and which always

is one of the earliest flowering things in all our cottage gardens.

Baramula itself, which we reached at 6 P.M., was very ugly and dirty. But the very sloping roofs of the two-storied houses were very pretty, and all quite green, as they were covered with sods of grass. The house-boat was not there for us as it was ordered to be. They pretended that on account of the flood it couldn't pass the bridges, so I had to go on in a tonga to Srinagar. It was very cold at night now, and the trees had not yet a single leaf.

April 14th.—I started at 10 A.M. It was a clear, sunny, cold spring day, and all the starlings were jabbering in the poplar trees just showing wee green leaves. The country was flat, and the greater part was still flooded. On the dry places, where the fresh grass was just coming up, large herds of small cattle and thin sheep were being grazed by boys all dressed in rags. It was striking how all the people we met in this country were real rag-bags. I've never seen such tattered people in all my life. They have plenty of clothes on, but all are in rags and indescribably dirty, and entirely held together by some cord in the middle, furs and skins and linen and everything. The country looked exactly like that round Meaux, and one could easily imagine oneself near the Franco-Prussian frontier.

The wide tracks of fields freshly ploughed, the green undulating stretches of land where cattle are grazed, the high-roofed villages and hamlets hid between gnarled old fruit trees just in flower and Lombardy poplars, the brooks lined with poplars and willows—all looked quite European, and reminded me strangely of Meaux. Even the snow-



BULLOCK-CARTS RESTING NEAR URI



topped hills were like the Vosges, only the Vosges have prettier forms. The whole road to Srinagar was one endless avenue of Lombardy poplars running nearly straight on a sort of low dam, and the trees were planted so close that one had the feeling of driving between fences. On the sunnier sheltered banks of this dam the little blue wild irises were just beginning to flower, and there were whole stretches of land covered with them like grass and not in flower yet. They seem to be a regular weed here.

The drive was monotonous, and I was pleased when, at 5 P.M., we finally entered a very dirty and unkempt-looking village, and Baboo from behind told me it was Srinagar. It was very ugly, and I was awfully disappointed. After crossing a large wooden bridge we drove on still amongst Lombardy poplars in a sort of European settlement, with large unkempt gardens where spring had not yet appeared. Finally, towards six, we stopped in front of the hotel, where they told me they could only put me up for one night. I don't know why, but my heart fell into my boots. It was all so totally different from what I had expected, and it was getting bitterly cold again. Before unloading the luggage, though only for that one night, I sent Baboo first to the Agency to inquire if my house-boat was not ready; it would have saved the bother of moving the next day. After waiting a considerable time in wretchedness Baboo returned with one of the Agency's men, who announced that the house-boat was quite ready for me. So I told them to bring the luggage there, and I myself, to warm myself, walked across the polo ground to where Baboo had pointed out to me the boat was lying.

It was fate made me take that walk, for as I was dismally crossing the place a fat native, very nicely dressed

in drab-coloured Cashmere wool, and with an enormous white turban, came up to me and asked me if I wanted a house-boat. I (ordinarily so short with unknown intruders) liked something in his nice manners, and politely answered I was sorry, I had already engaged one through an Agency, whereupon the fat, amiable man answered, "Oh! that's all right then; that Agency always engages the worst house-boats, so you are sure not to be pleased, and if that is the case, I can show you lots more, and get them cheaper for you." By this time we had arrived at the boat in question. I descended the bank and got into it. If my heart had first fallen into my boots, it now left me altogether. The boat consisted of *three small cabins*, where there was not room even for my luggage, and they were so low, that I could only stand upright in the *centre of them*. There was hardly any furniture, and the whole place smelt of rats and mice.

At first I was depressed at the idea of spending three months in that wretched rat-trap with the servant. Then I got angry, and finally my humour got the best of it and I quite simply began to laugh, and laughing still I came out of that rat-trap again, and saw the nice fat man.

"Well," I said, "what have *you* to show me? I can't take *that* boat."

"Come with me," he said smilingly, and we got into a sort of canoe that was so low over water I was sure it would go in at the top, especially when Fatty got in too, besides two other men. The Agency man shouted after me that I should not go to that man's boat, he always made difficulties, but I should come to the Agency, they would show me *plans to-morrow*, and I could choose a boat myself *to-morrow*. But my wicked mood was up, and the





DRIFTING CLOUDS, PAUL-GAM.

fat man looked so encouraging, that I waved the furious Agency man aside, and thinking that those natives would surely not like to get themselves wet, I trusted to Providence, and we were rowed across the flooded river, and on the other side, which was full of house-boats of all sizes, we got out at a large one and I inspected it. I was at once favourably disposed by a horseshoe over the entrance door, and inside it was charming. Little anteroom, largish drawing-room, dining-room with little pantry, nice-sized bedroom with bathroom, etc., another big bedroom with bathroom and ditto, and at the end a lumber room; fireplaces in each room; in the Agency's there were none. All was very nicely and comfortably and completely furnished, and would cost?—seventy-five rupees a month. For the rat-trap the Agency had asked forty-five. Fatty winked at me behind the man's back, so I, just about to say "All right," bridled up and said it was too expensive; and Fatty said, "Let us look at another one, there are plenty more." We went to another one, but it did not please me as much as the first, and I told Fatty, but he said, "You'll get it much cheaper. Will you take it for sixty?" I said, "Yes, but I shall never get it for that; the Agency asked forty-five for their little thing, which is not even half the size, and unfurnished."

"That's my business," he said, and after five minutes he returned and said, "It is all right, he lets you have it for sixty, and a cooking boat (which is always extra) for fifteen, and a little rowing-boat one uses for landing and as cab for five, altogether for eighty the whole lot."

I accepted, and we went back to the boat, called *Osprey*. Fatty sent for the servants and the luggage,

and while they were coming made a list of what I should want for dinner, sent to the bazaars and stores, settled cook and the rest, while Duenker unpacked and I rummaged the furniture about and disposed it according to my taste, helped by Fatty, and at half-past eight dined—an excellent dinner the little Indian cook had quickly made—and at ten I went to bed in my nice large cabin, in a nice large bed, and all was as though I had been there for years. *Er viva* Fatty!

Srinagar itself is by no means a pretty or attractive place, and the people who told me it was exactly like Venice have either never seen lovely Venice or never seen Srinagar. The Jhelam runs through the town, and therefore the houses lie on the river and have their porches on the river, and some have stairs down to the river and loggias, etc., etc. But this is really the only point in which I can see any resemblance to Venice with its magnificent palazzi, churches, bridges, and all the lovely and artistic side canals. The houses in Srinagar are all tumble-down sort of shanties, and one is propped up against the other, in an awful untidiness and state of dilapidation, topsyturvy. The main colour is a pale sepia-brown, and there is absolutely no brightness to liven up in a pleasant way this monotonous tint, the green grass roofs being really the only fresh touch of colour. On this river lies the palace of the Maharajah “of Jhelam and Cashmere,” a hideous, styleless pile of all sorts of buildings, with some cottages—English—badly copied and of a wrong style too. Nevertheless the view of Srinagar seen from the river on a bright spring morning is really very attractive in its own peculiar way. The grey-brown tumble-down houses with their many wooden supports and props, long poles of wood



MY KITCHEN-BOAT AND COOK (CASHMERE)



stuck underneath here and there, their steps leading down to the river, the big boats, the green grass roofs, the domes of the temples and mosques covered with old kerosene oil-tins looking really very pretty, the tins shining and glittering in the sun like silver, making a brilliant contrast to all the dull sepia houses, while the snow-covered hills in the background against the blue sky, where thick masses of white clouds floated about, lend it a peculiar charm. But it reminds me much more of some little Tyrolese town near Salzburg than of palatial, magnificent, voluptuous Venice.

The shop people were a perfect pestilence, who really bothered my life out of me. Even when I was dressing they swarmed round me with their boats (everything is carried on in boats, and that very likely makes people say it is like Venice), calling out, "Master, look, just look; we don't charge anything for looking," etc., etc.; and if I had not given strict orders that no one was to be allowed on board, they of course would have swarmed up to display all their goods there, and I should never have got rid of them unless I had used a stick. They really are an infernal nuisance, and follow your boat wherever you go in crowds. Some of their things are pretty—rugs, roughly embroidered with coloured wools on a sort of thick felt, with very pretty patterns and designs, very pretty wood-carving, and of course the famous shawls, which however nowadays hardly anybody wears any more. In skins they really have very little except lovely snow-leopards'; the bears' were too hard and short-coated for my taste. I like a long-coated fur for a rug.

It was so cold in the mornings that I had all the fires lit, and shuddered at the idea of the Agency's rat-trap where there were no fireplaces. I really don't know what would

have become of me there. I should have stopped in bed all day long, it being the only place where I should have been warm, save in the sun, for the hills all round were thickly covered with snow deep down into the valleys.

One day I went out to Dal Lake, where the famous floating gardens are. That sounds wonderful, and reminds one almost of the hanging gardens of Semiramis, which as a child always wildly attracted my fancy. But these floating gardens were a great disillusion. I should call them (and in fact it would be the right expression) floating orchards, rather than gardens. There is not a single flower in them, but vegetables grow there, soaked in manure, to perfection. Of course if they were not pointed out to you no one would ever notice them, but think they were islands, or mostly even mainland, because, with their willow trees and little wooden huts of indescribable filth, they don't look a bit interesting or floating, but very much stable. All the same it is a very ingenious idea, and I'm astonished it has not been copied more. Except in the Lusacian "Spree-wald," I think there is no other country save this where people have had the idea of settling down to cultivate on the water. From an artistic point of view it is a pity though, as it has made the lake much smaller. It is a lovely lake, all surrounded by high hills, of which most, at this time of the year, were still covered with snow, and the borders of the lake, thickly fringed with poplars, willows, and magnificent Chenar trees (the plane tree) look most springlike and lovely.

I went to the Maharajah's one garden at the other end of the lake; it takes almost two hours to be rowed there. It is a lovely place, all shaded with the most magnificent huge Chenar trees I've ever seen, hundreds of years old;

and underneath them is a lovely old terraced water-garden, and a dream of a garden it could be. There are broad grass terraces, with enormous lilac bushes, in flower now, and fruit trees white with bloom, and on each of these terraces formal tanks communicate from terrace to terrace by stone slopes, where the water falls in broad cascades. This of course was made hundreds of years ago; now Maharajahs only have enough sense left to wear checked breeches, and to build in an ugly false cottage style à l'*Anglaise*. The artistic sense has died out, and the more a place resembles an European hotel the prouder they are.

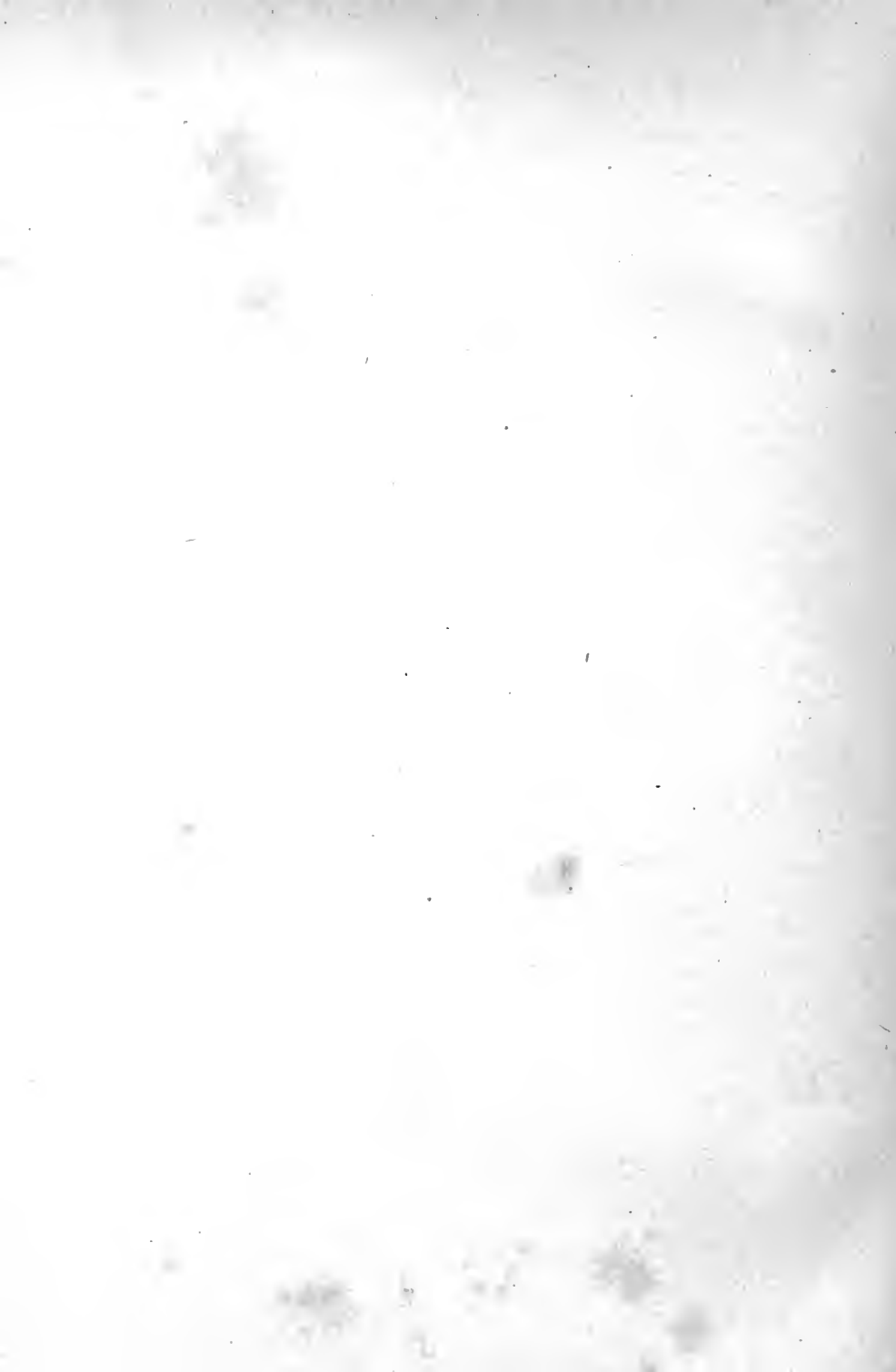
I had my luncheon with me, and enjoyed my little picnic out there under the magnificent trees very much. As I was so fascinated by the beauty of the lake, I went out next morning again with my painting things, had the boat tied to a willow tree, and started painting. I expect I had sat there about three hours busily painting, around me only the buzz of the bees, a fish jumping, the "gluck, gluck" of the water against the boat, or one of the crew yawning, when, having finished, I told them to start for home. Then all of a sudden I heard somebody saying, "As master has now time, kindly have a look at my things." And upon my word! there, alongside of my boat, was another one lying, decked out with wood-carvings, skins, enamel work, silver, turquoises, shawls, carpets, and embroideries, etc., etc. I had been so busily painting I had not heard it come up. Even to that quiet, distant place they hunted me out. They kept pace with my boat all the way back, and their persistency ended in my buying two enamel ash-trays from them.

One afternoon the Parkers had asked me to come with

them to a carver's shop to see a writing-table they wanted to buy. It was very pretty. When we got out of the man's place the narrow, and oh! so dirty, street was simply packed with tradespeople, all yelling and screaming at once in a deafening way, "We want the King" (that's I, if you please, why, Heaven knows! but I am called the King) "to come to our shop! He brings luck! He is lucky! He needn't buy, he just walk through shop, he just look at shop, he brings luck, etc., etc. Bring the King!" All this to the wretched Parkers, pointing to me all the time. They certainly took the Parkers for my tutors or leaders. Others screamed again from behind in the shop we had just come out of, or were trying to come out of, for the entrance was so mobbed we could hardly move. "Beat them, Sab, beat them with the stick Huzzur, they are insolent people. The King must not go to their shop, they very bad people, they swindlers, King not go to them," etc., etc. It really was awful, yet absurdly funny. They got hold of Parker's arm and tried to drag him along, and it was almost coming to blows when I finally *yelled* out to make myself understood, "If you don't all leave off bothering us now altogether, the King will never come to your shop!" And so, as like obedient children they gave in quietly at once, we had to keep my "regal word" and go to all the shops, and I was made to sign my name in all the books. The things were all the same in all the different shops. One had a little bit finer work than the other perhaps, and so on; but certainly the one who had the prettiest and the best things and the most reasonable prices was Fatty, my friend and helper, whose real name is Samad Shah. I found he was the most reliable of these dealers, and it was pleasant to deal with him, as he didn't bother and press me to buy.



SRINAGAR, WITH FORT AT THE BACK



Of shawls, and rugs, and Cashmere embroideries he had certainly the best.

On some of the green roofs of the mosques the wild red tulips have begun to flower, and with the sun right on top of them, they look still more brilliantly red. In the fields they are in flower everywhere, the little red and white striped ones too, those we call in Florence *lancette di Firenze*.

April 22nd.—A lovely real spring day. The snowy hills glitter in the brilliant sunshine against the absolutely cloudless pure blue sky, the Lombardy poplars looking as if they were draped in pale green gauze, with their soft fresh leaves trembling in a warm breeze, all the fruit trees are in full bloom and covering the ground with their falling petals, the starlings are jabbering busily in all the trees, and the swallows flying low with a joyous twitter over the fast-flowing stream. In my room large bunches of lilac have been placed everywhere, and other vases are full of wallflowers and large white irises. It is really as it says in the pretty old French song, “*La joie était partout, dans chaque branche nouvelle,*” etc., etc.

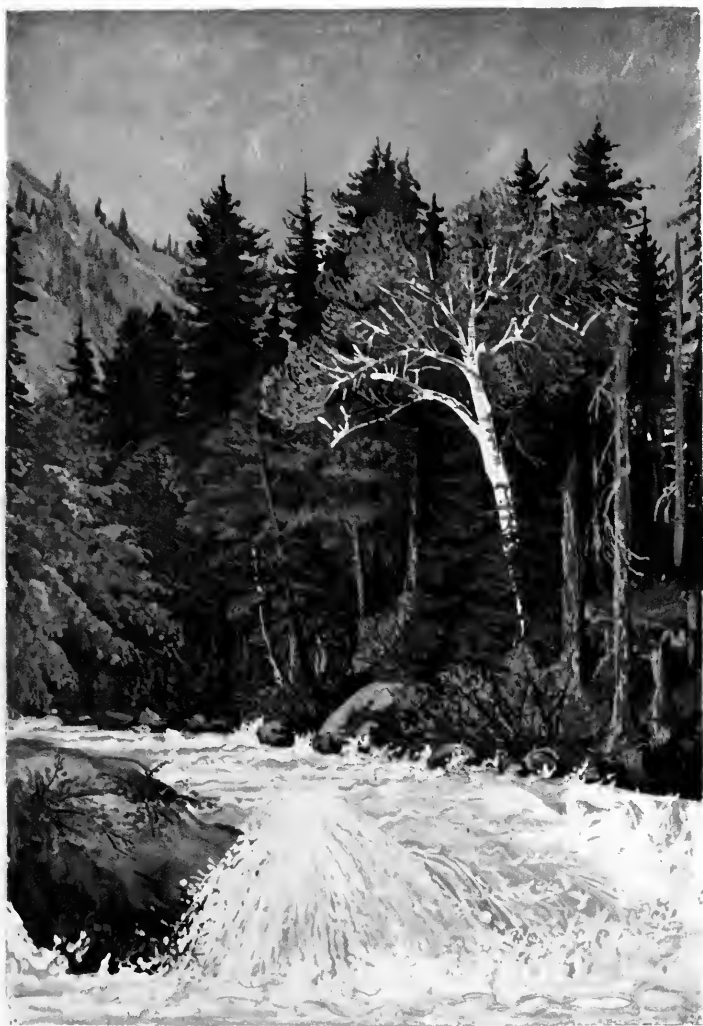
So the chains and ropes tying my boat to the bank were taken off, and we were pulled by six coolies upstream, the kitchen boat being pulled by three. It was not exactly a quick way of locomotion, but it is astonishing how fast, *comparatively*, they can go. Towards evening a terrific thunderstorm blew up, and with tremendous yelling and shrieking the whole crew (even the slim little Indian cook must give a hand) tied the boats to the bank, and we came-to for the night.

Islamabad, May 3rd.—We took five days coming up.

It is ugly country, and I am disappointed with Cashmere. It rained for two or three days, and pelted so that even I could not go for a walk. Of course I have done comparatively very little sketching, but am glad to say that during the last few days I have got into it again, and the last sketches are really quite presentable. First I put off going up to the hills camping because it rained, and then because it was too wet and I don't want to get rheumatism, and now I am waiting for the Parkers, who have wired me they are coming here to-morrow, and will perhaps go with me into camp. I have been so busy writing and painting all these last days that time has simply flown. I don't admire the place very much, but simply paint studies to remain in practice. Some bits are quite pretty though. And then to-day has been the first day we haven't had to have fires.

All the way up the little wild blue iris simply covered the ground ; it grows here like a weed, and is very pretty. Round all the villages are huge patches of the white and purple iris, *Germanica* ; it grows wild here also, and I see the peasants busy in all the fields, and yet a month ago everything was still covered with snow. Even now the hills are covered with fresh snow all round, and an officer who came to have tea with me the other day (he didn't know where to go for some food, having just come from the hills shooting, on receiving a wire to join his regiment at Peshawar, as fighting has broken out there again) told me he had seen several big avalanches, and that it had snowed heavily for the last three days.

May 6th.—The Parkers came up with their boat on May 4th, and the following day we started for the camp.



SNOW-WATER, PAIL-GAM VALLEY.



It had rained the whole day before, and it was a cloudy day when we started, but very close all the same. The country through which we went first, almost the whole day long, was neither pretty nor interesting, except for the masses of purple and white iris *Germanica* in all the graveyards. They stick up any sort of stone they find in the fields, but plant masses of iris on the graves till they look like iris islands round the villages and in the fields, and are really the only redeeming point in the landscape up here. In some of the villages we went through there were Chenar (planes) of such a size and splendour as I've never seen. They are the only trees they don't continually torture and prune; all the others, poplars and willows, are continually cut back, and so are ugly.

We had lunch under some of these very fine trees and then went on till 4 P.M., when we reached our camp. It was pitched under old walnut trees near a village, and on the hill above us was a large Mohammedan convent, stuck on the hillside like a swallow's nest, and having rather a fine effect. Mrs. P. was carried by four coolies in a sort of open sedan-chair, which they call a "dandy," and we two men walked. It was a bitterly cold night, and I was very pleased to have my Franciscan cape, and had to lend my other fur coat to Mrs. P., as she was shivering, and had a brasier brought into the tent where we sat to warm herself. The jackals howled us to sleep that night. We had done fourteen miles, and all through flat country.

The next day we started at 10 A.M. It was a sunny but cold morning, and the frosty dew lay everywhere on the grass. We had climbed up to the monastery last night, but there was really nothing to be seen, except awful dirt and untidiness; we saw no monks. I don't believe

there were any there at all, and I think altogether Cashmere is very vague in regard to her religion.

To-day the road went uphill almost all the time, and very soon we came into lovely, and later on into magnificent scenery. The high hills were thickly timbered with spruce, cedars, and yew, and *Clematis montana* climbed about everywhere, wreathing the trees and bushes with snowy-white blossoms, and masses of large single white wild peonies bloomed at the sunnier places in the underbrush. The other trees were still quite bare, and the wild rose bushes were just beginning to show buds of flowers. The scenery was magnificent and wild, and the people who told me so certainly did not exaggerate. It is simply magnificent, and almost stands the rivalry of the South Island of New Zealand. Out of the thickly-wooded high hills, dark green and nearly blue in the distance, the glittering snow-topped points towered into the blue sky, in which white clouds floated about. The valley gradually got narrower and narrower, the hills steeper and steeper, and the scenery finer every moment. Sometimes we saw in the distance in front of us, right at the end of the valley, an enormous high, pure white hill standing out in its immaculate beauty, making a glorious contrast against the thick, fine, dark-green firs.

The road ascended all the time along a lovely, quite clear foaming river, rushing round and over huge old boulders partly covered with moss and on which ferns were growing. We had lunch under some cedar trees near a little clear waterfall, and then having met the coolies belonging to three officers, who had all been wired for to go back on account of this frontier business, and their shikary having told us that higher up where we wanted to stop for





KHAN JAHAN'S SUMMER HOUSE, DAL LAKE (SRINAGAR)

the night they had tracked three brown bears, we decided to go farther and camp there that night. The scenery went on getting finer and finer, the hills higher, the woods thicker ; it was really like fairyland, and quite marvellously beautiful.

At 4 P.M. we arrived at the place where our tents had been pitched under huge pines, and we only had cocoa there, while the camp was broken up, and everything having been repacked on the ponies, we went on for at least five more miles, uphill all the time. The scenery was magnificent, and got wilder and finer the higher we went. We finally passed a dismal and dirty hamlet, in which the only redeeming point was a litter of indescribable puppies on a sort of heap of wood. One especially, a grey one, was too lovely for words, they looked quite different from ordinary pie-dog puppies. Two minutes after passing the village we reached the camp, well pitched between enormous old silver firs and quite close to the river, in fact perhaps a bit too close, because it was making rather a noise. Right and left over us towered the steep snowhills. After dinner we all sat round a roaring fire in the middle of the camp, for it was bitterly cold, and the new moon made the tops of the hills a silvery white through the dark high trees. That night we were sung to sleep by the old torrent.

May 7th.—It was a cold and sunless morning, and I went with the boatman to find a spot for sketching, and in the afternoon I went sketching. After an hour it began to rain, but the sketch was almost finished. The rain got so heavy that I had to stop ; everything was soaked and dripping wet when I returned to camp. After cocoa it stopped raining, and so Mrs. P. and I went to the village to try to

buy the grey puppy. When we got to the pile of wood where they had their nest they were all happily playing outside, but as soon as we approached they bolted, all barking and yelling, underground, and no coaxing would make them come out again. As my water-carrier just then happened to pass we called him, and he pulled some of the logs of wood away, and hoisted a shrieking puppy out from underneath, but it wasn't the grey one, so he got the next, and only at last got the grey one out, which really yelled as if it was going to be killed. It was a lovely pup, and Mrs. P. took it at once and declared she must have it, so I took the next best, a pale yellow one with black spectacles round its eyes. We had seen the others, and undoubtedly these two were the best, the strongest, and with the longest coats. I made the water-man repair the nest again and cover it over, and we had just finished with it when the mother returned. She was a strong yellow dog, about the size of a collie, and didn't look a bit like the other pie-dogs. She snarled at us, but did not seem to mind us taking the puppies, for she settled down quietly and gave the remaining three their afternoon tea. So we departed for camp. I tied the little beasts up lest they should run, and I judged them to be about one month and a half old. They were enormously fat and strong. Mrs. P.'s was so terrified that it wouldn't touch any food, she told me, when I came and sat with them at the blazing camp fire; whereas mine had, after some coaxing, eaten quite a little dinner and occasionally even wagged its little tail. So I tried the grey puppy, and to Mrs. P.'s great surprise it ate with me, largely seconded though by its little sister, so I had them both on my knees. As the P.'s had the three spaniels, and their dog went for the pups,

I was asked if I would keep her pup for the night, and after tying them to one leg of my bed and well wrapping them up in two blankets, we all got to sleep ; I, to tell the truth, quite prepared to be disturbed and to find signs of the puppies all over the matting the next morning. Who will describe my astonishment when I was awakened at eight by their whimperings and their tearing at their strings, evidently wanting to go out. So I took them outside, and they behaved like the best-trained dogs, and as it was cold, at once after their wishes were satisfied, they trotted back to the tent, where, after having had their milk breakfast, they went back to their blankets and let themselves be covered up, and so went sound to sleep. The truth of it was that the puppy wanted nothing to do with Mrs. P., and only wanted to stop with me. It ran away from her whenever it had a chance, refused to eat with her, and so she got disgusted with it, and handed it over to me altogether. So I got the two, for I haven't the heart to return my little yellow one, which had taken such a fancy to me, and then it is awful the way these dogs are treated here. All the puppies looked so happy, and the grown-up dogs are all so wretched, it would be a charity to shoot them. So as I had not the heart to return the little thing to that existence, I kept them both. They are the cleanest dogs I've ever seen. Honestly, I would like to know how a mother dog teaches her pups to be so clean. Then another extraordinary thing is that they have no fleas. The only critical thing now will be to get them over the few hot days in India, because in Germany they will live splendidly, the climate there being very much like it is here, only not half as cold ; here it is simply bitterly cold, and what we get as a lot of rain (and it rains every day,

if not the whole day) is of course snow on the near hills. The trees are absolutely bare, and the violets and the yellow aconite, not a real aconite, are the only flowers yet out.

Of course one wears winter clothes and furs, not only I, but both the P.'s and all the natives, and one sits round a roaring fire if the rain allows it to burn.

The head man of the village, an old, tall, stately man, looking like what I expect Abraham looked like, with his long-nosed, well-cut face and grizzly beard, wrapped in a dirty blanket (what Abraham's was, too, I'm quite sure), came to the camp and told a long rigmarole about the puppies. His "son had bought (vulgarly stolen, the same as we did) the parents at Laddakh when he went there," and "they were a special Laddakh breed," "the best watch-dogs one could find"; their "father was away with his son on the hills to protect the herds," and so forth. Anyhow, there was no doubt they were what is known as the Thibetan mastiff, and as the puppies were both ladies, I will try to get a little gentleman of the same breed when I go to Laddakh. "Abraham" seemed quite pleased we had taken the puppies, and did not even want a bakshish for them, as I had quite expected he would at first when he started his story.

I had made three sketches, and had been drenched each time, for it rains almost always. It was bitterly cold, and poor Mrs. P. was so frozen, I had to lend her one of my furs, but my kindness did not go as far as to lend her my Franciscan cape. I gave her my other big fur coat. I honestly don't know what I would do without that cape, it is such a delightful garment, and I daily bless the dear friends who made it for me in their great kindness.

Captain P. has been out shooting twice, getting up each

time at half-past five, and returning only at seven or eight at night, drenched to the skin. The first day he saw nothing; yesterday he saw an enormous brown bear with its cub, and had the bad luck that his beastly rifle would not go off. He has gone out to-day again, and I hope for his sake he will get a good shot; it is most disappointing for him. It is amusing how we have all three taken to each other, and three weeks ago we didn't know of one another's existence. They have made me promise to come down with them to the Sindh Valley before starting for Laddakh, so as soon as he has got a bear we shall break up camp here, go back to the house-boats and go down river, and start for the camp in the Sindh Valley.

The scenery here is really wonderful. The high snow-topped mountains all round, coming out of the great forests of spruce, pines, cedars, and yews; the snow avalanches deep down into the valleys and right into the river, where they have formed bridges over it, and the river rushing underneath them in its busy foaming course, forming waterfalls over big boulders, tossing, singing, gurgling away down the narrow valley. I've only heard one sort of bird, but, unfortunately, not seen it; it whistles exactly like a man, the most unbirdlike whistle I've ever heard. At first we all thought it was one of our coolies.

P. says he had to walk over snow-fields out shooting, up to his ankles in deep fresh snow, and in places sank up to his waist, but the scenery was too beautiful for words.

May 11th.—It pelted the whole morning and was bitterly cold, and after lunch it began to snow, and snowed the whole afternoon till it got dark. The cold was intense, and the servants, wrapped up in their different garments to

keep themselves warm, looked very funny. Baboo, serving at dinner and lunch in a fur coat, with a knitted comforter tied round his head and across his mouth, looked exactly like one of those old women selling apples at Christmas in the streets in Germany.

P. came back frozen and wet to the bone. Where he had been, higher up, it apparently snowed the whole day, and he walked in nothing but snow, and sometimes fell into deep snow up to his waist. He saw nothing of the bear, who in such weather, it appears, never comes out of her cave, and I can quite understand that. It was awful, and as cold as a German winter day. P.'s shikary, though, seemed to me to be an awful idiot, who understood nothing. He ought never to have taken P. out this morning, as it was thundering when they started in the early morning.

May 12th.—I started at ten to finish a sketch I had commenced some days ago that had been stopped by the rain. It was comparatively fine, so after some time the P.'s came up, and as I had finished my foreground, we all started together for the place where the bear was supposed to be. The scenery was magnificent, of an indescribably weird and extraordinary wildness. The narrow track wound always uphill through thick woods of magnificent spruce, pines, and yews, and everywhere that bush was growing that hadn't yet put out its leaves, but was covered with small bunches of white or pink blossoms. The other trees and bushes were still quite bare; only the wild strawberry flowered everywhere and the dog-violets. The narrow track wound along, twisting between enormous boulders and cliffs, and passing narrowly along steep precipices—a mere goat's track—where, beneath, the lovely



MY CAMP, SINDE VALLEY



transparent torrent wildly foamed along, over and between big rocks. It was getting colder and colder the higher we went, and at four places we had to pass big avalanches and cross snow bridges over the river, where the water flowed underneath the snow. All was wild and weird and beautiful. Then the valley widened again, and we came to large meadows closed in by the woods, above which towered the snow mountains. We went on over the undulating meadows, and after passing again through dense woods and over the stream by a bridge, we came out on a large meadow surrounded by snow hills and with some clusters of huge old silver firs. This was the place where P. saw the bear grazing the other day, and in the next valley was its cave, into which it had retired growling. So we patiently waited, and, as it was bitterly cold, lighted a fire under some big fir trees, where we were sheltered from the icy wind and had our tiffin. We did not suppose the bear would come out till the afternoon, because apparently she fed in the morning, then went to sleep, and came out again to feed in the late afternoon. So I began to sketch, but of course I had not been at it more than half-an-hour when heavy clouds swept down from the hills, not only covering everything up, but bringing with them a sleety, icy rain. So we sat round the fire shivering till it cleared up, and then I proceeded with my sketching, while Mrs. P. made us cocoa. The shikary returned, saying the bear had left the cave that morning and had gone to another valley, but they hadn't been able to follow it over the snow, as they had sunk in up to their waists. Of course it was a lie, for the snow that will carry a large bear will easily carry a man. I could have knocked the fool's teeth out; but as a matter of fact some one must have done it already, for I see he

has none left. So we happily had our cocoa and I finished my sketch. But finally I was so cramped by the cold, and I had such stiff fingers, that I couldn't hold my brushes any more, and so we packed up and went home. In spite of the cold and the disappointment of not getting the bear, we enjoyed our picnic very much. The scenery, too, was lovely.

May 13th.—We started at 10 A.M., that is to say, Mrs. P. and I, for P. had gone out at five in the other direction, after a black bear this time. He is afterwards going to try and shoot a leopard that has killed a pony in a village near by, where we are going to camp to-night, and then join us in camp. It was a sunny but icy cold morning, and a strong, sharp wind was blowing. We passed the puppies' home and birthplace, and I photographed it, but they had, it appeared, no inclination to go back to it, for they sat quite happily on Mrs. P.'s lap in her dandy.

It was with a certain regret that I left this lovely valley in spite of its bad weather, for I could have painted there for weeks. But they all said the Sindh Valley was almost finer. If on my way from Laddakh I still have time, I might come back here for some days; I shall do so, as it lies on the road, and I don't want to stop at dirty Srinagar.

We went downhill, of course, all the time, and had tiffin under a large tree in a regular field of sweetly scented, white wild peonies in full bloom. Lower down the vegetation was much more advanced, of course. Yesterday the peonies only just showed their leaves, and there was no sign of a bud. But here the bushes were green. The mulberry trees all had their leaves out, and the "Faulbaum" was just beginning to flower; the strawberries were white

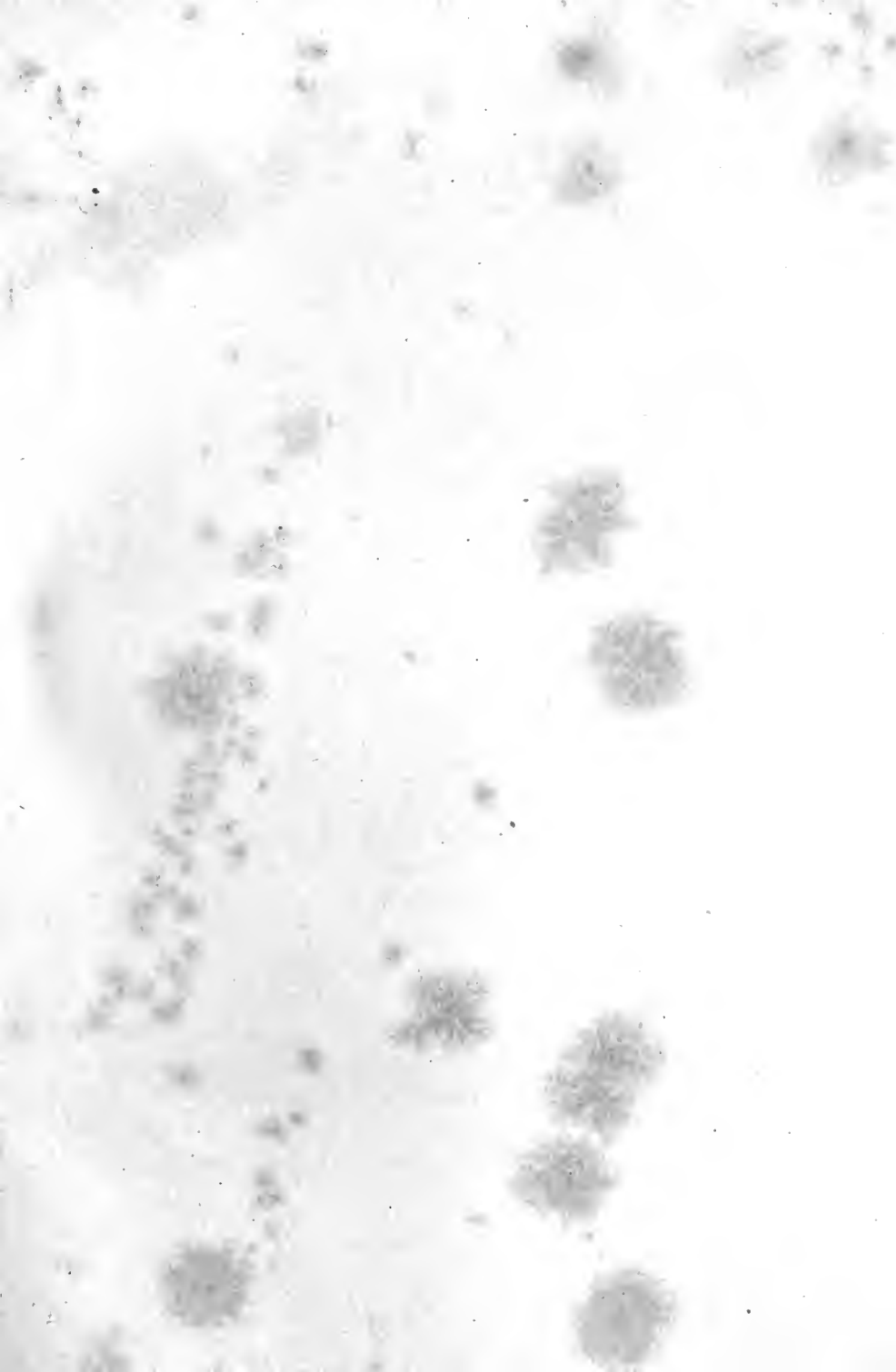
with flowers, and the "Waldmeister" was coming up. It was absolutely European vegetation, but even in Germany it is much more advanced at this time of the year. The wind which blew all the time was icy. We returned half-way by the same route as we had come, then we crossed the river by a bridge where apple and wild-cherry trees were in full bloom and looked very lovely, and at 4 P.M., having done the fourteen miles, struck our camp under some enormous walnut trees near a little murmuring brook, not far from a village. The scenery was not so fine as in the valley where we stopped so long. Of course it started raining again soon after we had pitched our tents, but it blew over, being only a thunderstorm, and we sat round the fire waiting for P. to come back. I admit I was rather nervous at his not turning up, for I think his shikary an infernal idiot. He came in, however, at ten, dead tired, having walked over hills covered with snow and through deep gullies and up steep hills all day. The shikary had proved, as I expected, to be an awful fool, and when P. had sent him in some other direction to see if he could find anything, and was just settling down to have his tiffin, he saw on the other side of the valley a fine black bear grazing. So tiffin was of course abandoned, and he stalked with his tiffin coolly round, and really got on a cliff just above the bear, who was happily grazing, when a herd of red deer, frightened by God knows what, rushed out of the bush near the bear and frightened him, so that he scampered to the thick bush before P. had a chance of getting a shot. He tried to follow him, but of course never got near him again. Anyhow I was glad to see him safe back, and to know that he had not fallen over a precipice or been mangled by a wounded bear. The fool of a shikary

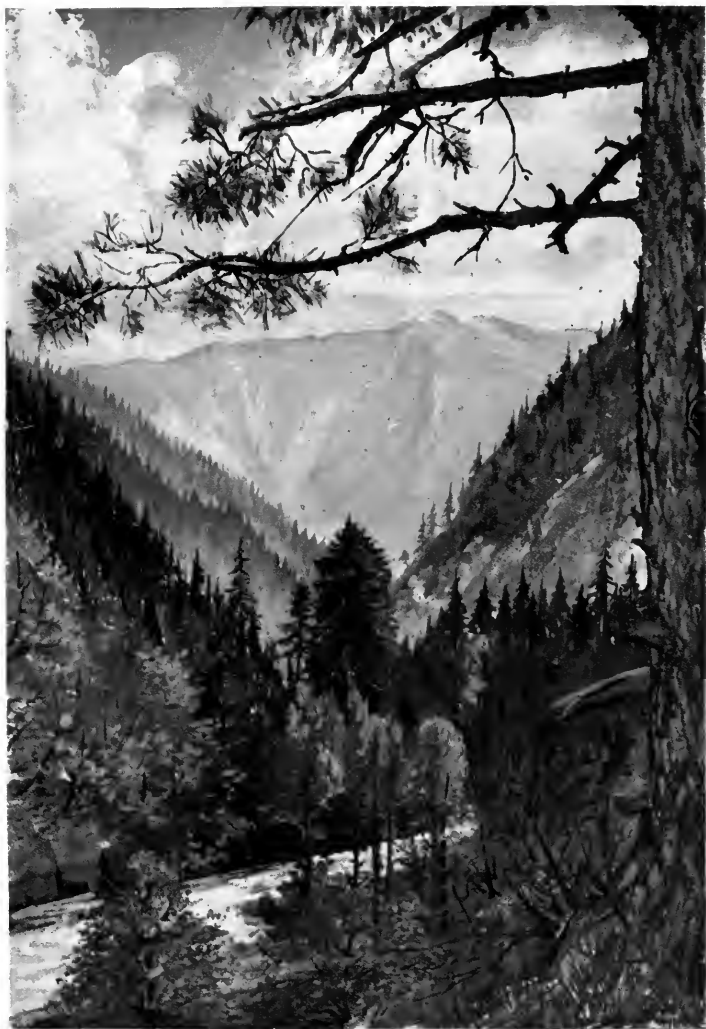
proved to be only the coolie of a shikary who came to our camp later offering his services, and bringing us news of three red bears and several black ones. This fellow had excellent chits and photos of bags people had made with him, and in one of the photos I recognised P.'s pseudo-shikary, who proved only to be the other man's coolie.

May 14th.—We reached our house-boats at 4 P.M., after a twenty-mile walk, at Beech-behara. It was a hot, unattractive, ugly walk almost all day long, in the large Delta Valley, the road running all the time between rice-fields already under water. Only in the different villages we passed the chena trees, which were really magnificent, as were the walnut trees, and of a size I've never seen in any other country; and on the many graveyards the white iris was still flowering in profusion, and the pale purple iris had just opened. The briar roses, too, were beginning to flower, and some were a brilliant dark carmine and looked very pretty, especially when they stood beside a berberis bush, yellow with its many small clusters and bunches of blooms. So we sailed back to Srinagar.

It took us two days and a half to get down from Beech-behara to Srinagar, and the whole way was very monotonous. In Srinagar it was summer. All the roses were flowering in incredible masses on magnificent bushes; the strawberries and the cherries were ripe. But the tradespeople of Srinagar are really beyond description—tiresome and bothering, and alone are enough to make one hate the place, which is sufficiently unpleasant without them.

One evening the Maharajah gave permission to make the fountains in the old Shah Jahan's garden play, as I wanted to see it by moonlight. I had invited the Parkers





VIEW FROM OUR CAMP, SINDE VALLEY.

and Miss Elliott for an evening picnic there. Unfortunately the stupid people had let the fountains go the whole day long, the orders most likely having been given wrong ; and so, when we arrived there in the evening, it was all over, as the water in the reservoirs had given out. But the picnic under the marvellous old trees with the glorious full moon was, all the same, charming and quite a success, and we all enjoyed it thoroughly. The grounds in the moonlight looked like a lovely stage scene, too pretty almost to be real, and the drive afterwards in the full moonlight across the peaceful, quiet Dall lake was delightful.

Again it took two days to go down-stream, and the river there was just as uninteresting as it had been up-stream. Our first march, about sixteen miles, after that was not pretty, but very hot, and they had pitched our camp at the worst place I ever saw. We were surrounded by manure heaps, the place of course having been chosen by Parker's odious cook as close to a village as possible, and it swarmed with flies. However, the coolies pretended to be dead tired, and the servants said there was no other camping ground for miles, and so we had to give in.

The next day the march was marvellous, but it was only ten miles to the next camp. If I had known that, I should of course have insisted upon my camp at least being moved on last night. It was perfectly absurd making us camp in that awful place.

The valley is much broader than the one of Pailgam, and I don't think it so pretty. It is not so wild, but the vegetation is fine, too. The place where we camped was called Narranag. The briar roses, flowering everywhere in masses, were quite pink with flowers, and really looked lovely. The woods here were like those in Pailgam—

cedars, Scotch and silver firs, yews, wild chestnuts, and walnut trees. Farther up the grass was literally white with the blossoms of the wild strawberries. It is a pity the fruit is not yet ripe, because it must be a large variety—in fact, almost as large as garden strawberries—to judge by the big blossoms and leaves. Of other flowers there are very few, except some wild peonies. The snow on the mountains has almost vanished, and their form is not half as pretty as in Pailgam. It is funny how tastes differ. I was told by everybody the Sindh Valley, in which we now are, was much prettier than Pailgam, but I think the latter a thousand times prettier and more picturesque. The P.'s are of the same opinion.

Our camp is pitched at a charming spot. It is close by an old terrace of a temple, and stands well above the river under large old Scotch firs. The old Hindoo temple is unfortunately all fallen to pieces, except one little sanctuary, which is still in quite good repair. Of the rest only the foundations are left, which is a great pity, as it must have been a very fine sight. There must have been several large courtyards and colonnaded temples, as well as some stone basins reached by stone steps. Some are still there, full of transparent water, but the temples, alas! have gone. All this must really have been a lovely and imposing sight, and it is a thousand pities it is all so ruined—beyond possibility of repair. How lovely Cashmere must have been two hundred years ago or so. Really a perfect dream.

The first afternoon we saw three black bears grazing happily on the other side of the valley, just opposite our camp. We saw them quite distinctly without glasses, they were so near. But P. had been gone about half-an-hour before with his new shikary into another valley. When





CANAL BETWEEN THE SO-CALLED FLOATING GARDENS, DAL LAKE, SRINAGAR

he returned in the evening, having seen nothing, he thought of course that we wanted to pull his leg when we told him we had seen three bears that he might easily have shot from the camp.

Next day I started sketching the little sanctuary. The result is supposed to be a great success, and is widely admired. I am glad it came off so well, because I have never painted architecture before, and found it rather difficult, there was so much detail, and the sun was scorching, in spite of the large painting sunshade. The weather has been fine for several days, and I paint every morning and afternoon.

We saw the bears every afternoon on the other side in spite of P.'s shikaries' laughter, and he who stalks from morning to night in other valleys has only seen one once. It is true his was a brown one, and they are much rarer. Ours are only "common" black ones! Nevertheless we persuaded him to try the other side. Mrs. P. was sure that if I went with him I should bring him luck, and he would get one. To this, however, I objected. I used to love stalking with my father, who always said I was one of the best stalkers he ever saw; but that was different, and I knew my father was a clean shot. It was worth all the excitement and the trouble one took—one knew one got the animal killed on the spot once one had stalked him up to it. There was no missing or wounding. My father was the best shot I've ever seen. No! my stalking days are over.

So P. had a sort of a bridge built across the river, and crossed to the other side. It seems he set out to return pretty late, and as I had just finished my dinner that evening, having sketched the whole afternoon, Mrs. P. rushed up to my tent breathless, telling me that her husband had

half crossed the river when the current had washed away the bridge before and behind him, and that he was trapped on a small island, and the river was rising rapidly through the melting snows, and in a short time he was bound to be washed away.

I at once gathered the whole camp, got the tent ropes and axes, and we ran downhill for the river, which we could hear roaring ; it was quite dark by now. As the wretched lanterns showed nothing I made them light a huge fire, and the far-reaching blaze of this enabled us to see P., his shikary, and coolie huddled up together on a little low stone island in the middle of the roaring, foaming river. There was no time to be lost, as the water was rising rapidly, and would do so for several hours. So as quickly as we could we cut down some trees and tried to build a sort of a bridge, but we had to keep the fire going besides, otherwise we could not have worked, it was so dark. At last on this, it is true, very rickety bridge, my boatman and biestie (who was waterman) and the P.s' cook, after they had stripped themselves, balanced over to another little island nearer to P., and from this second island started building a second bridge. Three trees the current carried away, for by now it was a regular torrent ; there remained just one, and I was just about to wade across dressed as I was, as it began to be risky for P. on the island, where the waters were rising inch by inch, and the work was going too slowly, and the men could not hear my instructions on account of the roar of the torrent, when my biestie suddenly balanced himself across the stem, put P. on his broad shoulders, and tied up with ropes, half carried, half dragged, got him across, the biestie wading in the stream above his chest, holding with one hand to the

bridge, if one can so call it. The rest were dragged across in a similar but less amiable way, and so we got them over safely all three; less than half-an-hour later the icy torrent was washing clean over the little island.

The shouts and yells and the screaming of the people while we were at work were deafening, and they were as heedless as children, absolutely without any plan or system. Some continually shouted, on account of the tremendous noise of the river, and the yells of the others, "It is no use, we can't help them, it is hopeless." Others jabbered like frightened monkeys in that aggravating beastly Hindustani language, which I think sounds awful. Not one of them did anything.

As the ropes we had brought did not seem long enough, and we had no others, some one had the brilliant idea of using the twisted linen pugarees, of which they have yards and yards round their dirty shaved heads, and they knotted them together. I will say this for them, that once they saw an idea was good, and that I was determined to have my orders carried out or to kick, they worked quick enough. So the pugaree idea, though not mine, was taken up with enthusiasm. They soon ran short, and the boatman seeing this snatched a pugaree off the head of a man—I admit that in the bustle I had not noticed him before—who was looking on peacefully; he was one of the village people. Well, this man, startled out of his watching, and finding himself, before he could say "Jack Robinson," without a pugaree (they never show themselves bare-headed), made so bewildered, aghast, and petrified a face, that a lady stripped naked in a big ballroom could not have been more desperate and horrified. Then with the swiftness of a monkey he snatched up some old rag or

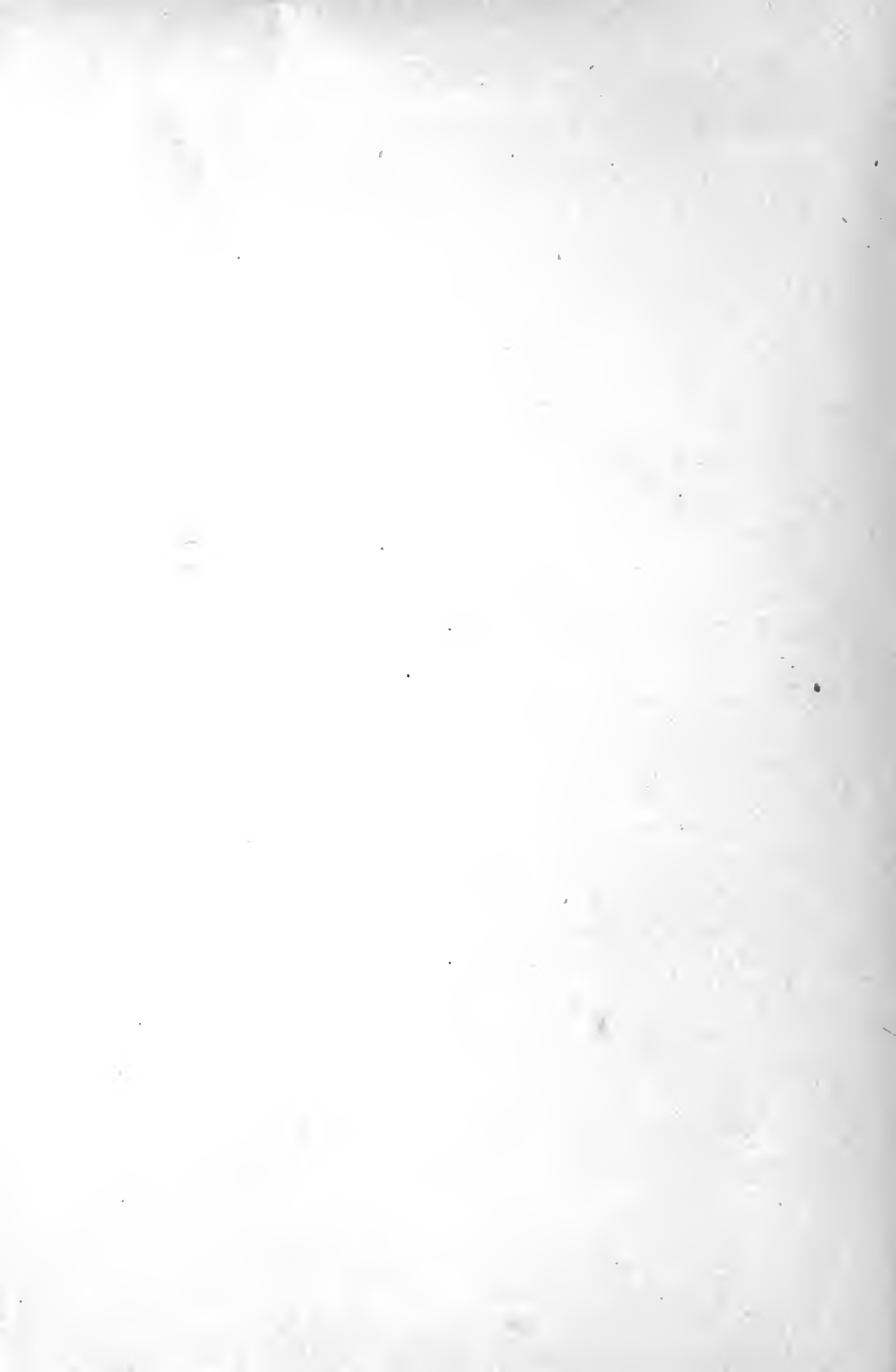
blanket and quickly twisted it round his head. It all looked so stupidly funny and ridiculous, I couldn't help laughing, although the situation otherwise wasn't laughable at all (I mean P.'s), and all the others joined in heartily, having seen the man's horror at his head being undressed in public. The main thing was, that we got them all over safely.

I remember a flood at home, when, by the heroism of a young gamekeeper (he got the medal for it, I am glad to say), several men caught in the middle of the flood on a high hay-cart were rescued. My stepmother and I, who stood beside the wife of one of these men, and had tried to comfort her in her agony and distraction, heard and saw this simple woman's welcome to her beloved husband, of whom indeed she was very fond, and of course it had been touch and go whether he would be drowned. She walked up quite close to him, beaming all over her face, so close that her body touched his, and looking him straight in the eyes just said, "*Well*, Krause?" (that was their name,) and then walked quietly home with him.

I was somewhat curious to see what Mrs. P., this modern bit of English womanhood, would say, but she only had hard words for him, although she was terrified for him before and awfully nervous and wretched. She abused him for having been "*so awfully stupid* as to try and cross. Nobody but you would have tried to do such a thing," etc., etc., and as she went on abusing the poor man, as I thought rather unjustly, I interrupted her and said, "Look here, it is all very fine and well your telling him now what he ought to have done and what he ought not. What is the use of arguing now? It seems to me far better that you should go and see that he



ISLAND WHERE WE RESCUED P., SINDE VALLEY
(In front temporary bridge)



gets something proper to eat, as he must be deucedly hungry."

For a moment she looked at me rather surprised, then she laughed and went to the cooking tent to hurry up the cook, and he with the deep sigh of conviction looked up to me with gratitude in his eyes, and said, "You're an awfully good chap!"

My valet is ill. He thinks it is rheumatics, but I think it is only because he isn't accustomed to walk so much.

Yesterday an Englishman walked into our camp, some major or other, who was out shooting here, and had just returned from the Laddakh. Of course he can't shoot in these valleys now as we have been here first, and as long as we are here nobody is allowed to shoot. P. was away stalking, and the man was rather puzzled at Mrs. P.'s and my relationship, and his questions to find out whether we were husband and wife, etc., etc., without being tactless, tickled our sense of humour highly. I had tea made for him, and he got his peg, "will you have a drink?" the only thing it is civil to ask an Englishman. You needn't even ask him to sit down, because that he generally does uninvited. He hadn't seen whisky for two months and *did* enjoy it, but what he rejoiced in still more was buttered toast, which, he told us (he had not eaten bread for over two months), was a regular treat for him. Without exaggeration he drank four or five cups of tea, and as for buttered toast—well, one had continually to shout for some more. He kept on saying "I'm really ashamed of myself," but he went on eating like a starved wolf.

He told us—for while he ate buttered toast we asked him questions—about the Laddakh dogs, as Mrs. P. had

begged me to bring her back one of the small breed, and about the scenery there, that it was bitterly cold, that there was not a scrap of vegetation (sounds comforting), nothing but rocks, but that it was very fine all the same. I certainly, he said, would find lots of interesting things to sketch. He had shot some very good ibex. Now he was going for bears. Then he started talking, actually raving, about the German Navy, as he had been entertained at Corfù on a German man-of-war (and excuse me, please, but this is so typically English), and from that one dinner judged the whole German Navy. It is most flattering for us I must say, because he is in raptures about them—they must have treated him to an excellent dinner; in his enthusiasm he even goes so far as to say he thinks them *smarter than the English Navy* (he has seen one boat); but the thing which makes Mrs. P. laugh very much and highly amuses me, is that he says, "Well, they are just like English people, they speak English fluently and *drink whiskies and sodas!*" There you get it again, the national drink, whisky and soda, and for breakfast eggs and bacon, and the usual bill of fare is finished. Then he lighted his pipe, "No, thanks, I never smoke cigarettes," and suddenly got up, saying, "Well, I'd better look after my people. Thank you," stalked away and vanished in the woods. We never saw anything of him again.

It is a pity P. has such bad luck, he sees nothing. Personally, to me this stalking of bears, the way it is practised here by these people, seems a wild-goose chase, because, as the snow is gone in the valleys, nobody can track the bears, and as it is comparatively warm (for bears, I mean), though we sleep with furs on our beds every night, and have a fire lit every evening, the bears don't return any



RUINS OF HINDU TEMPLE, SINDE VALLEY.



more to their caves, but simply roam about these woods and valleys feeding and sleeping wherever they like. So how is one going to find them if one does not meet one by chance? Then these shikaries are regular Cashmere swine, and their only interest is, of course, to prolong their engagement as much as possible, as they know if you shoot your number of bears (the brown ones are limited by the game preservation law to two) you will leave, and they will have no other job for the season. But besides this, I think they are bad stalkers. P. starts every morning at daybreak and sometimes even before, and returns only after dark, so he really does not spare any trouble, and yet he gets nothing. Then they are full of all sorts of tricks, and generally bring you towards dusk to a supposed bear. A dark spot is pointed out to you in the thick underbush, at which, being told it is a bear feeding, you shoot. The black thing moves away, shikary and you run to the spot, where you find fresh blood, but it is by then getting so dark that you can't go on that night. "We'll find him dead next morning for sure," the shikary tells you, and you give in. Next morning the *skin* of the bear is brought to you, "as the coolies have found him, and it was too far to bring the whole bear." The fact is, that it is all a trick to get the fee each shikary gets for the bear. They put up a black cloth attached to a string, which one of them pulls along after you have fired. They have sprinkled some chicken's blood in the place, and next morning bring you some skin they have got from some curer, and which is smeared inside with fresh blood, and most likely has been hanging over night in the water, and so on. This trick has been played often on sportsmen new to the country, I'm told, who are mostly taken in by it.

It is quite striking how few birds and flowers there are here, and indeed in Cashmere generally. You hardly hear a bird sing; it is a great pity. Altogether, I can't understand how people rave so about Cashmere. The Tatra in Hungary is a thousand times finer and wilder. Of course the air is cool, and for those poor people stationed in beastly India, who are half roasted alive in the heat there, it must, as the P.'s say, seem like Paradise. The P.'s are awfully disappointed with it. With Switzerland, the Austrian Tyrol, even with the Bohemian side of the Silesian Riesengebirge, it can't compare, and as for Japan! it would be an insult to compare it with that heavenly country.

Up here the little red and white tulips are just beginning to flower and the May to bloom. What again is so funny is that everywhere maidenhair is growing, and in the ruins of the temple there is a lovely asparagus, such as we have at home in the hothouses, or anyway very much like it. I am sure a botanist could import a lot of hardy plants from here. Unfortunately I left at a time when one couldn't take up any plants, nor had they ripened to seed.

One day we went with P. stalking and tiffined with him. After tiffin he went up stalking, and I began to sketch, but after an hour it began to rain, and it rained so hard, that the colours wouldn't mix any more on the palette, and so I had to stop. We made ourselves cocoa (Mrs. P. and I) in the shelter of a tree, and finally started, dripping wet, for home.

May 28th.—To-day I returned with my tiffin basket to the place where I started sketching yesterday. It was a pity they had called me too late in the morning, so that

I couldn't finish another sketch I meant to do from there, which I began to-day all the same, so I must return there again to-morrow morning to finish it. After tiffin I finished the sketch started yesterday, as the subject was good, and I am glad to say it is a success.

On my way back I found a sort of wild wallflower, brilliant yellow and sweetly scented. The maples were just putting out their reddish-brown shoots, which made a pretty contrast against the fresh greens and the sombre tints of the firs. The snow was still lying in all the gullies.

END OF VOL. I.





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